

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

JANUARY
25 CENTS



CLARA
BOW

'QUIT PICKING

on me" says

CLARA BOW

Winners
of \$5,000.

Puzzle Contest

FOUND AT LAST

The One Contented Man

IN HOLLYWOOD

"MAKING FRIENDS

AND HOLDING THEM

—is the secret of
success in business"

Says

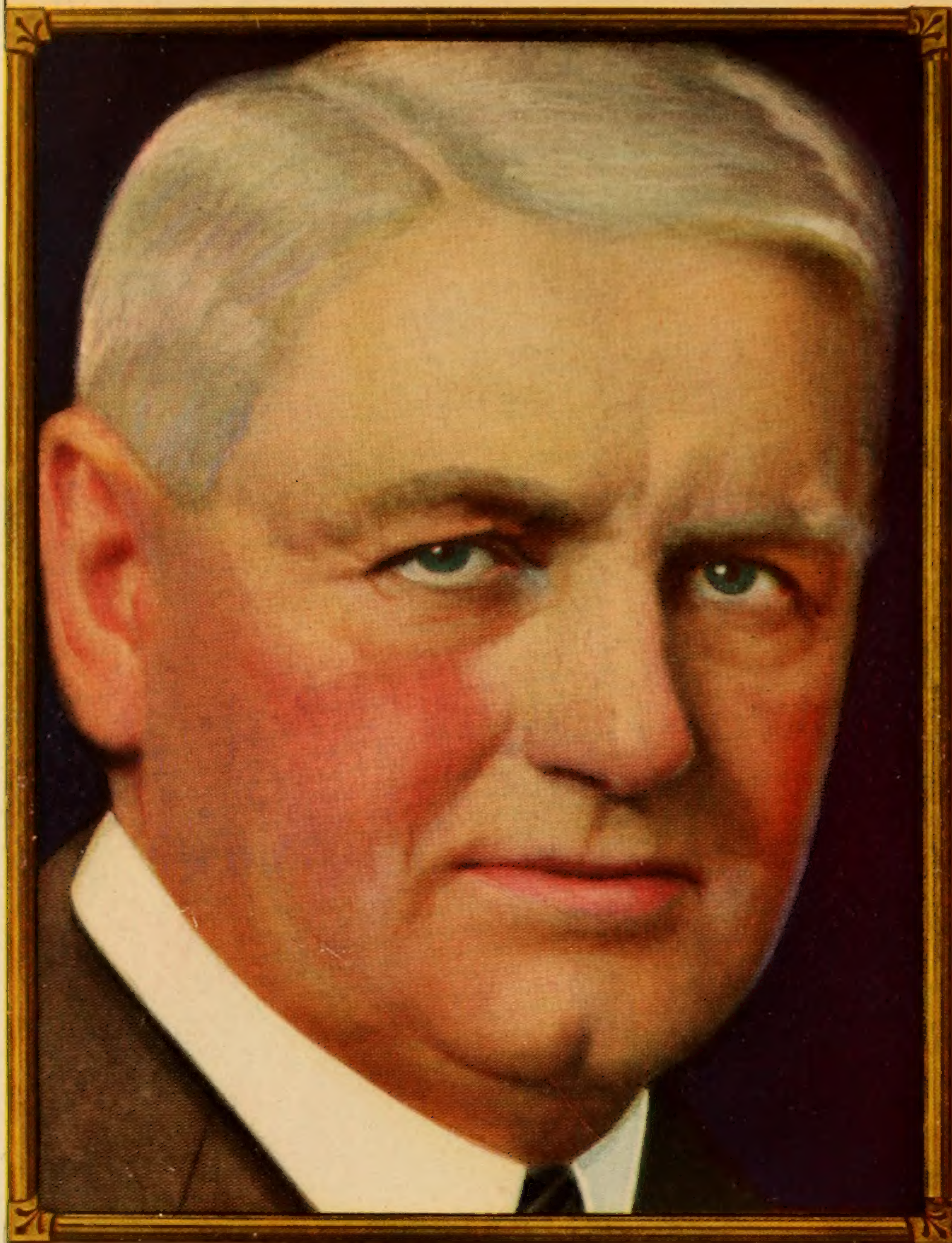
**GEN. SAMUEL
McROBERTS**

Chairman of the Board, Chatham Phenix
National Bank and Trust Company

Director, Armour & Co., American Sugar Refining
Co., National Surety Co., Kansas City-Southern
Railway; Brig. General, A. E. F.

"Making friends and holding them, by a friendly up-to-date usefulness, is the secret of success in business. This axiom has been the guiding force in the progress of the Chatham Phenix National Bank and Trust Company. And it is obviously the guiding force in your business—as evidenced by your use of the Ultra Violet Ray in the 'Toasting' of the LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos."

Samuel McRoberts



LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so TOASTING removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing. No wonder 20,679 physicians have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating! Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why TOASTING includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited General Samuel McRoberts to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of General McRoberts appears on this page.



"Pink tooth brush"

Time to call a halt on *that*!

IT'S no joke, at any age, to find a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. For it always means that your gums are soft . . . "touchy" . . . inclined to bleed; and it sometimes means that gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea are on the way.

Tender, soft foods, hurried eating and too little chewing are the principal causes of weak, tender gums. A slight bleeding warns you that more serious infections may be getting a foothold, and that unless you get after the trouble promptly, you may run the risk of losing the whitest and, outwardly, the soundest teeth!

Strengthen your gums with Ipana and massage

So protect your gums, with Ipana and massage, when and while you clean your teeth. That's the modern way to oral health. To do this is simple and easy. You massage your gums, with Ipana, each time you brush your teeth.

Thousands of dentists recommend this healthy habit. They know the good it does. For Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation professionally well-known for its efficacy in toning and stimulating tender gum tissue.

Massage with Ipana keeps gums firm and sound. It puts the fresh, clean blood to work—sends it coursing through the tiny cells—tones and strengthens the walls of the gums. Soon they become pinker, harder and healthier.

You'll like Ipana. You'll like its taste, and the delightful sensation of cleanliness it leaves in your mouth. And you'll be amazed to see how clean and white it keeps your teeth—how strong and firm it keeps your gums.

Start tonight with Ipana. Get a full-size tube today from the nearest druggist. Money cannot buy a better dentifrice, and that kind of dentifrice, like a good dentist, can never be classed as a luxury!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-11
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Street

City State

CHECK "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
WITH

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



"MOROCCO"

with

Reckless soldier of fortune, Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou, sophisticated, man of the world. A flaming cafe beauty, Marlene Dietrich...mysterious, alluring, dangerous as the Sahara. "Morocco," the turbulent story of these three.

GARY COOPER ° **MARLENE DIETRICH** ° **ADOLPHE MENJOU**

Directed by

JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Adapted by Jules Furthman. From the play "Amy Jolly" by Benno Vigny.

In "Morocco" Paramount presents the continental star, Marlene Dietrich, whose ravishing beauty and exotic personality will electrify all who come under her spell. A not-to-be-missed Paramount Picture, "best show in town."



Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 2

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

January, 1931

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"
	1929	
	"DISRAELI"	



Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets.....	6
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems.....	16
Hollywood Menus.....	91
Questions and Answers.....	92
These New Faces.....	103
Addresses of the Stars.....	125
Casts of Current Photoplays.....	126

High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots.....	James R. Quirk	29
"Quit Pickin' on Me!" says Clara Bow.....	Paul Jarvis	32
"He's Getting Too Old For Me!".....		36
"She Just Steals Every Picture".....		37
Chatterton and Barrymore Lead the Screen in 1930.....	Leonard Hall	38
She Eats and Tells!.....	Katherine Albert	40
News!—Views!—Gossip!— of Stars and Studios.....	Cal York	42
Hollywood's Only Contented Man.....	Rosalind Shaffer	48
They Hitch Their Wagons to Stars.....	Robert Fender	54
Here Are \$5,000 Contest Winners.....		56
Mary Pickford Denies All!.....	Katherine Albert	60
Whose Baby Are You?.....		70
Be Careful of Your Colors.....	H. M. K. Smith	74
Amos 'n' Andy Go Hollywood.....	Sara Hamilton	78
The Stage Kids the Screen.....		88
Studio Rambles.....	Frances Kish	128

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures.....	8
The Shadow Stage.....	50
Short Subjects of the Month.....	121

Personalities

Wedding Bells!.....	31
Ex-Millionaire.....	Tom Kent 35
Gone—Another Ingénue.....	Miriam Hughes 41
A Great Trouper Comes to Town.....	Elaine Ogden 59
"Willy" to His Mother.....	Marquis Busby 65
Gr-r-r-r-r!.....	Harry Lang 66
Hell's Angel.....	Leonard Hall 69
John Boles Confesses.....	Harry Lang 73
Mr. Brook Hates Tea.....	Michael Woodward 77
By Time and Tears.....	Janet French 81
Welcome Home, Clara!.....	Dolores Foster 82

Short Stories

Go West, Young Love!.....	Beth Brown 46
The Morality Clause.....	Sada Cowan 67

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

JAMES R. QUIRK, President

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President

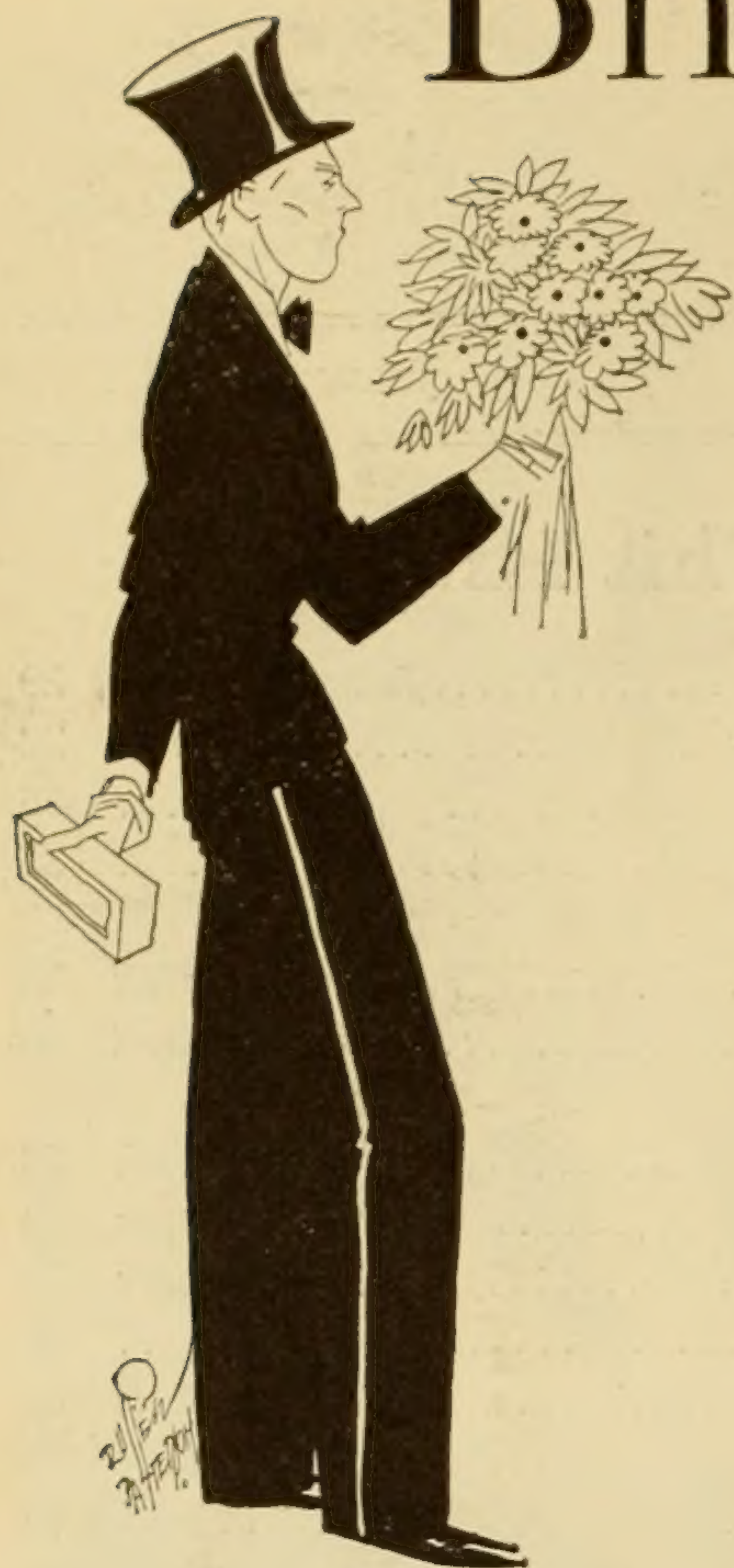
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by, check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1930, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago

Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

The \$25 Letter

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO whomever is concerned with censorship, I beg to suggest that it is the press which needs restraint and not the pictures.

Our American audiences are essentially the only censors needed as far as morals are concerned. They respond consistently to the best and most worthy productions. Not even lurid box-office titles can do much for vulgar or insipid pictures.

Newspapers, however, delight to front-page any unfortunate sequence in the life of any movie star—the brighter, the quicker! Daily instances of generosity, loyalty and decency among the movie colony are passed up by the yellow sheet. But let some actor who has worked hard and won a place in popular favor, make one error in judgment and it is hot news. We can always "see by the papers."

Let us judge men and women of the screen by their performances on the screen, and not by their private lives.

E. D. RUSSELL

The \$10 Letter

Boston, Mass.

WHAT is wrong with the fans, always complaining about the talkies? The talkies are only three years old and they're improving all the time. Prohibition is thirteen years old and it hasn't improved a particle. Think it over.

CATHERINE FINN

The \$5 Letter

Albany, N. Y.

THERE is too much talking in the talkies.

W. DOLEN

Fun Is Fun

Little Rock, Ark.

I AM pleading most earnestly for more pictures with sad and tragic endings.

I suppose I am old-fashioned but the sort of picture in which the heroine is very delicate and is more sinned against than sinning, and succumbs in the end to some fearful disease with a repentant lover at her bedside, appeals to me as nothing else possibly could.

MARIE SINICO

A Prophecy

Evanston, Ill.

THERE'S learnin' in the movies.

Coming from Kansas to Chicago, I expected to be bewildered by the city, but no, it's just like the pictured city life, and the talkies have interpreted the sounds so that they seem quite natural.

The diction of the actors is doing much to generalize speech throughout the country. It is my prediction that within a few years there will be no more provincial types of speech.

LLOYD BENEFIEL

Philadelphia Surrenders!

Philadelphia, Penna.

BROOK and Chatterton are billed as the stars of "Anybody's Woman." But the real star is Paul Lukas. I could hear comments from people in the theater and, believe me, they were all falling for Paul Lukas—myself included.

ELLEN W. WHITE

It's Real Blonde, Anyway

Brewer, Maine

ANN HARDING'S acting in "Holiday" is superb. But why the quaint coiffure? The coil on the nape of her neck looked hard as a brick and quite as fetching as a real brick would look poised at that angle.

R. ARLINE WRAY

Skittish Marquise

Rockville, Md.

I WAS disappointed in Gloria Swanson in her last picture—"What a Widow!" She is too dignified for such silly acting.

SADIE WISNER

What?

Budapest, Hungary

HOW can it be written that Chevalier has shared his throne with Tibbett? Yes, I know Tibbett is a king in the movies. But what's a king to a god?

L. ECKER

Just an Old Hollywood Custom!

Wilmington, N. C.

WHY spoil all the best scenes by having an orchestra burst forth and help the star sing the theme song?

Oh, of course, it is perfectly natural for the star to be accompanied by a full symphony orchestra while he, or she, sings in the bathtub. What could be more natural?

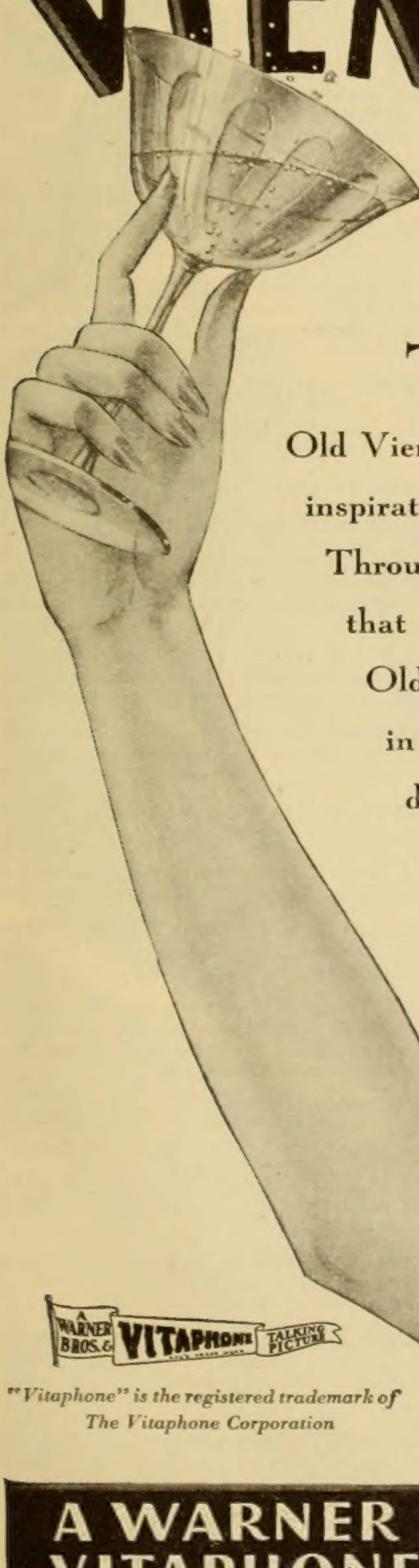
LOIS WARD

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



WARNER BROS. presents

VIENNESE NIGHTS



THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD!
 Old Vienna—gay, charming—capital of glorious romance; the
 inspiration of artists and the home of love and youth!
 Through its eventful years echoes the story of a great love
 that enriches each generation with its enduring beauty.
 Old times, rich with remembrance...mirrored again
 in the new life of today. Beauty that never
 dies; love that lives on forever, each growing
 more beautiful as the long years pass.

*"Viennese Nights" is the original creation of
 Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II.
 It was written especially for the Vitaphone
 and is filmed entirely in Technicolor.*



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of
 The Vitaphone Corporation

**A WARNER BROS. &
 VITAPHONE Picture**



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln*. (Oct.)

ADIOS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

AFRICA SPEAKS—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (Dec.)

ALONG CAME YOUTH—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

ANIMAL CRACKERS—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. (Oct.)

ANYBODY'S WOMAN—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (Oct.)

ARE YOU THERE?—Fox.—Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (Nov.)

ARIZONA KID, THE—Fox.—Warner Baxter follows "In Old Arizona" with another fine performance and an excellent picture. (July)

ATLANTIC—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

BACK PAY—First National.—Too bad it doesn't leave us with pleasanter memories to mark Corinne Griffith's retirement from the screen. (Aug.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Walter Huston swaggers through this, making it good entertainment. (Aug.)

BIG BOY—Warners.—Al Jolson, mostly in blackface, sings generously and cracks funny gags. Race-track intrigue made into comedy. (Sept.)

BIG FIGHT, THE—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—Amusing enough. Lola Lane and Guinn Williams, but Stepin Fetchit almost shuffles off with the show. (July)

★ **BIG HOUSE, THE**—M-G-M.—Inspired by real life stories of prison riots and intelligently produced. Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery outstanding. (Aug.)

★ **BIG POND, THE**—Paramount.—Chevalier clicks again! See him as a poor but romantic Frenchman trying to make good in an American chewing gum factory. Claudette Colbert, and some typical Chevalier songs. (July)

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (Nov.)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

BORDER LEGION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Holt, Dick Arlen, Fay Wray and Eugene Pallette in a Zane Grey thriller. (July)

BORDER ROMANCE—Tiffany Prod.—Worthwhile only because the little Mexican minx, Armida, stars. (Aug.)

BORN RECKLESS—Fox.—Maybe the fear of censorship took the thrill out of this gangster film, made from the exciting best seller, "Louis Beretti." Eddie Lowe, Lee Tracy and Catherine Dale Owen. (July)

BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT—First National.—Sumptuously mounted, Technicolored operetta, but slow-paced. (Aug.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—All-Technicolor musical extravaganza. You'll like Dorothy Mackaill and Frank Fay. (Aug.)

★ **CALL OF THE FLESH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Singer of Seville")—Romantic story tailored to Ramon Novarro's talents. Ramon sings and acts with charm and Dorothy Jordan is delightful. (Sept.)

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (Nov.)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (Nov.)

\$5,000 Prize Winners

A complete list of the 70 who divide PHOTOPLAY's annual Cut Picture Puzzle cash award, together with photographs of the five major winners and their entries, appears on Page 56, this issue.

PHOTOPLAY has distributed in prizes in seven years \$35,000. And during these years hundreds of this magazine's readers have received extra cash to brighten their Christmas holidays.

Watch for the announcement of this contest for 1931! It's worth it!

CAT CREEPS, THE—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the *Fresh Air Taxi*! Dis am entertainment! (Dec.)

CHEER UP AND SMILE—Fox.—Good comedy drama, with Arthur Lake, Dixie Lee and the vampish Baclanova. (July)

COLLEGE LOVERS—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (Nov.)

COMMON CLAY—Fox.—Interesting dramatic talkie from the old stage play, with a "Madame X" type of plot. Constance Bennett stars. (Sept.)

CONSPIRACY—Radio Pictures.—Bessie Love's talents are lost in this. Reminds us of the senior class play! (Sept.)

DANCING SWEETIES—Warners.—Grant Withers and Sue Carol in a story of that much discussed "first year" of marriage. (July)

DANGER LIGHTS—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (Oct.)

DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW—Paramount.—Proving that mere "cuteness" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nan*. (Sept.)

★ **DAWN PATROL, THE**—First National.—Nary a woman in this. Barthelmess, Doug, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in powerful war picture with thrills a-plenty! (Sept.)

DERELICT—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

★ **DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll in emotional drama, giving the best performance of her career! Directed by Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser." (July)

DEVIL WITH WOMEN, A—Fox.—(Reviewed under the title "On the Make")—A McLaglen formula picture, with Vic the usual swaggering, lovable bully. Mona Maris is lovely. (Sept.)

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

DIXIANA—Radio Pictures.—Everett Marshall from the Metropolitan Opera adds voice and personality to a charming operetta. Bebe Daniels at her best. (Aug.)

DOORWAY TO HELL, THE—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (Nov.)

DOUGHBOYS—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (Oct.)

DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (Nov.)

DUMBBELLS IN ERMINE—Warners.—Prize-fights and love. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, and Beryl Mercer. Lots of fun. (Aug.)

EAST IS WEST—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

EXTRAVAGANCE—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

EYES OF THE WORLD—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (Oct.)

FALL GUY, THE—Radio Pictures.—Jack Mulhall and Mae Clarke in a simple little story about an out-of-work husband. (July)

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Dec.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (Dec.)

FLIRTING WIDOW, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



New laws for love... the sky swarming with 'planes... a giant rocket shot to Mars... El Brendel a riotous stowaway... LooLoo, Queen of Mars, throwing a sky party for the rocketeers. **JUST IMAGINE Broadway in 1980**

New York gone futuristic... a towering tangle of pinnacles, viaducts, bridges... and what fashions in dress... **JUST IMAGINE** an amazing spectacular musical production with story and song by those masters of marvelous entertainment,

**De SYLVA, BROWN
AND HENDERSON**

and an extraordinary cast, including

EL BRENDEL

MAUREN O'SULLIVAN
MARJORIE WHITE

JOHN GARRICK
FRANK ALBERTSON

Dances staged by Seymour Felix
Directed by DAVID BUTLER

FOX

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **FLORODORA GIRL, THE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies as one of the original Florodora Girls. Gags, costumes and atmosphere of the Gay '90's make this a riot of fun. (July)

FOLLOW THE LEADER—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

FOLLOW THRU—Paramount.—All-Technicolor golf musical comedy, and all good, fast entertainment. Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers. (Sept.)

FOR THE DEFENSE—Paramount.—Bill Powell as a criminal lawyer who lets love interfere with business and lands in prison. Kay Francis the girl who waits for him. Good. (Sept.)

FOUND—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930—Fox.—By now the single-talkie revues have lost their novelty. Comedy, fair songs, and a bit of a love story. (July)

FURIES, THE—First National.—Murder in the smart set. Weighty and wordy, yet fairly interesting. H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson and Natalie Moorehead. (July)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National.—Ann Harding gives zest to the old Belasco drama. Fine support and a surprise finale. (Aug.)

GOING WILD—First National.—Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (Nov.)

GOLDEN DAWN—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (Oct.)

GOOD INTENTIONS—Fox.—Crave excitement? See Eddie Lowe as a master-crook in love with a high-society lass. (Aug.)

GOOD NEWS—M-G-M.—College run rampant, and set to music. Bessie Love, Stanley Smith and Lola Lane. (Aug.)

GORILLA, THE—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (Nov.)

★ **GRUMPY**—Paramount.—Grand entertainment. Cyril Maude's screen debut, in his famous stage portrayal of a lovable old crab. (Aug.)

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (Nov.)

HEADS UP—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigarette! (Dec.)

HE KNEW WOMEN—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce in a photographed play, "The Second Man." Good for some sophisticated chuckles. (July)

HELL'S ANGELS—Caddo Prod.—Three years and \$4,000,000 were invested in this. Worth seeing—but \$4,000,000 worth? (Aug.)

HELL'S ISLAND—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (Oct.)

★ **HER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong"—Frankie and her erring Johnnie further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

HER WEDDING NIGHT—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, en negligée in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—Fox.—A musical romance, carried to fair success by the popular Gaynor-Farrell team. (July)

★ **HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Ann Harding as a poor little rich girl, Mary Astor and a perfect cast make a splendid picture. (Aug.)

HOT CURVES—Tiffany Prod.—Not what the title might indicate, unless you know your baseball vernacular. (Aug.)

HOT HEIRESS, THE—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

INSIDE THE LINES—Radio Pictures.—Old style war stuff, with spies, secret service, trick Hindus, and a love in wartime theme. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. (Sept.)

JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (Oct.)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

LADIES IN LOVE—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.—Let's not talk about this one. (Aug.)

★ **LADIES OF LEISURE**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck grand as a little party girl who falls for a serious young artist. Fine supporting cast. You mustn't miss it. (July)

★ **LADY OF SCANDAL, THE**—M-G-M.—Ruth Chatterton in delicious light comedy, from the Lonsdale play, "The High Road." (July)

LADY SURRENDERS, A—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

LADY WHO DARED, THE—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (Oct.)

LAST OF THE DUANES—Fox.—Even if you're not a "Western" fan you'll like this. George O'Brien stars. (Sept.)

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (Dec.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Lowell Sherman in sophisticated melodrama that you'll like. (Sept.)

LEATHERNECKING—Radio Pictures.—Another musical romance, but you'll roll with laughter while a rare cast of funsters do their stuff. (Oct.)

L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES—Paramount.—The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (Nov.)

LET'S GO NATIVE—Paramount.—Wonderful nonsense in this burlesque of the old shipwreck-on-a-desert-island theme. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Oakie. (July)

LET US BE GAY—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer in another swell sophisticated drama, with Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque. (Aug.)

★ **LILIOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen debut of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging *Liliom*, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (Nov.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE—Universal.—The stage play was funny and a hit, and so is the talkie. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a grand part. Anita Page plays feminine lead. (Sept.)

LITTLE CAESAR—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (Dec.)

LONE RIDER, THE—Columbia.—Slow-moving. Western. Best work done by Buck Jones' horse, Silver. (Sept.)

LONESOME TRAIL, THE—Syndicate Pictures.—Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

	Page		Page		Page
Bat Whispers, The—United Artists	50	Land of Missing Men, The—Tiffany Productions	113	Scotland Yard—Fox	53
Big Money—Pathe	52	Last of the Lone Wolf—Columbia	112	Sea Legs—Paramount	53
Brothers—Columbia	112	Life of the Party, The—Warners	52	See America Thirst—Universal	112
Charley's Aunt—Columbia	112	Lightnin'—Fox	50	Sin Ship, The—Radio Pictures	53
Cohens and Kellys in Africa, The—Universal	53	Lion and the Lamb, The—Columbia	112	Sin Takes a Holiday—Pathe	51
Concentratin' Kid, The—Universal	113	Loose Ends—British International	113	Suspense—British International	112
Costello Case—Sono Art-James Cruze	112	Murder—British International	112	Third Alarm, The—Tiffany Productions	112
Dich Hab' Ich Geliebt—AAFA-Tobis	112	New Moon—M-G-M	51	Tol'able David—Columbia	52
Escape—Associated Radio Pictures	112	Oh, For a Man!—Fox	53	Under Suspicion—Fox	112
Ex-Flame—Liberty Productions	113	Part Time Wife—Fox	112	War Nurse—M-G-M	53
Fair Warning—Fox	112	Passion Flower—M-G-M	52	Widow From Chicago, The—First National	52
Flame of Love, The—British International	113	Pinchot's South Seas Cruise—Travel-Epics	112	Within the Law—M-G-M	51
Headin' North—Tiffany Productions	112	Renegades—Fox	52	Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—Associated Cinemas	112
Illicit—Warners	50				

[Short Subjects of the Month.....122]

MOTHERS CRY

WITH HELEN CHANDLER
DOROTHY PETERSON
DAVID MANNERS
SIDNEY BLACKMER
EVELYN KNAPP

Music by HELEN GRACE CARLISLE
Directed by ROBERT HENLEY

ARTIE, architect, builder, pride of the family, yet he left her in the end.

JENNY, timid, home-loving, married to a man old enough to be her father.

BEATTY, beautiful, clever, with her own distorted ideas about love and marriage.

DANNY, blacksheep of the family, gangster, killer of his own sister.

Helplessly MOTHERS CRY—

"Why are my children so different?—All different from each other—all different from ME!"

A mother dreams about her children. She plans... but destiny disposes. Four children, four lives—one a builder—one a destroyer—one a wife—one an unwed mother. Hers the pain—and the joy. Yours the opportunity to see the most daring, true-to-life story of the talking screen. It might be the life story of your neighbor, your dearest friend, your mother... or perhaps—even your own!



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

A FIRST NATIONAL
& VITAPHONE Picture

Their Pet Vanities

IF you tell a girl with beautiful eyes that she has beautiful eyes you'll get a polite, bored smile. But tell a girl with a snub nose that you think snub noses are far more attractive than chiseled, classic profiles and you can have her telephone number for your little black book. (That is, if you want it!)

Look at Bebe Daniels. Is she proud of having made one of the most remarkable come-backs in screen history? Sure she is. Go and tell her how much you liked her in "Rio Rita." She'll smile sweetly, clasp your hand warmly and thank you graciously.

But tell her that you saw her at the vegetable market yesterday and that you have never before seen anybody order groceries with more *finesse* and knowledge of the subject and she'll beg you to take the wedding silver as a little token of her friendship.

Bebe is doing all her own marketing, and the words, "We have some very nice carrots today, Mrs. Lyon, and how about a few pounds of spinach?" are much more thrilling to her than the directorial sentence, "That was a great scene, Bebe."

Consider Ruth Chatterton—the splendid technician, the stage actress who has become one of the most adored screen stars. Is she proud of being all these things? Certainly! But the achievement in which she delights most is the fact that she never sunburns! And Joan Crawford's private, pet vanity is the fact that she does sunburn, evenly and well.

THERE is hidden away in almost everybody's old subconscious a latent desire to write. You know how you feel when your second cousin says, "I always like to get a letter from Emily. She writes just like she talks. I can just see things when she writes about them."

And that's how Janet Gaynor feels when her husband, Lydell Peck, tells her that the separation from her, when she was in Honolulu, was made bearable by the graphic manner in which she described everything she saw by letter. Her eyes light up with pride when she talks about it. She knows she was good in "7th Heaven"—or she should by this time—but letter-writing is a real achievement.

And Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—well, his screen career is his job. But Doug taps away at his typewriter whenever he has any minutes to spare, and he'd rather Joan would see a poem of his and like it than go to a preview of his latest picture.

Sartorial achievement is a little vanity that doesn't leave the star untouched. Dick Barthelmess is not, in reality, the clothes type. He is short and stocky, and seldom does he wear smart clothes for his char-



Her Pet Vanity?—
She doesn't sunburn!

acterizations on the screen. But he never misses a chance to don a top hat and a tail coat in real life. Even when the occasion does not demand full dress, Dick will make an excuse to put on the high hat.

And would you believe that big he-man, Vic McLaglen, is proud of his taste in socks and ties? He is unhappy if they don't match. He refuses to sit for even a head photograph unless every little dot on his tie matches every little dot on his socks.

Edmund Lowe is proud of the fact that he is called "the best dressed man in Hollywood." He has an enormous wardrobe. His clothes are London made and he reads all the magazines on smart masculine attire.

NOT the ability to put on the most skilful make-up in Hollywood or to play a thousand faces at the drop of a hat was Lon Chaney's pride. If you gave him even half a chance he would take you aside and show you his card to the stage-hands' union. He would add that he once drove a locomotive and owned an honorary card in the brotherhood of railroad trainmen. Of these he was most proud.

Ann Harding delights in the fact that she does not look like an actress and that she is seldom recognized when she appears on the street.

June Collyer is vain about the way she drives an automobile. She admits she's a swell driver and will never allow anyone else to handle her machine.

That he and Jobyna can cheat the carpenter and repair man out of many an honest penny is Dick Arlen's vanity. He and Joby, you know, build fish ponds and sunken gardens, repair the roof of their home and upholster the furniture.

It is not Bill Haines' smart cracks (these come so easily to him) of which he is most proud. His home and his love of and appreciation for antiques are his real vanity.

Harry Bannister takes pride in the house that he designed himself and equipped with the most remarkable of electrical appliances.

LITTLE Loretta Young is most thrilled that, as Mrs. Grant Withers, she has the ability to keep the household bills way below par.

Fay Wray's greatest pride is that she is considered the best woman ping-pong player in Hollywood.

And Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers is proud of his ability to play any musical instrument one month after he has bought it.

You'd expect Jetta Goudal to have some exotic and bizarre vanity. She says that the proudest day of her life was when De Mille looked at her and said, "You think like a man."

Last Minute News

Mr. and Mrs. Nils Asther (Vivian Duncan) are said to be expecting a happy family event. They sail soon for Berlin. This splits up the Duncan sister team, for a decade one of the most famous in American show business.

Thomas Meighan is coming back to pictures! The famous star will play a rôle in the Fox production of "Young Sinners." It's a character part.

Edwina Booth, answering Mrs. Duncan Renaldo's alienation of affections suit for \$500,000, denies that she stole the actor's love while the two were on location in Africa with the "Trader Horn" company.

Jeanette MacDonald, her Paramount contract up, has signed with Fox for a year. The beautiful blonde's first picture will be "All Women Are Bad," co-featured with Edmund Lowe.

Bruce Rogers, younger brother of Charles, is off the Paramount payroll, after three months on the lot without a part. William Austin, English character comic, is also through at Paramount.

Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, starts a concert tour in January. She is a gifted singer of character numbers.

Dolores Costello, wife of John Barrymore, has renounced the screen for home and baby.

When Clara Bow was working at Paramount's Eastern studio, in Astoria, some Hollywood wag tacked this sign on her dressing room out there: "All Quiet on the Western Front."



New Decade

WE DANCE again to melodies of Old Vienna . . . wear the graceful fashions of another day . . . learn, once more, the charm of elegance. And romance, returning, gives us lovelier jewels, rarer perfumes, softer gowns . . . but leaves us this same luxurious cigarette. For there are a hundred perfumes and as many gems. . . . But in all the world, there's no cigarette so fragrant, so delicate, so delightful as Camel.



WAR NURSE

**The World War as Seen Through the
Eyes of our Girls Who Lived, Loved
and Suffered on the Western Front!**



For the first time! The frank, daring, adventurous story of our girls at the front! The wonder and beauty of love that blossoms even in the carnage of war! Here is Drama, stark, gripping, spectacular. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Big Parade," have again pioneered into a hitherto untouched phase of human relationship in the World War. Based on the famous anonymous novel of that name.

with

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

ROBERT AMES JUNE WALKER

ANITA PAGE MARIE PREVOST ZASU PITTS

Directed by Edgar Selwyn

Continuity by Becky Gardiner

Dialogue by Becky Gardiner and Joe Farnham



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LOTTERY BRIDE, THE—United Artists.—The thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. And the music is grand. (Oct.)

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—Paramount.—Clara Bow gets much too cute in this lukewarm musical comedy. (Sept.)

LOVE IN THE RING—Terra Productions.—Max Schmeling's made-in-Germany movie, before he won the title. As an actor, he's a good fighter. (Oct.)

LOVE IN THE ROUGH—M-G-M.—Golf, romance, slap-stick and music. You'll like it if you don't take it too seriously. (Oct.)

LOVE RACKET, THE—First National.—The depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. (Oct.)

LOVE TRADER, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (Dec.)

★ **MADAM SATAN**—M-G-M.—Another lavish DeMille spectacle. A dull wife acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes to win back her husband. You'll enjoy Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. (Oct.)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and June Collyer, both splendid in a war picture with a Western title. (Aug.)

★ **MANSLAUGHTER**—Paramount.—The silent version was great in its day, but the talkie is a boost for vocalized films. Fine emotional drama played by Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. (Sept.)

MAN TO MAN—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (Dec.)

MAN TROUBLE—Fox.—Underworld stuff, but not too depressing. Milton Sills sensational as a gangster and Dorothy Mackaill plays appealingly. (Sept.)

MATRIMONIAL BED, THE—Warners.—A good cast, wasted on a poor picture. (July)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Warners.—Maybe it's love, but it isn't college. Gridiron scenes are good. Joan Bennett and James Hall provide the love. (Oct.)

MEDICINE MAN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Pretty good hokum, but you *could* afford to miss it. (Sept.)

MEN OF THE NORTH—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Monsieur Le Fox.") Just another story of the Northwest. (Oct.)

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY—Radio Pictures.—A practical joker starts something he can't finish. Betty Compson and Lowell Sherman. (Aug.)

MIN AND BILL—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are grand actresses. (Dec.)

MISBEHAVING LADIES—First National.—The gags have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (Nov.)

★ **MOBY DICK**—Warners.—*Captain Ahab's* vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is full of thrills. John Barrymore plays the same rôle as in the silent "Sea Beast." Don't miss this. (Oct.)

★ **MONTE CARLO**—Paramount.—Witty, piquant operetta in the best Lubitsch manner. Jeanette MacDonald sings gloriously. (Oct.)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (Dec.)

MOTHERS CRY—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (Dec.)

NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE—First National.—Alice White as an heiress pursued by fortune-hunters. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes. First-rate entertainment. (Oct.)

NIGHT WORK—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan stars in a nice comedy drama that goes a bit melodramatic. (Aug.)

NOT DAMAGED—Fox.—Sounds like, melodrama, but it's supposed to be comedy. (July)

NUMBERED MEN—First National.—Fair entertainment. From the stage play, "Jailbreak." (Aug.)

★ **OFFICE WIFE, THE**—Warners.—Dorothy Mackaill is the girl who starts out to vamp her employer, played by Lewis Stone, and ends by falling in love with him. A sophisticated, but human and convincing story. (Oct.)

OH SAILOR BEHAVE—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a swell comedy prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (Sept.)

OLD AND NEW—Sovkino.—Powerful, Communism propaganda film, co-directed by Eisenstein of "Potemkin" fame. Silent. (July)

★ **OLD ENGLISH**—Warners.—Don't miss it. George Arliss is perfect. If you liked "Disraeli" you'll rave about this one. (Sept.)

ONCE A GENTLEMAN—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—High comedy, with a touch of pathos. Eddie Horton is elegant. (July)

ONE MAD KISS—Fox.—Don Jose Mojica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maris afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (Oct.)

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S—First National.—One night at Susie's is enough of this sort of thing. Billie Dove plays a chorine. (Sept.)

★ **ON YOUR BACK**—Fox.—Irene Rich in gorgeous clothes, as a fashionable New York modiste, is splendid in an interesting picture. (Sept.)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

Caddo Company Page 18
First National Pictures Page 11
Fox Film Page 9
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Page 14
Paramount Pictures Page 4
Warner Brothers Page 7

OTHER TOMORROW, THE—First National.—Gorgeous Billie Dove in the usual love triangle. Just so-so. (Aug.)

★ **OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—M-G-M.—You must see Joan Crawford in those lace step-ins! Swell box-office picture, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and some more popular youngsters. (Sept.)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—Too much dialogue and too little action. (Oct.)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead—bound for the Hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (Nov.)

PARADISE ISLAND—Tiffany Productions.—This struggles along in a South Sea Island setting. (Sept.)

PARDON MY GUN—Pathe.—A Western comedy with not a dull moment. Two champion juvenile trick riders and ropers outdo Will Rogers. (Sept.)

PAY OFF, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (Nov.)

PLAYBOY OF PARIS—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice! (Nov.)

QUEEN HIGH—Paramount.—An ace musical comedy with laughs, lilting tunes and pretty girls. (Aug.)

★ **QUEEN OF SCANDAL**—United Artists.—A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (Dec.)

★ **RAFFLES**—United Artists.—Ronald Colman, as an English gentleman-thief, charms even while he cops the jools. A talkie that moves, and entertainingly! (Sept.)

RAIN OR SHINE—Columbia.—Joe Cook's talkie debut. A circus story with a punch finish. (Oct.)

RECAPTURED LOVE—Warners.—A bright little picture. You'll probably like it. (Aug.)

REDEMPTION—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's first talkie, made before "His Glorious Night," but shelved and now largely remade. A tragic story by Tolstoi that proves John can act. (July)

REMOTE CONTROL—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

RENO—Sono Art—World Wide.—Ruth Roland's screen comeback. She looks beautiful but her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. If there was a story, it got lost in the making. (Sept.)

RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU, THE—Paramount.—Grand melodramatic hokum. Warner Oland is a swell Manchu. (July)

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE—M-G-M.—Louis Mann as the dad of an ungrateful family. A good cast and happy ending. (July)

RIGHT OF WAY, THE—First National.—Starts out well but toward the end you may wish you'd stayed home. (Aug.)

RIVER'S END—Warners.—A lusty Curwood story, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

ROAD TO PARADISE—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (Oct.)

★ **ROMANCE**—M-G-M.—Garbo personifies all the title implies in her second talkie. F'evens sakes, don't miss it! (Aug.)

ROUGH WATERS—Warners.—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (Oct.)

SANTA FE TRAIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (Nov.)

SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (Oct.)

SCARLET PAGES—First National.—Elsie Ferguson's talkie debut, from her stage play. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (Sept.)

SEA BAT, THE—M-G-M.—Just another talkie, ho-hum! By the way, its Nils Asther's first audible film. (Aug.)

SEA GOD, THE—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (Nov.)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (Nov.)

SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY, THE—Warners.—Novel mystery-comedy, with Loretta Young and Grant Withers. (July)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Paramount.—The usual delightful William Powell performance, but the story could be better. (July)

SHADOW RANCH—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man Boris and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake and Sue Carol in a story of love's young dream. Rather nice. (Aug.)

SHOOTING STRAIGHT—Radio Pictures.—A deft mingling of under-world drama and comedy gives Richard Dix his best part in a long time. (Sept.)

SILENT ENEMY, THE—Paramount.—Beautifully photographed story of the Ojibway Indians' struggle for food in the far North, played by real Indians. Amazing animal scenes. Sound. (July)

SILVER HORDE, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

It's all in fun! Anita Page
and Mary Lawlor stage
a snowball fight and
pose for this cute
battle scene



Just for the FUN of IT!

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

I want to help you. Are you overweight? Send for my booklet of reducing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you worried about your complexion? My skin leaflet will give you helpful advice. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or other advice on personal problems. *There is no charge.* Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

ONCE in a while I come across a girl who has taken all the advice about self-improvement just a little too literally. Jane Margaret is evidently one of these.

Jane Margaret's signature has become familiar to me over a period of years. Every now and then a letter from her turns up on my desk, asking for my suggestions, and occasionally an enthusiastic and heart-warming note comes, telling me how well the advice has worked out in her case.

But recently I had a letter from Jane Margaret which disturbs me. As revealed by her letters, and by the snapshot she sent when she wanted advice about the arrangement of her hair, Jane Margaret is an attractive girl. She is overwhelmingly ambitious to make the most of her talents, to make her life "important and worthwhile," as she puts it. And, of course, that attitude is not to be frowned upon.

Jane Margaret's latest letter, however, shows something I hadn't noticed before. She is forgetting how to play. She is so eager to improve each shining hour that she is letting all the fun pass her by. If she doesn't watch out, Jane will be a very dull girl.

Books are read solely to develop her mind. Friends are chosen because they come from "nice" families, have the right background and can provide the right contacts. Everything is calculated, and nothing done for the joy of doing it.

She asks me: "Shall I join an ice-skating club made up of neighborhood boys and girls? They skate in the park when the weather permits or meet one evening a week at a nearby indoor rink. They're a nice bunch and I would like to know some of

them better, but I get plenty of exercise and I feel it is a lot of time to give up every week."

She adds, rather wistfully it seems to me: "I like to skate and think I could become a really good skater, if only I had the time for it."

DO, *do*, take the time, Jane Margaret. Don't be so stingy with yourself. Perhaps ten years from now you will have more leisure to skate, and will have lost interest in learning. Because our interests do change with the years, and what seems so desirable and worthy of attainment today may fail to stir us in the least on some tomorrow. Certain interests and pleasures belong to certain definite periods of our lives, and if we put them off too long we find it is too late to enjoy them.

Life is a serious matter, especially when one is just approaching its biggest problems. Time must be guarded, before it slips away and leaves us with nothing accomplished, with wasted talents and rejected opportunities.

But a girl of Jane Margaret's naturally serious temperament needs to cultivate a more—well, not frivolous, but let's say, light-hearted viewpoint. Similar to that of Elsie T., whose letter lies on my desk now.

ELSIE writes: "My brother scolds me for spending my money on dancing lessons and pretty clothes, when I might be taking postgraduate work at the university and fitting myself for a position more important than the one I hold. Because I am not thinking seriously of marriage (I am only nineteen and feel I have plenty of time), he thinks I ought to be planning a career. I suppose he is afraid I might not marry at all, and he thinks I should have some other absorbing interest to fill my life.

"I tease him and tell him my most absorbing interest right now is to have a good time, to get all the fun out of these years when life seems so happy. We had a rather difficult childhood because our parents died when we were quite young, and it seems so wonderful that at last we have grown up, that he is happily married to a girl I admire, and that I have been able to finish school after a long financial struggle.

"I earn enough to pay my own expenses, and I'm perfectly content with the things I can provide. I worked mighty hard all through school and graduated from the university with honors.

"I'm not burning the candle at both ends either. I spend many of the 'quiet evenings at [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

An Ideal Xmas Gift!

This New De Luxe Edition of the
STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY
 Combined with 18 months subscription to
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"Stars of the Photoplay" represents the very finest collection of beautiful art portraits of screen celebrities ever assembled under one cover.

250 Reproductions in Rotogravure of the Stars, and the facts you want to know about them

DO YOU KNOW?

Which feminine stars have married millionaires— which ones foreign titles?
 The color of Claudette Colbert's hair?
 The name of the picture that made Clara Bow?
 How much Loretta Young weighs?
 Where Chevalier was during the World War?
 That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?
 What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?
 That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?
 Who was once engaged to the grandson of the Kaiser?
 The name of Irene Rich's husband?

Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?
 Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?
 The real name of Lew Cody?
 What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?
 How many times Alma Rubens has been married?
 How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?
 Where Bebe Daniels was born?
 How old is Marie Dressler?
 Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?
 How Jack Oakie got his start?
 Gilbert Roland's nationality?
 Which fair-haired star was disowned by her father?
 That Buster Keaton was born in a tent?

The answers to these—and hundreds of other questions—just the information that you and your friends want can be found in "Stars of the Photoplay."

Size of "Stars of the Photoplay," 7¼ x 10½ inches; individual portraits, 5½ x 7½ inches. A biographical sketch accompanies each portrait.

You can obtain this remarkable book with an 18 months subscription to PHOTOPLAY Magazine for only \$4.00. "Stars of the Photoplay" sells regularly for \$1.25; an 18 months subscription to PHOTOPLAY \$3.75. The regular price of the two combined is \$5.00. You will, therefore, save \$1.00 by taking advantage of this unusual offer. We recommend the combination offer, but if you want only "Stars of the Photoplay," just send \$1.25.

If you wish to send as a Christmas gift, insert the name of the person to whom you wish it to go, on the coupon, and your own name on the extra line at the bottom provided for this purpose, and we will send a Christmas card to the recipient notifying her of her gift.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine {STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY}
 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PH. 1-31

Enclosed please find \$..... ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ cash, for which send me
☐ The New 1930 edition of "Stars of the Photoplay" and enter my subscription to PHOTOPLAY Magazine for 18 months effective with the next issue.

(Special Rate: \$4.00 U. S. and possessions; \$4.50 Canada; \$5.00 Foreign.)

☐ The New 1930 "Stars of the Photoplay"—now only \$1.25.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Gift from {name}.....

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

After Breaking All Records in HELL'S

Opens in London Receiving Greatest

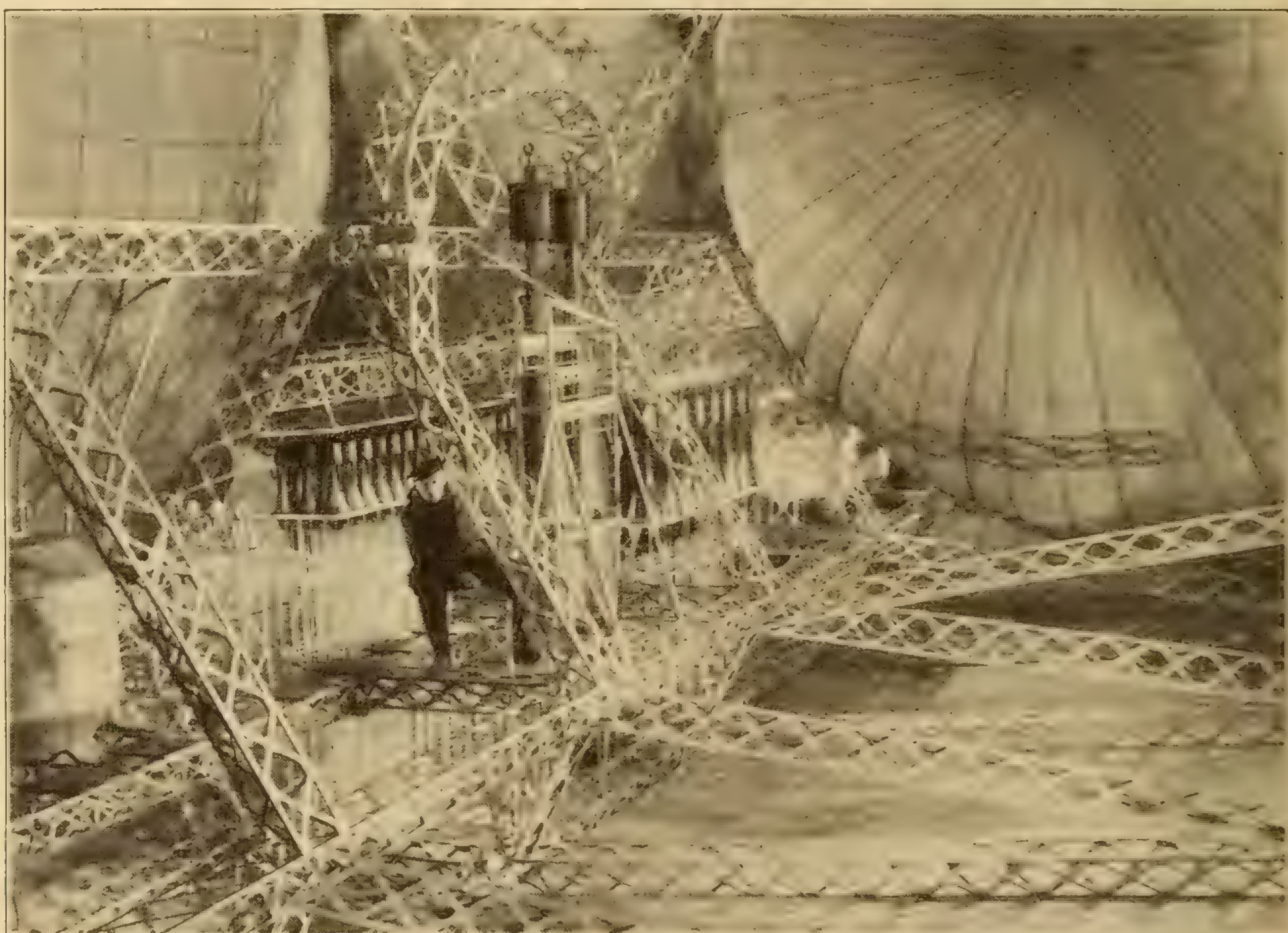
THE LONDON MORNING POST

acclaims "Hell's Angels" "The finest achievement yet shown on any screen."

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

says, "Greatest masterpiece the screen has ever known."

*An
Interior
View
of the
Giant
Zeppelin
Used in
"Hell's
Angels"*



‘THE TALKIES’ FIRST

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT:

"The most spectacular sky saga yet filmed, far above such aerial circuses as 'Wings' and 'The Dawn Patrol.'"

ZIT'S THEATRICAL WEEKLY:

"'Hell's Angels' can follow all the others and still make them look like the preliminary bouts."

THEATRE MAGAZINE:

"No theatregoer who is decently grateful for the divine gift of eyesight should fail to see 'Hell's Angels.' Beside the sheer significance of 'Hell's Angels' all stage spectacles and colossal circuses become puny. Deserves to be witnessed and applauded in every picture-house in the world."

Los Angeles, New York and Boston

ANGELS

Praise Ever Accorded a Motion Picture

LONDON TIMES:

"Has no equal on the screen."

LONDON DAILY SKETCH:

"London was thrilled by 'Hell's Angels' as never before. Unbelievable excitement after excitement flashes upon the screen."



*Actual
Scene
from
'Hell's
Angels'
Showing
Authentic
German
Dirigible
Flown
in the
Picture*

GREAT SPECTACLE — *Motion Picture Magazine*

HARRISON'S REPORTS:

"The best spectacle that has ever been produced in motion pictures."

NEW YORK GRAPHIC:

"Most beautiful shots and thrilling action the movies have yet built."

LOS ANGELES HERALD:

"'Hell's Angels' will never be surpassed for sheer thrills and spectacle."

SEATTLE STAR:

"Stands alone as greatest of air pictures. A production which will never be duplicated."

EXHIBITORS' HERALD-WORLD:

"Undoubtedly one of the world's greatest motion pictures. Presents spectacles such as never have been seen before, and does so without interrupting the thread of the story."

With that \$3 you save

*buy cold cream for yourself—
razor blades for your husband*

There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Cold cream and razor blades are merely suggestions.



How REFRESHING..how CLEANSING..how SAFE
—this modern thrift dentifrice

HERE is a dentifrice at 25¢ that will win you the moment you try it.

You will be delighted by the wonderful refreshing effect it has on the mouth—a feeling of cleanliness, invigoration and well-being that you associate with Listerine itself.

Note, too, how gently but how swiftly it erases tartar and discolorations from the teeth. Note how it penetrates into those hard-to-get-at crevices between teeth, and sweeps away fermenting food particles.

After you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste a few days, examine

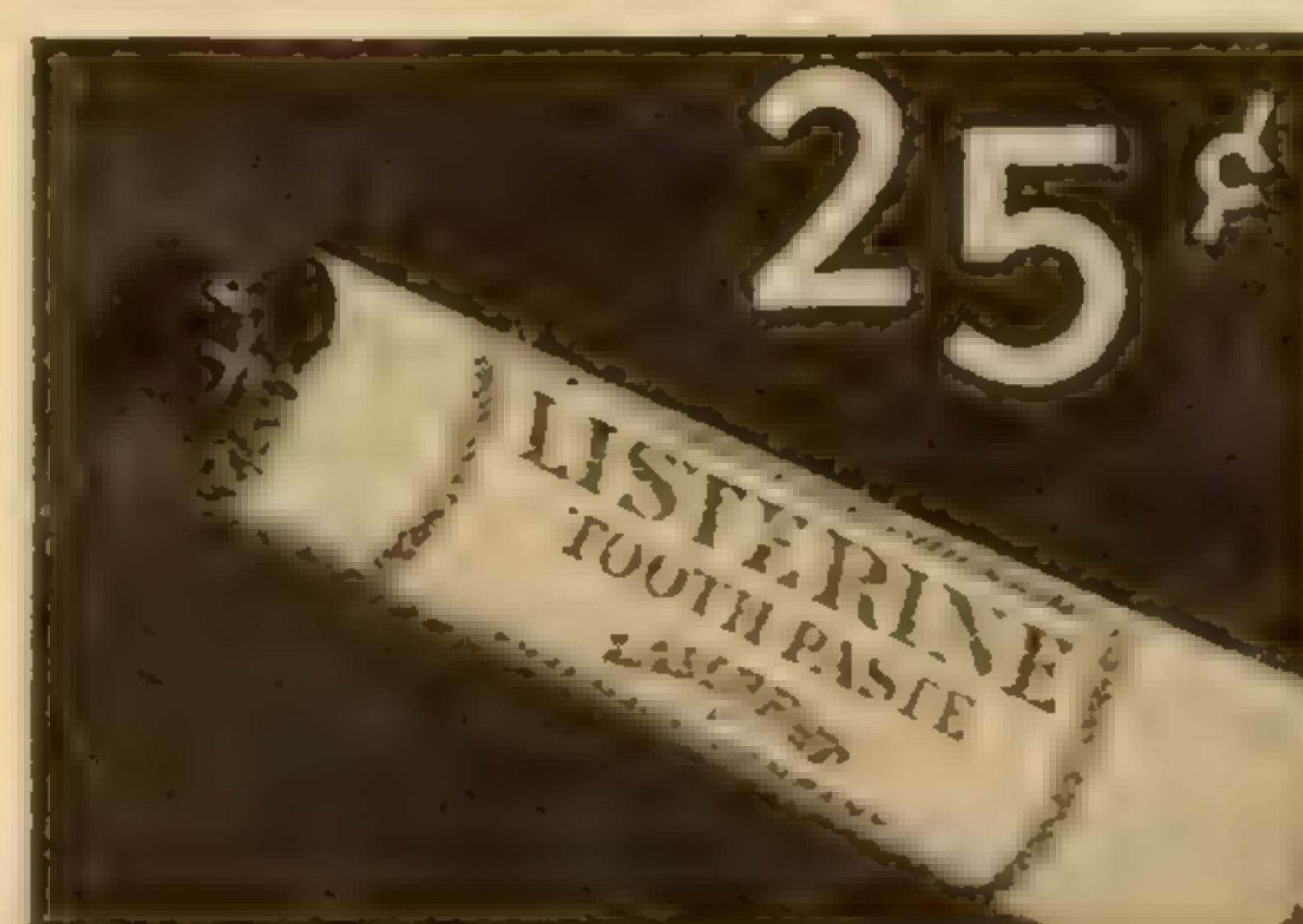
your teeth and see how much more attractive they are. You will also perceive that they are beginning to have a delicate, lovely luster. This is due to the presence of modern polishing agents, which keep teeth looking their best.

You will discover an immediate improvement in the hygiene of your mouth and the appearance of your teeth.

Moreover, Listerine Tooth Paste is safe for all types of teeth. Its

cleansing ingredients are the most costly obtainable and are selected because of their gentle action. They simply cannot harm enamel.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste. You will be delighted by its results and by its economy. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



The makers of
Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC
TOOTH BRUSHES

"SUNNY" is just the word for this sparkling girl, who pirouettes from triumph to triumph on stage and screen with everlasting grace and charm. If you feel you need to regain lightness of heart, we prescribe a copious dose of Marilyn Miller in her new "Sunny"!

Marilyn Miller (Marilyn Reynolds) was born in Evansville, Ind., Sept. 1, 1900. She is 5 feet, 3; weighs 100 pounds, has blonde hair, green eyes. Has been married twice





Clarence Sinclair Bull

Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tenn., Aug. 9, 1910. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 100 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes. Played in musical comedy

UP from the South at break of day—New Year's day, 1929, to be exact—came this lovely child to enter pictures. Luck, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, gave her leading rôles opposite Ramon Novarro in his song romances. Since then Dorothy Jordan has charmed her way into the public heart



—L. B. L.

DON'T those blue eyes search right through to the depths of your own? Ah, well, you're in good company. We needn't burden you with the superfluous information that the ocular artillery belongs to Constance Bennett, now taking a holiday after finishing "Sin Takes a Holiday" for Mr. Pathe

Constance Bennett was born in New York City, Oct. 3, 1905, the daughter of Richard I. Bennett. She is 5 feet 4, weighs 102, has light hair and blue eyes.



CONTRASTING Charles and Wally, as we know them. Mr. Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers, who has lately been exploring the quieter pleasures of Europe with his mother, has not changed, despite the fact he smoked a cigarette in "Heads Up." Wally "Big House" Beery makes a neat foil in his typical rôle of a gentleman seeking a profitable introduction on a dark night



Hurrol

BESSIE looks at peace with the world—and why not, pray? Still young and pretty after fifteen years on the lots, a loving husband named Bill Hawks, a tremendous talkie triumph in "The Broadway Melody" in 1928, and since that time all the free-lance work she wants! Good for Bess!

Bessie Love (Juanita Horton) was born in Midland, Tex., Sept. 10, 1898. She is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes.



irell

Adolphe Jean Menjou was born in Pittsburgh, Feb. 18, 1891. He is 5 feet, 10½; weighs 155, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Kathryn Carver

BACK again after his absence from American films. Menjou fans are giving him a welcome to prove he's no ex-patriate, now that the suave, sleek 'Dolphe is playing again on the home grounds. In "New Moon" and "Morocco" he makes us wonder why the producers ever let him get away from America



AFTER a grand trip around the world on a plugging freighter, the little French charmer is back on the job at Paramount. Claudette Colbert reported to the top sergeant at the Long Island studio, and was immediately handed a story to do. And who will be in the supporting cast but ole Charlie Ruggles

Claudette Colbert, the great
Claudette, was born in Paris,
Sept. 13, 1897. She is 5 feet
4 inches tall, weighs 115, has brown
hair and eyes. Married to
Norman Foster.



A CHAT in the fog. The scene is a dingy ferry landing, and the picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Passion Flower." Director William C. De Mille, right, talks over the action with Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford, who have the leading rôles. A great studio set, to our way of thinking. Doesn't the place fairly drip dampness? You can almost smell the old river!

January, 1931

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

NEWSPAPER headline: "Valentino's Funeral a Publicity Stunt . . . fifteen hundred policemen and forty press-agents hired to put it over."

That's not true. I know it is not true.

The police who were stationed at the Campbell Funeral Parlor where the body of the film idol lay in state were assigned by the New York police department. The police who lined the sidewalks on the streets through which the funeral cortège passed on its way to the church were assigned by the police department.

THE only press-agent who had anything to do with the sad affair was the regular publicity man for Campbell's. In justice to the memory of Rudolph Valentino I cannot permit these libels to pass unchallenged.

I made the arrangements for the church services. I was present when the funeral services were planned, and assisted in the selection of the casket. And I may add that it was far from being the most expensive casket in the establishment.

IF it had been a publicity stunt then the publicity men were dumbbells. For one of the most interesting stories in connection with that funeral was that it almost brought about open warfare between the Facisti and the anti-Facisti factions of New York. The story has never before been printed.

Without the slightest suggestion from anyone in charge of the funeral arrangements, four men in the black shirts of the Facisti organization appeared at the funeral parlor on Broadway and announced that they had been sent to stand guard over the body.

They were told that they were not wanted but they would not leave, and they proceeded with their self-constituted duty.

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



Perhaps they were sincere in their desire to honor their dead countryman. But I always suspected they were pulling a publicity stunt for themselves. Anyhow, it seemed better to permit them to remain than to have the police throw them out.

THE next day two men showed up at Valentino's old apartment in the Ambassador Hotel and demanded that the Facisti guard be given the gate. They said they represented the anti-faction, and made a direct threat that they would start trouble if the black shirts were permitted to remain.

They were referred to the police, and, what's more, the police were referred to them. There was no trouble, but for a while it looked as though an Italian civil war was going to break loose.

Would that have made a headline for the tabloids? "Facisti Battle Over Valentino's Body."

If Valentino had a press-agent he was a dead one.

CLARA BOW doesn't seem to have any more luck with her secretaries than some big business men. The first one married Clara's pappy, and the second is yelling Clara ain't done right by her. The day after secretarial rumpus number two started in the newspapers, Clara received an application for the position. It read:

"I am a capable stenographer, intelligent and refined, but am now working as a librarian. This work is dull and sedentary and I would like a change."

Young lady, I am no fortune teller, but I can tell you that if you get the job, you are going to get your wish.

A GREAT Russian director named Serge Eisenstein, creator of "Potemkin," came to this country under contract.

He was the inventor of the word "montage," which gave highbrows of the cinema something to argue about. I'm not quite sure what it means. He had a tousled head of hair, a perfect command of English, a grand personality, an extraordinary intellect, and a great sense of humor.

He went to Hollywood and was entertained. He was mentioned to direct "An American Tragedy." He had a swell time. He was one of the most deservedly popular personalities in the colony.

Then his contract was up, and he hadn't done a tap of work. "Just didn't know what to give him, couldn't agree on a story," was the answer.

THE point is that Mr. Eisenstein spent almost six months in Hollywood, at two thousand dollars a week. He didn't get an opportunity to contribute a single camera shot to the American screen, but he did learn everything there is to know about the making of sound pictures—all for the benefit of the Russian movie.

Well, Serge was paid pretty liberally for learning all the new tricks of pictures. Damn clever, these Rooshians!

HERR DIRECTOR LUBITSCH says he never heard of "sex appeal" until he came to this country. The Germans must have a word for it even if they have to put seven or eight words together to convey the idea to each other.

Have you seen his "Monte Carlo" yet? Then, see it. Sick in bed with pneumonia and rheumatism, that *Deutscher* lad could make a better picture than the average director in the pink bloom of health.

WIRE from an exhibitor of Springfield, Ill., to the home office of Radio Pictures after "Check and Double Check" was shown to the inhabitants of the martyred president's home town.

"Never since Springfield sent Abraham Lincoln to the White House has this town gone as wild as it did over Amos and Andy on the screen."

Ah, how pleased and proud Mr. Lincoln would be if he were with us now!

THERE'S a studio gateman out in Hollywood who earns twenty-five dollars a week and has a manager. He wants to be an actor. On his day off his wife puts up a lunch for him and he chases all over Southern California in his old Ford, looking for Wally Beery pictures.

The wife tells the neighbors he is studying technic.

IRVING BERLIN'S music has always been popular. Yet four out of five of the songs he wrote for a forthcoming United Artists picture were cut out because "The public is tired of songs and singing in pictures."

Gentlemen, gentlemen. The public is not tired of songs and singing.

They're just fed up with the musical noises and senseless lyrics that come forth from Hollywood with all the lilting cadence and ecstasy of a sausage machine

transforming little porkers into hot dogs. If you don't think so, go and watch the audience while they listen to Grace Moore in "A Lady's Morals." There is a picture in exquisite good taste, and there, my friends, is song and singing.

BELIEVE it or not, Carl Laemmle thinks we newspaper and magazine editors and writers are not as dumb as we write. He asks us:

"Do screen producers 'underplay' or 'overplay' their attractions?"

"What are your views on musical pictures; on silent pictures; on today's theater going public?"

"Won't you be so kind as to write me a brief note giving your frank opinion?"

If there is anything we like better than a good cold stein of Pilsner beer it is to give advice to producers who have been making pictures for twenty years.

Our answer is—yes and no.

IN Melcher, Iowa, lives George Arthur Fletcher, a produce merchant, who has never seen a picture. Says he was taught to forego the theater, along with tobacco and booze. He's fifty years old, and says he would substitute the church for the cinema.

Brookline, Mass., one of the richest communities in the world, has no motion picture theater.

Perhaps we should send out missionaries!

LISTEN to the lament of the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray, Gloria's latest ex:

"Hollywood is no place to be married. When you are married there, everybody tries to tear you apart. When we were married, had I kept my wife in France the present situation would not have arisen."

Can't you see the beautiful, exotic Gloria as a French housewife, carrying her basket to market every morning, Sundays excepted, and rushing home to make the onion soup? Yes, you can!

MOTION pictures are not artistic, complain so many critics," said Executive Manager Wunder, of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in a speech in Hollywood the other day. "Why, what do they mean? Don't people realize that seven arts are blended in the talking picture: painting, poetry, literature, architecture, music, dancing and drama . . .?" And just the very next day, the title of "Dark Star" was changed to "Min and Bill."

IT has been suggested that the reason "It" became so popular in Hollywood is that it is so easy to spell.

HERE'S a hot one. A certain producer in Hollywood interviews writers while in his private Turkish bath on the studio lot. And a director, whose reputation is bigger, and whose publicity is more interesting than any picture he has produced in years, always has scenarios read to him as he lies, eyes closed, on a davenport in his office. Perhaps that's why his pictures are so flat.

Wedding Bells!



Virginia Valli



Charles Farrell

WELL, it's happening at last and Dame Rumor is quiet, for once!

By the time you read this Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli will be married, unless all plans go agley.

For years, you know, Charlie and Virginia have been friends. Not long ago Virginia went to New York with her pal, Colleen Moore. She returned earlier than she had planned and the papers announced that she was homesick for Hollywood. The truth is that she and Charlie arranged the details for their wedding over long distance telephone one night and Virginia took the next train home.

As this is being written, they plan to marry just as soon as Charlie finishes his picture, "The Man Who Came Back." That will be sometime in the middle of November. It will be a quiet wedding. Besides, Charlie begins another film almost immediately.

They hope to get away for a few days' honeymoon. Julianne Johnston will be Virginia's attendant and if Colleen Moore returns from the East in time she will serve, too. The three girls are inseparable chums.

Virginia has been married once before, to a non-professional, but this is Charlie's first march to the altar.

Rumors of the wedding have been flying thick and fast and although Charlie laughed them off he never failed to add, "But believe me, Virginia is the sweetest girl in the world."

Their courtship has been a beautiful romance. Even the rôle that Janet Gaynor played in Charlie's life has never stopped him from loving and admiring Virginia, and Virginia has been ever his loyal comrade. Glamorous, beautiful Virginia Valli. Smart, sophisticated, charming. Lucky boy—that Charlie Farrell.

PHOTOPLAY wishes them both the joy they deserve!

Clara Bow's critics—the press, the hoity-toity public and other actors are forever denouncing her, poking fun at her and otherwise making her life miserable. Now she has turned. And in this picture you see the great flapper taking the offensive



By Paul Jarvis

THE trouble with me is—I'm not a sneak!" There is Clara Bow's own diagnosis of the scandals which nearly cost her her job and her screen career.

Clara is hurt. First she suffered ridicule because she fell in love with Harry Richman. She was a single girl and he, a single man, but did their mutual eligibility matter?

Then the newspapers noticed she was gaining weight! They hooted.

Then an unhappy, intensely personal affair in Texas. Reporters tore her decency to shreds!

Finally, gambling—with Clara this time luridly represented as a welcher.

Now Clara is tired of being picked on. She is afraid, too, pitifully fearful, of the hostility she imagines everywhere, in everything, in everybody.

In New York, where she was engaged in making scenes for "No Limit," the horror of a new misunderstanding so gripped the little Bow that she would shut herself up in her hotel immediately after working hours. She would see nobody, go no place. And because she didn't like the hotel kitchen, she made herself bilious dining on chocolate creams.

I found her there, wretched over the abuse she believes she has suffered, grimly determined to give the newspapers no further opportunity to misrepresent her. And a more frail, crushed, self-pitying little soul you never did see than the tempestuous "It" girl. It's quite true that Clara lacks the armor of pretense and evasion with which a more sophisticated girl might have protected herself. And she knows it.

"I've never been a sneak, that's the trouble with me," she diagnosed shrewdly. "Why, I've never done a thing that everybody else in Hollywood hasn't done. I've never done a thing actually bad. I've been so convinced of that, I never even tried to learn how to be sneaky!

"I may have made mistakes. I certainly must have been foolish. But my greatest mistake seems to have been that I was open and above-board about everything.

"Reporters would come to see me," Clara illustrated her honesty, "I'd always receive them. I'd tell them the truth. But they never printed it. They never even quoted what I

had said, but made up something different.

"Everyone tried to picture me as tough," she continued plaintively. "They tried to make me seem to talk out of the side of my mouth. What could I do?"

What could Clara do, indeed? She never learned the cycle of newspaper personality. One reporter writes a clever story in which a character appears tough. Another reporter borrows the tough characteristic in the next story. A third intensifies it. A fourth intensifies the third. Until a monumental toughness is achieved. And it sticks to that personality in every press reference thereafter.

Clara doesn't understand this game to which she has lent herself. She feels crushed and humiliated by the unfairness of it. And her reaction has been her vindication.

The Brooklyn bonfire, the hotsy-totsy red-head, who, they say, "gets mixed up in unsavory romances," who "welches on gambling debts," could have reacted in only one way. The bizarre Clara Bow heroine on the screen would have reacted in only one way. That wild girl would have gone out to show 'em. A little bolder, a little wilder, a little louder. Her answer to the challenge would have been defiance.

BUT Clara is licked. She distrusts and suspects the world. Never having learned to be guarded in her conversation, she prefers not to talk to anyone. She dresses more quietly. Carries herself with more dignity.

"I'm anxious to throw off the old personality, even on the screen," said Clara. "I'm going to be grown up and discreet. I'm going to play more dramatic stories, a more dignified type of rôle. I'm going to make pictures which give me something to do. I'm going to work hard."

All Hollywood agrees that Clara Bow is a hard worker. And she never is so happy as when she's working. She never gives the studio so little trouble, or herself so few regrets.

Clara is a trouser born, and she wears scars of work. Scars on her shoulder record one scene in which she had to drop a burning cigarette from her lips. A long, vicious scar down her finger testifies to another courageous work day.

Her ambition to work hard is an inspiring one. But a

"My chief trouble is that I'm not a sneak!" says Clara

"Quit Pickin' On Me!"

says

Clara Bow

The famous little Brooklyn Bonfire, snapping back at her critics, says she is giving up boy friends for hard work in big dramatic talkie rôles

Clara, off screen, has a startling suggestion of the screen Janet Gaynor. She is little, almost frail—pathetic. With all her wealth and fame, she makes people impulsively say, "Poor kid." Her eyes are fine. The very forthrightness, which was almost her undoing, gives her an appealing charm.

Clara's motherless childhood has been deplored before. Her father has been discussed generally. Alone and immature, Clara has been preyed on by anyone who could use her. Now, at twenty-five, Clara Bow faces a new test. A discreet, dignified young woman must appear as a dramatic actress.

As she faced her old, Clara faces her new test alone. Loved by millions, Clara has nobody to love. Artlessly Clara told the story in one eloquent sentence that afternoon on location in New York. "I want to go home," said Clara wistfully. "I miss my cook."

Nobody to miss but her cook! The mad, bad, flaming, ram-bunctious Clara Bow!

program without play for a twenty-five year old woman!

"What about romance?" I asked with decent reluctance.

"I'm through with that. Men are funny. They want to make you over. They like me for what I am, then when they find they can't change me, they lose interest. Or if they do change me, they lose interest."

"What about Harry Richman?"

"All over months ago. A mistake."

"Rex Bell?"

"I like him very much. Rex is a nice clean boy. I appreciate his friendship. But it's only friendship."

Hard work. No romance. No didoes. No escapades. Surely Clara is entitled to some moderate dissipation. And she has it all picked out. "I like to eat," she announced with startling abruptness. "You can't get anything good to eat in New York. At home I have good food. And I have my dogs, five of them. They're my companions."

So La Bow, disillusioned, distrustful, mellowed by a new wisdom for which she paid a dear price, has turned the acutely critical point in her career. She wants to be good. She wants to start again.

Paramount has faith in her resolution. Just when the anti-Bow bacilli were most active in all the newspaper blood of the country, Paramount renewed her contract and laid plans for her new films. Her fans beg that she be given a chance to "act." They detect a quality in Clara never quite revealed in her exuberant "It" rôles.



Did you know that eating is one of the fondest things Clara Bow is of? When she's away from Hollywood, she doesn't miss boy friends, but her cook! Maybe this explains some of Clara's curve-trouble in the past

Illustrated by Van Arsdale



Richee

SOME of the lines, of course, are in the script that Frances Dee is studying. The others are part and parcel of Frances herself. She's the new Good Luck Girl at Paramount. After her hit in "Playboy of Paris" she was re-signed!

Lines *and* Lines

Ex-Millionaire

The movies paid Francis X. Bushman \$6,000,000 and today he is flat broke—but oh, he had a swell time!



The godlike Bushman head in the days when flappers went wild

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN is forty-six years old. For thirty of these years he has worked at his profession, on screen and stage.

During that time, he has been paid more than six millions of dollars.

Today he's broke! Flat broke! His chauffeur sued him for salary, even, and Bushman promised the judge to pay off in installments.

And he doesn't care. That is, it's no tragedy to him. At least, so he says.

"I'm not a bit sorry I spent it," he says. "I had a whale of a good time. And I'll always be able to earn a living."

As this is written, Bushman is playing the leading rôle in a stage play called "Thin Ice," in stock on the Pacific coast. It's not a very good play, and the critics aren't very excited about it or Bushman. It probably won't last long. Then Bushman'll have to find some new job in his line.

During 1929, he worked before the camera only sixteen days. Whatever he does in pictures again, he admits, won't be much. Not because he isn't willing to, but because the producers don't seem to be.

"Ever since 'Ben Hur'," he says, "I've been blacklisted. Only a few independent producers with courage have used me. I've never been in a major studio since then. Perhaps I could have lifted the blacklist, but I wouldn't crawl. I'm not the crawling kind. Rather than do it, I'll become a flagpole sitter."

"Other stars and the public may feel

pity for me. The deuce with that! I don't want pity or sympathy. I'm happy. All I want is the chance to entertain my public. They've been sweet to me, and their applause is still sweet in my ears. They haven't forgotten me. I learn that, every time I step on a stage, even if the producers have forgotten."

Where did his millions go, you ask?

"I spent 'em," he tells you. "Never was money spent so joyously, and no one could ever have had a better time than I did. I circled the globe thrice, and have visited more than forty countries. There are still some I'm going to. That's why I'm still plugging."

"Bush Manor ate up a lot, and so did lawsuits."

BUSH MANOR was his million-dollar estate in Maryland. That was around 1915. He had a great stable of hunting horses, and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of furniture. Then came divorce and litigation.

"Two and a half years of litigation about my divorce," he summarizes, "ended in my getting nothing. Mrs. Bushman got mighty little after the lawyers were through."

"Then," he says, "there were income taxes and penalties."

"I never bothered with such things. I had five or six secretaries and a valet and I let them attend to it. Several years later, the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

By Tom Kent



Is Francis X. Bushman dreaming of the days when he looked like the picture above, and the money rolled in? Here he's shown resting in his dressing room in a Hollywood theater



The Pride of the House of Green as she looks in "Tom Sawyer." Older film players do honor to Mitzi as a first rate artist of the screen

"He's Getting Too Old For Me!"

Sighs Mitzi Green

too. And he's only thirteen. And there was Jackie Coogan, charming, with whom she had to be in love for "Tom Sawyer."

It is work, after all, which means everything to Mitzi. Working is such fun. She catalogues her pictures by the amount of fun she had making them.

"We had the most fun making 'The Santa Fe Trail,'" she recalls. "Junior and I just rode and rode. We had a grand time. 'Tom Sawyer' was fun, too. Jackie and Junior and I were together.

"YOU know, as *Becky*, I had to play love scenes with Jackie. We had a terrible time. We just couldn't keep from grinning. I hadn't much to do in the picture, but I guess playing a straight part was good experience for me."

She's deep, this brilliant ten-year-old movie star. As unlike a stage child as you hope and expect from her dazzling screen personality. Mitzi is a real little girl, so frankly childish she's refreshing. She plays kid games. She enjoys kid toys. She is bored by sustained conversations. And she's taking up bridge so she won't have to talk to adult interviewers for any longer time than it takes her to produce the cards.

Her parents appreciate her self-sufficiency and resourcefulness. They let her meet the public without coaching, prompting or even their presence in the room.

The grown-up stars on the Paramount lot admire and respect her as a superior artist. Every star in New York called on her at the Paramount Theater, while she was making personal appearances. Clara Bow. [Nancy

Carroll. Mary Brian. All of whom she admires.

Junior Durkin called, too. They're still great friends, in spite of the unfortunate incident of papa's horseback ride.

"I love Hollywood," says Mitzi. "You can be outdoors all the time. There's so much to do there. The only thing I don't like about it, is that I really haven't girl friends."

Women might find Mitzi's great sense of humor and shrewd talent for mimicry rather trying. As they might envy her great success, her captivating charm, her popularity with the boys.

BUT that isn't the trouble.

Mitzi dislikes the girls. "They won't play like children in Hollywood. They want to go to dances. They act like grown-up people. And everybody knows grown-up people have very little fun."

That can never be said about the roguish Mitzi. She's certainly one of the most remarkable children of her time. A trouser born, batting about vaudeville with her parents from tothood, she still retains all the charm and sense of fun that distinguishes childhood from the dull elders.

"WE used to have such fun, but I guess he's getting too old for me."

How many women have sighed that sigh! But this time it comes from a ten-year-old woman, Miss Mitzi Green, who takes her disillusionment with gallant composure.

"It all began when I first went to Hollywood," Mitzi sighed, referring to the engaging young man on the page opposite. "Junior and I lived in the same apartment house. We had such good times. We played tennis on the roof. We went riding.

"Then one day father went riding with us. He didn't want to, but we insisted. And he fell off his horse. His arm was broken. I thought he was dead. It was terrible. We had to rush him to the hospital. Of course, he wasn't very cordial to Junior while we were taking him to the hospital. I guess Junior got offended. Anyway, he didn't come over to play after that.

"He's fifteen, though. Maybe he only thought he was getting a little too old for me."

Mitzi is as wise as she is talented. Leon Janney's a nice boy,



Consent to Tell All About Each Other

“She Just Steals Every Picture,”

Says Junior Durkin

JUNIOR DURKIN admits that taking Mitzi's father for a horseback ride may have been unfortunate. But he won't admit he's too old to be interested in Mitzi. In New York, where he is to be starred in a Broadway play at the head of a cast of fifty, he is ready to insist that Mitzi Green is the greatest woman on the screen.

“She's wonderful,” says Junior. “She steals every picture. She'll probably steal ‘Tom Sawyer.’ She's fun off the screen, too. As much fun as a boy. Gee, we had a great time making ‘Tom Sawyer.’ We played miniature golf all the time.”

“Jackie Coogan owns three courses. Everybody has a course out there. There must be three in every block. Good ones, too. You know if you have real estate you build a miniature golf course. Even if it doesn't make big money, it pays the taxes.”

Finance may be a strange topic of conversation from a boy. But remember that Junior Durkin has been a self-supporting young man from the age of three. He went on the stage at that very early age. Last year he scored an emphatic hit in “Courage.” The movies called him West. And his biggest rôle is that of *Huckleberry Finn* in the immortal “Tom.”

When Paramount makes “Huckleberry Finn” early next year, Junior will return to the coast to play the title rôle. He is looking forward to it.

As much as Junior admires Mitzi Green, he has another idol in the movies. Walter Huston.

Not Charles Rogers, not Chevalier, not Ramon Novarro. Junior has his own theories about acting. “Huston is wonderful,” he announces enthusiastically. “Why, he really acts. Everything he does, with his voice and his gestures, has some point. He never overacts, either. And that's as important as just acting.”

“I WENT to see him in ‘Abraham Lincoln.’ Gee, he was wonderful. You know ‘Abraham Lincoln’ was just about the only movie they made that children could enjoy. They just haven't been making pictures for children. That's why I was so glad when they made ‘Tom Sawyer!’”

“Have modern children really read the book?” I asked this solid young man, because I had had some doubts.

“I'll say they have,” from Junior. “Why, that's a great story. Everybody still reads ‘Tom Sawyer.’”

Junior is as boyish as he can be. Like Mitzi, he gauges life by the measure of fun. The theater, in which he was rehearsing, was littered with paper darts.

The first scene of the play, being a schoolroom scene with twenty-eight boys, had been colored with Junior's instinct for realism. Darts and spitballs.



Junior Durkin in his rig-out as *Huckleberry Finn* in “Tom Sawyer.” Junior, at fifteen, has made his mark—and a bright one—on both stage and screen

Junior has a tutor. He actually enjoys Latin. His mother handles his financial affairs for him. He has an agent to make professional deals.

Two sisters, a few years older, are also actors. But his parents were non-professional.

Like Mitzi, Junior loves work. Like her, he also loves fun. Like her, he contrives to have it.

They'll have it together again in “Huckleberry Finn.” And we'll all be able to share in it.

It was a great adventure for Junior, as well as for Coogan and Mitzi—this filming of Mark Twain's immortal yarn.

As he labors away in crowded, thundering New York, no doubt the kid will be thinking of the coming summer, when once more he can put on the rags of *Huck* and loaf before the camera along the banks of whatever they use in California for the old Mississippi.

Gee—he'll be sixteen then! Wonder if Mitzi ever thinks of that? Well, even if she does, she probably comforts herself with the thought that then she'll be an old lady of almost eleven.

Chatterton & Barrymore



Ruth Chatterton and Nat Pendleton (the amorous life-guard) in a scene from "The Laughing Lady," one of the four films in which Miss Chatterton scored

The incomparable Ruth and handsome John take the major honors in PHOTOPLAY'S list of best performances of past year in pictures

sixty-eight being the property of the ladies. A man's year, my masters!

Ruth Chatterton led the distaff division with no less than four best performance ratings, which gives the incomparable Ruthie an average of a hundred per cent, as she appeared in four phonoplays during the year. Her record was chalked up in "The Lady of Scandal," "Anybody's Woman," "The Laughing Lady" and "Sarah and Son." Chatterton touches no script which she does not adorn.

NO other lady of the floodlights approached Ruth with as many as three stars on her report card. Those actresses who gave two best performances were Mary Brian, Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler, Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, Dorothy Jordan, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Beryl Mercer, Marilyn Miller and Helen Twelvetrees.

In justice to those who did not attain Chatterton's eminence, it must be remembered that several of the two-star girls appeared in no more than two pictures, thus making their batting averages a hundred, and so equal to Ruth's in clean base hits in times at bat.

Garbo, for instance, made but two pictures in 1930—"Anna Christie" and "Romance"—and cracked

out a screecher in each. On the other hand, such able and admired ladies as Miss Dressler, Miss Crawford and Miss Mercer appeared in more, and thus stand lower in the averages.

All in all, thirteen of the screen's fairest and best gave two or more best performances during the past year.

Against this, set the astonishing fact that no less than twenty-two men are credited with two or more bests, and you will see that it was a virile year on the taut sheets of the republic.

Leading the pack, as I have said, was Mr. John Barrymore, tried trouper, who some years ago left the theater to its own devices and sold himself down the river to the cinema mills. Largely profile and strip tights before the advent of the microphone, the ageing but still handsome Jawn found talking pictures directly up his alley, and in 1930 received four best performances on his box score of the year's labors.

Beginning with "General Crack," in which he both wore uniforms and turned loose the Barrymorean larynx, his year was a great success. His Shakespearean bit in "Show of Shows" was the outstanding moment of that revue, his work in

RUTH CHATTERTON and John Barrymore were the most consistently successful performers in motion pictures during the year now ending.

Nineteen thirty, being the first year of the talking picture's maturity, was a man's year on the American screen.

Moreover, the year just fading in a cloud of dust saw stage-wise rookies from the theater take a firmer grip on the motion picture situation and walk off with at least half of the laurels, medals and blue ribbons.

These are just three of the significant conclusions reached after a painstaking analysis of the screen's best performances for 1930 as listed monthly in PHOTOPLAY'S Shadow Stage.

During the twelve months, 176 "best performances" were listed in this magazine's review department. They range from the glittering and consistent work of film-land's aces to stunning single performances by rockets of the industry, who shot up in a cloud of star-dust and then fell to earth with the stick, to be no more seen.

Of these, no less than 108 were given by men—the other

It was a man's year in the talkies, analysis shows

Lead The Screen In 1930

By Leonard Hall

"Moby Dick" was excellent, and in "The Man From Blankley's" he had the audacity and the great good sense to turn off the romantic stop and give us the first—and still the best—farce of the talkie era, farce being the medium in which he excels.

UNLIKE the situation existing in the ladies' league, several gentlemen press Barrymore for honors. No less than six mummies turn up with three bests. They are Edmund Lowe, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Ramon Novarro, Warner Baxter and Jack Oakie. All these boys performed excellently. Oakie seems to have quite stolen Bill Haines' thunder. Cooper came through excellently in Westerns, and Eddie Lowe in the crook sort of thing. Powell was splendid all year. Novarro added a waggish comedy talent to his pleasant voice and his proverbial good looks and knocked off three medals for his three light romances with music. Baxter, one of the great hits of talkie times, scored heavily in his Western romantic pieces.

In addition, fifteen gentlemen were credited with two hits apiece. They were George Arliss, Richard Arlen, Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, Ronald Colman, Maurice Chevalier, John Gilbert, O. P. Heggie, Buster Keaton, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris, Fredric March, Lowell Sherman, Lewis Stone and the late Milton Sills.

Of the veterans in pictures no better year's work was done than by Lewis Stone. His two best performances, in "Romance" and "The Office Wife," were [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



John Barrymore as he looked in "General Crack," his first talking picture, and a success

APPROXIMATE BATTING AVERAGES

of the thirty-five men and women who had two or more best performances in PHOTOPLAY'S honor roll for 1930. The standings are arrived at by dividing the number of pictures in which they appeared by the number of their best performances.

ACTORS

John Barrymore	100%
Warner Baxter	100
William Powell	100
Ramon Novarro	100
George Arliss	100
Ronald Colman	100
John Gilbert	100
Buster Keaton	100
Milton Sills	100
Lew Ayres	66
Maurice Chevalier	66
Lowell Sherman	66
Edmund Lowe	60
Gary Cooper	60
Jack Oakie	50
Richard Arlen	50
Charles Bickford	50
O. P. Heggie	50

Robert Montgomery	50%
Chester Morris	50
Fredric March	50
Lewis Stone	50

ACTRESSES

Ruth Chatterton	100
Greta Garbo	100
Dorothy Jordan	100
Marilyn Miller	100
Helen Twelvetrees	100
Marion Davies	100
Constance Bennett	66
Joan Crawford	66
Norma Shearer	66
Mary Brian	50
Marie Dressler	50
Jeanette MacDonald	50
Beryl Mercer	50



Just like one of Evelyn Brent's movie melodramas! The family pup utters weird growls in the middle of the night, so Fearless Betty takes a horse-pistol and goes out to investigate. The quaking lady in the rear is our correspondent

She Eats *and* Tells!

AS nearly as I can remember, Harry Collins, one of Hollywood's distinguished dressmakers, was having the fall showing of his line of frocks and I had a couple of tickets. I asked Evelyn Brent—Betty to me and the rest of Hollywood—to go. She was working, so she said, "Come over and spend the week-end with me instead."

I was a little confused myself and I couldn't recall that Emily Post had ever given such an answer to a fashion show invitation, but I've never been accused of turning down invitations.

I packed my little black bag, and looking like a lady bootlegger, I arrived at the palatial mansion of La Brent and husband Mons. Harry Edwards, the director.

I'm a pretty snappy kid. Always first with the latest, so I said, "Where's Harry?"

"He's been over in London for a month," Betty said. "Don't you read the papers?"

Well, I hung my head in what I laughingly call shame and followed the maid upstairs (she wasn't going to hide that \$10.50 bag if I knew anything about it) and made myself fairly respectable.

That's an amazing house. From the outside it looks enormous, like some ancient white palace, but, in reality, it is small and intimate inside. The upstairs consists only of a frivolous dressing room, all satin chairs and enormous perfume cabinet loaded with hundreds of bottles, a hall and big bath room and practical sleeping quarters, almost a sun porch, with twin beds and a long table arrangement where Betty has massages.

Downstairs—spacious living room, dining room, breakfast nook, kitchen, bedroom and den.

Betty had taken off her make-up and changed from her

Evelyn Brent invites our Katherine Albert for the week-end, and Katie ups and lets us in on what happened

working clothes into a little dinner dress. I tried to act as if the sleeveless blouse of my suit was something you could wear in to dinner.

It was Saturday night, so the Sunday papers were spread over the floor. Betty went to answer the 'phone and I stretched out on the divan to look at the papers. The divan is all gold velvet so I jumped up quickly when Betty came in.

"That's all right," she said. "I haven't a piece of furniture

here that you can't put your feet on or jump up and down on if you like. You see, before I married Harry I had just furnished an apartment of my own and I was pretty attached to everything so instead of getting rid of that we simply added more things and moved them all here. But I can't bear having anything you've got to be careful about. Furniture is to be used, isn't it? Well, then, use it."

IT was funny, but right away I didn't want to jump on anything—maybe because I knew I could, you old psychologist.

"I think a couple of people are coming for dinner," Betty announced. "They're grand people but they're always late and I'm hungry. Maybe I should call them."

When she came back from the 'phone she said, "Well, it's all my own fault. They say I said I'd verify the date if I weren't working. Maybe I did. It's just like me. Lord, I'm starved."

Betty does things well. Her table looked lovely (I wondered if she'd let me jump up and down on the stunning spread but decided not to ask her) and there is a warmth, a friendly sort of glow in the dining room. We had oyster cocktails, fried chicken, whipped potatoes, string [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

GONE - Another Ingénue

By

Miriam Hughes

A YEAR ago a meek little blonde ingénue with a baby voice and a baby face went on a vaudeville tour.

Dozens like her had done it. Dozens had failed before the microphone and had made this final, and always fatal, step. Well, Esther Ralston was through, you said sagely, and that was that. But when you said this you did not take into consideration one George Webb, husband of the baby blonde.

Perhaps you mentioned Webb. Perhaps you remarked, along with the rest, that had it not been for him Esther would have made Paramount give her a new contract. It was too bad, you thought, that she so utterly worshipped the cocky ex-vaudevillian who had dominated her life and managed her career. That guy Webb sticks his nose in everything. Would be a lot better if he let Esther alone. Esther's all right.

But Esther wasn't all right and George knew it. So, one of the shrewdest business men of them all out-smarted the picture business and returned to Hollywood with a new and vivid star, named Esther Ralston! Here's the story.

A year ago Esther was the victim of old inferiority complex number 877-A. Timid, retiring, she yet followed the accepted path of the average blonde star. Living, as she did, well and luxuriously, she still complained of the hardships of picture work, grumbled when she was called on the set before they were ready to do her scenes, insisted that she have a stand-in girl to endure the heat of the lights while the camera men were lining up, and demanded special luncheons for herself on location. These things were done and Esther, who had in those days about as much aggressiveness as a sun turtle, did them all.

Then came the crash. A year before her five-year contract had expired Paramount wanted to release her. But Webb made them stick to the clauses of the document. And during that year, when she was definitely slated to go, his mind fairly seethed with plans for her.

He knew her to be a sweet, mild little thing. He knew, also that her voice was inadequate. But old Doc Webb had the panacea for both these ills. Vaudeville!

For three months she worked and at last had an act consisting of four strenuous dance numbers, which, as Webb said later, were just enough to make the audience think she knew more than she did.



Esther Ralston today—no longer the meek but synthetically imperious ingénue, but a poised and confident woman who gets what she wants when she wants it

Forty-two weeks of
hard labor in vaudeville
turn Esther Ralston into
a pungent personality
and a sure-footed star

Webb had seen the average movie-star-act in vaudeville. The star greets her public in a high piping voice, sings an old song badly and retires. Esther, he felt, must forget pictures and become a vaudevillian.

She must lead the life, the strenuous, nerve-wracking life. She did.

In Los Angeles she was not so *forte*, for stage fright had claimed her for its own. And only an excessively timid person knows what manner of courage it took for her to step before an audience alone and do an act which she believed she did not do well. Had it not been for George standing in the wings she could never have done it.

Every performance was a new conquest. Every audience had to be won singly. Those tough vaudeville customers had been kidded by film stars before. They wanted to see, not a beautiful woman, but a good performer.

It was up to Esther to give it to them.

She played for forty-two consecutive weeks. In miserable tank towns, in theaters whose dressing rooms were not big enough to hold both her and her trunk. Twenty minutes after the last performance there was always a train to be caught. Meals in fifth-rate restaurants between shows. Sometimes five shows a day—never less than three. Every day and Sunday, too. Work. Work. Work. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

NEWS!—VIEWS!—

of Stars



International

A perfect picture of love in the rough. It's Viola Dana and her new hubby, Jimmy Thompson, a young golf pro. We hope he and Vi get out of all the sand-pits of domesticity with good mashie shots. Vi says she's "Mrs. Thompson, housewife"



International

A little statue for a very good girl indeed. Conrad Nagel presenting Norma Shearer with the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for what it called the best performance of the past year—her work in "The Divorcee." And very well deserved, we say

WHEN Gloria Swanson's interlocutory decree of divorce from the Marquis de la Falaise was granted, the gentlemen of the press made a headlong dive for Hank.

They did all but tackle the Marquis around the knees and bring him crashing to earth.

With one voice they screamed, "Are you going to marry Connie Bennett?"

The gallant Hank responded in true Gallic style—namely, by delicately raising one eyebrow. His mouth, alas, he kept shut.

On Nov. 6, 1931, the decree, granted for desertion, will become final.

And then, *messieurs et mesdames*, we shall see what we shall see!

Oh you Hank! You're a sly one, you are.

HEIGHO, everybody! Pola Negri is threatening to head our way again!

The Perilous Pole says that, now she has tossed off the matrimonial shackles that bind her to Mr. Mdivani, she is coming back to America and appear in a play, acting right out on a stage.

"A musical dramatic piece," Pola calls it.

But that isn't all.

Negri is slaving away at her memoirs, which she threatens to call "My Confession."

"I am going to tell everything," she says.

Oh lackaday and wirra wirra! If Pola does that, what a ruckus there'll be.

Let's hope she curbs her temperament and uses a little discretion.

Else there may be a run on the Bank of England, or something equally fatal to the welfare of the world.

NEW YORK was hysterical lately.

Greta Garbo was reported attending theatrical first nights—at least, Broadway reporters put it in their papers. At the next première there were more people in the street than in the theater.

No dice. It turned out to be one of the many thousand cheap road companies of the great Swede which are now infesting the Republic.

The shows' press agents are suspected.

Any sap who can't tell a phony Garbo from the real isn't fit to be a ship news reporter on Pikes Peak. And if the reporters took this on faith from the press agents and then printed it, they're simply bum newspapermen and should be booted into Circulation Alley. The idee! Getting us all worked up like that!

THEY'RE telling the story about the supervisor who, after a preview, introduced one writer to another.

"Say," said the first, after they had shaken hands and the second writer had walked away, "isn't that the fellow who collaborated on this story with me?"

I" a certain Hollywood extra girl may boast for the rest of her life, "am the girl who kicked Mary Pickford in the middle of her career—and got paid for it!"

It was during a scene in "Kiki." The action called for the

GOSSIP! — *By* Cal York

and Studios



International

Their night of nights! Amos and Andy before the new Mayfair Theater, New York, the night "Check and Double Check" opened on Broadway. Left to right, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Correll (Andy) and Freeman Gosden (Amos). The boys are dressed up pretty high, what?

star, cast as a street gamin, to be sent reeling by another girl's aptly placed boot.

Director Sam Taylor picked one of the extras in the scene to do the kicking.

"You kick Miss Pickford," he said.

"Where?" asked the girl.

Taylor answered her.

The girl and Mary rehearsed the scene. The girl was too sparing of the royal anatomy.

"Harder!!!" bellowed Taylor.

Next time the girl followed instructions. Mary went staggering across a street.

"Swell," said Taylor. "Now we'll get all set to shoot it again."

Mary is reported to have preferred a buffet supper that night.

And the extra girl is planning to preserve her right shoe, under glass, for posterity.

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has made its annual awards for the best picture work done during the year ending in July.

They are—

The best picture, "All Quiet on the Western Front."

The best director, Lewis Milestone, who made "All Quiet."

Best actor, George Arliss, for "Disraeli."

Best actress, Norma Shearer, for "The Divorcee."

Best screen writing, Frances Marion, for "The Big House."

Best art direction, "King of Jazz."



The scoop of scoops! We present, with seemingly blushes of pardonable pride, the first picture of Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers smoking a cigarette. It's a scene from his recent "Heads Up". Is Chuck going he-man on us, after all these sweet years?

Best photography, the two boys who went into the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd.

All the winners get little statuettes as their visible prizes. But what publicity!

MACK SENNETT reads, in a trade daily, a rumor that he and Marjorie Beebe are going to get married.

He strokes his grey hair and replies:

"It's not true—BUT it's the highest compliment paid me in a long time."

MARY PICKFORD'S miniature golf course was held up and robbed of midget receipts—\$75.

And they said those things threatened the talkies!

AND did you hear about the merry wag who played a solo game on a Hollywood golf course for practically a whole evening, and tacked up this sign as he left:

"Opened by mistake."

WE report that William Powell and Carole Lombard are "that way" about each other at the present time.

It used to be plain Carol, but after a visit to a numerologist she added a vowel.

It seems quite right to us for the sophisticated blonde to be attracted to one of Bill Powell's type.

AND who'd ever have thought that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., would play comedy under Charlie Chaplin's direction?

It's true in one scene, anyway. That'll be in "Reaching for the Moon," wherein Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels are co-starred, with Edmund Goulding directing.



How's this for a figure, magnificently encased in a silver gown? It's the new Ina Claire, minus considerable poundage, as she appears in the leading rôle in the new Paramount, "The Royal Family." Yes, sir, Mrs. John Gilbert's an ingénue once more!

It so happened that on the day Charlie visited the United Artists studio recently, Fairbanks and Bebe were working in a farce cocktail-drinking scene.

Charlie stepped on the stage and watched. After a while he shook his head.

"The tempo," he said, "is all wrong."

"How?" they asked.

"Watch," said Charlie. Then, without the trick shoes, moustache, cane or hat, Charlie did the scene in pantomime—playing each part—Fairbanks', Bebe's and even Edward Everett Horton's.

"There," said he, "that's the way it SHOULD be."

"Do it that way," ordered Goulding.

Fairbanks, Bebe and Horton did. And Chaplin directed while Goulding stood by and watched.

AUSTIN gag, No. 548,279—

Disgruntled actor, who failed to get a contract, expresses his opinion of the producer who declined to hire him:

"Say, I just seen ALL of So-and-So's friends riding down Hollywood Boulevard in an Austin, beating bass drums."



International

This little mite of Sepia has for his daddy a long, loose-jointed colored boy who could be one of pictures' great comics if he tended to business. It's Stepin Fetchit, Jr., in the arms of his mother. Pappy was on the Coast making a picture at Metro-Goldwyn

THAT Garbo just will have a private life no matter what happens!

The other day she dined in a very high-priced restaurant and, when she discovered she was being stared at, she got up and left her dinner upon the table.

Most of the Hollywood stars cheered her for the gesture and spouted the usual platitudes about their private lives being their own.

They're always doing that, but Ramon Novarro was honest enough to speak the truth. He said:

"As long as I put myself in a public position, I've no kick coming. I get paid for it."

That's more like it.

WHEN Director Herbert Brenon was released from a sanitarium where he suffered a nervous breakdown he was given a certificate declaring that he was perfectly well again.

The other day on the set he had an argument with an electrician, during which the juicer said, "Oh, you're crazy."

"Listen," said Brenon, "I've got a paper to prove I'm not—which is more than you have."

THEY'RE saying that old man stork is hovering around little Bessie Love's back door. Bessie says 'taint so, but that's what Norma Shearer said for a long time.

You just can't believe these blessed eventers.

OF course, nobody would suspect Paramount's press-agents of such things, BUT . . .

Clara Bow gets columns of publicity about gambling at Calneva, and her next picture turns out to be a gambling story entitled "No Limit."

And Jack Oakie, according to the newspapers across the country, gets into a run-in with Chicago gangsters because he wouldn't contribute to a fund they were getting up and, it is announced that, in revenge, Oakie is put "on the spot" by the gunmen.

And Jack Oakie's next picture, strange to relate, is titled "On the Spot."



P & A

Ever see a live marquis at work? Here's your chance! The Marquis de la Falaise, etc., at his desk at the Radio Pictures studio in Hollywood, where he supervises foreign versions. Hank says nothing on the Connie Bennett situation, though Gloria has divorced him

CRASH! Two automobiles occupied the same space on Sunset Boulevard, in Hollywood, at the same moment. Out of the wreckage of one crawled Hoot Gibson, shaken up and bruised.

Out of the remains of the other clambered its ex-driver, cut and bruised.

He surveyed Hoot Gibson and recognized him.

"You," he grunted, "ought to stick to horses."

Then they took him to the hospital.

IT would be tough on a certain Yale sophomore if Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, *et al*, should move out of Beverly Hills.

The Y. S. is Martin Tyler. He, too, lives in Beverly Hills. Four years ago, while he was a high school lad, he and a friend used to play tennis on a court at one of the district's busier intersections.

Many autoists used to stop and interrupt the game to ask the way to Pickfair.

By and by, Tyler got wise to himself. He stopped playing tennis and had a sign painted:

"Guide to Movie Stars' Homes." He charged twenty-five cents for showing autoists how to get to the various players' residences.

It worked so well that he organized a company with another lad as partner.

They bought an automobile and charged one dollar per for driving tourists around the star-home district.

It's paying Tyler's way through college. He himself works during vacations; during college months, he hires other youths to do the guiding.

WHAT a lazy girl!

For five weeks Joan Crawford worked every day (except Sunday) on "Within the Law."

It's Joan's picture, certainly, for she is in almost every scene. Immediately that drama was finished "Dance, Fools, Dance" was awaiting her.

She managed, however, to have a week off between pictures, but it wasn't a week of rest, for she had to have twelve frocks made and fitted and had to learn two dance routines.



Who said that actresses didn't have books? Little Lois Moran gives that yarn the lie. She's getting off at the New York deppo with no less than six—together with jewels and make-up. Lois is going on the Broadway stage after a vacation, she reports

IT was one of those large and distinguished audiences in high hats and Rolls-Royces that turned out to give a local girl a hand during the local opera season.

The little girl's name is Hope Hampton. She looked beautiful and her costumes were enough to make the price of film go up.

She sang "Manon."

Everybody who was anybody, my dear, could be found in the audience.

All the picture people who don't, as a rule, go in much for opera, appeared, including—yes, sir—Greta Garbo.

ONA MUNSON and Eddie Buzzell, that cute little married pair of stage and screen note, are reported on a year's "trial separation."

Get together, kids. Let bygones be gone-bys!

YOU probably believe Dolores Del Rio is a Spanish name, and it is.

But the odd thing is that the Spanish newspapers most customarily call her Lolita Del Rio, instead of Dolores. "Lolita" is an affectionate term they give her.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

Go WEST,

A boy and a girl, a
pullman car, and
what happened at
the end of the line

HE pretended to be reading his magazine, but over its edge he was watching with alert interest the curly blonde head that had boarded the train at Chicago. The girl was traveling alone. He was alone, too, except for the secret that was accompanying him on the long journey to Hollywood.

She removed her snug hat and he caught half of the little round face, with its big brown eyes and pouty mouth, primping in the slither of train mirror. But he missed none of the details—the shiny, patent leather luggage initialed M M, regarding which she cautioned the porter, the blue traveling suit with blue shoes to match—they twinkled when she sat down and crossed her shapely legs, and the gay corsage of orchids nodding at her shoulder.

The main thing was that she was traveling alone and he would have the pleasant prospect of knowing her better.

Before the curly, blonde head had made its appearance there had not been a single bright thing to look forward to during those four long days on the train. He had carefully scrutinized the other passengers in the pullman—two fat, laughing salesmen, mysteriously boisterous; an old-maidish school teacher; a middle-aged man and his wife on a second honeymoon, and four guttural Italians. Then the blonde head had boarded the dull pullman, and the sun had come out.

HE smiled a welcome across the aisle. But his smile went past her and out of the window. He shuffled down the aisle a dozen times for a dozen drinks of water, passing her seat each time. But she did not notice him the twelfth time any more than she had the first.

"Would you like to borrow my magazine?"

"No, thank you."

"Hot, isn't it?"

"Yes, thank you!" She seemed to be troubled. A little pucker came and sat where her dimple had flashed.

"Going all the way?"

"Yes, all the way!" Then she burst into tears and rushed off to the washroom.

He regarded the empty plush seat moodily, the luggage with its intriguing M M, her paper hat-bag fastened to the hook like a balloon tugging to fly away, the scampering landscape outside her window, all the time wondering what had brought her tears, the poor little thing!

He must help her. But what could he do? The voice of the dining room porter with his "first call fuh lunch" was the answer.

And when she returned, bright-eyed and freshly powdered, there was the luncheon table set for two between their seats.

"Won't you be my guest?" he invited. "It's awfully lonesome eating alone."

"It is lonesome," she agreed shyly, edging into her place.

"Scuse me for—for crying—"



"Nothing serious, I hope," helpfully.

She gazed tight-lipped out of the window. "I'll tell you about it some other time," soberly. Then she grew bright again. "Mm, pickles. I love pickles."

"Knew you did."

She bit into one, laughed so that the dimple came back into being, passed him the dish of olives, and dropped three lumps of sugar into his coffee.

"How did you know it was three?"

"I know a lot about you—" laughing coquettishly.

He blinked into the bottom of his coffee cup. Who was she? Was she a detective?

How much did she know? How, with such a guileless face, could she be anything but innocent? He was certain his secret was safe, and the fleeting moments added to that certainty.

IT was very cozy here in the niche of the two pullman seats. It was as if this little household were theirs alone, as if the outer fringe of world made up of passengers, porters and conductors did not matter.

"Yes, I'm in banking," he confided over the after-lunch cigarette. He came very close to the brink of telling her that he was carrying a hundred thousand dollars in his vest pocket, that he had stolen this money from a bank in Philadelphia, that he was a fugitive from justice and a dangerous character.

Suppose he confided this, what would she do? She would probably scream, pull the emergency bell cord, stop the train with a grinding of brakes, and summon the conductor to call the police. But there was a reason why he must tell her, if not now, then later. He must tell her.

"Yes, I'm a banker—"

A brown eyebrow became an incredulous question mark upon the white brow.

"A banker? How nice!"

Young LOVE!

By
Beth Brown



Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

"Name, please?" had come a business-like voice from behind the grille work at Central Casting Bureau. "Mary Manners," she had answered. And then the grille work opened and a head emerged

He did seem rather young for a banker, not more than twenty-five, perhaps only twenty-three. His brown tweed suit was cut in carelessly comfortable fashion, his brown brogues were generous and heavy as if they were accustomed to make firm use of Mother Earth. His blue eyes were kind, truthful and inquisitive. They seemed to be asking all sorts of personal questions of her, which she must try to evade.

She must not encourage questions until she had worked out a plan. She had decided to do this from the first moment she saw him. She must think fast and have her plan all ready before they saw each other again.

"I did enjoy lunch. Thank you. Now I think I'll take a nap. Goodbye!" and she waved gaily as if she were going off on a long journey, and then merely took a step across the aisle.

"Here, take this extra pillow!" and he punched it as if he were angry with it because it was going to be so close to her.

The pillow acquired a hollow that just fitted her curly head. "I bet you're married," she teased. "You have the right technique."

"Wish I were married!" and his eyes added "to you." He regarded her intently. "Of course, you're not?"

"No," and right there she made up her mind as to a plan.

"Maybe you'll come to my house for dinner?" waving to his compartment.

"I'd rather see you after dinner, on the observation car."

"That'll be nice. The moon and I will be there with rings on! Now enjoy your nap."

To give her the proper semblance of privacy, he screened himself behind a tall magazine, watching one-eyed over her slumbers with a knightly feeling, quieting the porter and the loudest of the passengers, and gesticulating eloquently to the conductor to come back later for her ticket and not wake her now.

Her head was buried deep into the pillow. All he could see was a halo of gold curls, and peeping from her skirts, one round silken knee. She was a very tiny thing, and she looked even tinier when she cried, but business was business, and if she was a lady detective he would tell her all about the bank robbery in his own way.

* * *

"It is a beautiful moon," she agreed. They were all alone on the observation platform, all alone in a romantic, moonlit world. "And those hills running away from us as if they're frightened—" The train shuffled and sang, the rails glimmered and blinked, wise-eyed.

Behind her elbowing chair was the cosy comfort of the lighted writing room with its call to relax. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Hollywood's Only Contented Man



J. Warren Kerrigan's goodbye to pictures. Warren and Lois in a scene from "The Covered Wagon," his last film. At this time Lois and Warren were said to be romancing 'round

UP IN the Hollywood hills, just off the widening stream of traffic along Cahuenga Pass, lives Hollywood's only contented man. He has retired with a competence, not a fortune, and has no desire to return to pictures. Fame was his, yet he has walked away from it all, and is content.

This astonishing person, this riddle, this calm philosopher whom you may see of an afternoon on the terrace of his home, reading, with his two fox terriers beside him, is J. Warren Kerrigan, one of the earliest of picture idols and hero of "The Covered Wagon."

"I am very happy," he says. "No, I don't miss the studios at all. As for the life of Hollywood, I never was a part of that. In my picture days, I worked hard, I had my own company, and with my invalid mother and brother, I had little time for parties."

"I've never been to a movie premiere in my life. Personal appearances are a good racket, in a way, but I hate feeling that I have to open my mouth for the curious to count my teeth. I don't like crowds, and this dress-up and artificial business seems false and senseless to me."

"Marry? Well, I never did because all the girls seemed to get wise to me. I was engaged several times, but the girls didn't want me, I guess. But then, while there's life, there's hope." All this with a chuckle.

Kerrigan today is a handsome man. Gray about the temples, muscularly built, perfect teeth shining in an engaging smile that ripples off into dimples in each cheek, with glowing health, and the quiet humor of the philosopher in his eyes.

Becoming serious, he added, "You know, Hollywood and its marriages scare a thoughtful person. I guess my brother Wallie will raise the family for me. You know Wallie. He used to have the United Costume company, and at one time was Mary Pickford's manager. He has three boys."

We wondered about Lois Wilson. She had been one of Kerrigan's romances, had worked with him in pictures for over five years, and had been with him in "The Covered Wagon." Her name brought this response:

"Lois Wilson is a wonderful girl, a lovely girl of a lovely family. She was always the flower of them all, personally and professionally. I saw her recently—still the same Lois."

"HOW was it, that after making such a come-back from your retirement, in 'The Covered Wagon,' you never went on with your screen career?" I asked, as I rubbed the ear of the little Missus Fox Terrier in a conciliatory manner.

"I really made 'The Covered Wagon' to satisfy my mother. I had turned it down several times, before she finally persuaded me that I should go back to the screen. You see this retiring business has always been a dream of mine. I wanted to get away from it all before I got so wrapped up in it that I could not get away. After the success I had out at Universal, back in those days when Frank Borzage, Harold Lloyd, Hal Roach, Jack Holt, John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy were part of that big family out there in the valley, I wanted to retire, and I did."

But mother wanted me to go back.

"Then after 'The Covered Wagon' I made a few more films—'Girl of the Golden West' with

By Rosalind Shaffer



Picture of Hollywood's only contented man taking his ease. Stretched out on the lawn of his home, with pup and paper, Kerrigan watches the Hollywoodians rush past in their mortgaged motors

J. Warren Kerrigan, one of filmland's earliest idols, watches from his Happy Valley home Hollywood's mad pageant thunder by



When Kerrigan was "Jack, the Flappers' Joy."
This is a scene from a 1915 two-reeler

Eddie Carewe, a picture with Harry Garson, and in 1924 'Captain Blood' for Vitagraph. But they were none of them another 'Wagon.' 'Captain Blood,' planned as a big production, failed to create a stir because at that time Warner Brothers were negotiating to buy Vitagraph and the picture never had any exploiting. I dropped out. I had had enough.

"The pace is too strenuous now. Look at the fine men who have broken under the strain: Lon Chaney and now Milton Sills. Many others, who are continually dashing to the mountains or the seashore in search of rest for their tired nerves, only to come back and expend their energy again in the terrific pace.

"I have my house and garden. I like to putter around, and then my financial interests require some of my time. I take trips—last year it was Panama, Cuba and Havana. This year it will be Mexico City, and a trip back by the West coast, for the fishing. Canada will be my trip for next year, with hunting and fishing. I intend to sell my house. All the old neighbors have moved away and the crowds on the road are so thick I have trouble backing out of my garage.

"**W**HEN the house is sold, I'm going to Europe for a good long trip. Then I'll set myself up on a ranch in the valley. I think I have the right outlook. If I had more money, it would be a burden looking after it. I have, I think, what the others dream of having some day. I like to see a picture, after the first night hullabaloo is over. Of the new stars, Lawrence Tibbett is my favorite. I have all his records and never tire playing them. I like Wallace Beery, too. Wasn't he grand in 'The Big House?' Mary Pickford is still my favorite of the women stars.

"Some day, if someone offers me a really good rôle, I might do a picture, just for the fans who still continue writing to me, some of whom I have corresponded with for fifteen and sixteen years. I sometimes meet very lovely people, fans who come to Hollywood and look me up. It's pleasant.

"A chauffeur who used to work for me in the old days at Universal dropped in to have a chat with me on the veranda not long ago. He told me that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



★ *ILLCIT*—Warners

WELL, here's another big triumph for that perfectly grand actress, Barbara Stanwyck, who impressed herself on film audiences in "Ladies of Leisure."

This film, daring as youth, is amazingly unconventional in both treatment and theory. It tells the story of a girl, who, knowing what marriage does to people, does not want to wed her lover. But she discovers the stone wall of convention too formidable a rival for her freedom of thought. The picture will make you think, but more, you will be entertained by the naturalness of the dialogue, the restraint of the direction and the perfection of Miss Stanwyck's performance. There could have been a happier choice for male lead than James Rennie, but the rest of the cast, outstanding among them Charles Butterworth, is splendid.



★ *THE BAT WHISPERS*—United Artists

SWALLOW a sedative, grasp your nerves firmly in both hands, set your teeth, and go look at this daddy of all mystery thrillers. It's got everything—but we mustn't tell. Because after you're all limp at the finish, you're ordered to stay in your seat and Chet Morris walks onto the screen in nicely pressed evening clothes and says please not to go out and give it all away. Roland West and his cameramen deserve high praise for direction and photography. Only in certain much-discussed foreign pictures have there been camera feats of equal effectiveness.

Morris, in the lead, is excellent, but equally memorable is the work of a grand supporting cast—particularly Maude Eburne, Grace Hampton and Gustav Von Seyffertitz.

Released, too, in wide-screen size—and it's grander yet.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *LIGHTNIN'*—Fox

HERE'S willrogersing at its best. And what more do you need to know?

"Lightnin'" was the stage play that made the late Frank Bacon famous. It centers, you recall, about the Reno divorce mill and the hotel that's built across the Nevada-California State line. "Lightnin'" has been transferred from the stage to the screen without losing one sparkle of its brilliant lines—and to top it off, they've added other lines that are every whit as good as the originals.

Of course, the rôle is a "natural" for Will Rogers. As the shiftless, whimsical, truth-embroidering *Bill Jones*, he's a nine-reel scream. Call it the best rôle of his screen career, and you'll not be far wrong.

The producers backed him up with as aptly-chosen a cast as has ever made a picture. Louise Dresser as the wife, and Joel McCrea and George Cohan's daughter, Helen, as the love interest, are particularly good.

Director Henry King has done splendid things with the story and as for backgrounds—well, it still goes to show that old lady nature is still a darned sight better scene painter than the craftiest artists in Hollywood.

If you have something else to do, postpone it and see "Lightnin'" anyway. You'll feel better about everything.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

LIGHTNIN'	SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY
ILLICIT	THE BAT WHISPERS
WITHIN THE LAW	NEW MOON
TOL'ABLE DAVID	

The Best Performances of the Month

Will Rogers in "Lightnin'"
 Louise Dresser in "Lightnin'"
 Constance Bennett in "Sin Takes a Holiday"
 Barbara Stanwyck in "Illicit"
 Chester Morris in "The Bat Whispers"
 Joan Crawford in "Within the Law"
 Richard Cromwell in "Tol'able David"
 Joan Peers in "Tol'able David"
 C. Henry Gordon in "Renegades"
 Warner Baxter in "Renegades"
 Kay Francis in "Passion Flower"
 Jeanette MacDonald in "Oh, For a Man!"
 Edmund Lowe in "Scotland Yard"
 Grace Moore in "New Moon"
 Lawrence Tibbett in "New Moon"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126



★ WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

EVERYBODY thought Joan Crawford daring when she insisted on Bayard Veiller's famous underworld drama for her first straight dramatic rôle.

Since Jane Cowl introduced this to the stage in 1912 and Alice Joyce made the picture in 1917, with Norma Talmadge following in 1923, it was courageous of any actress to try to make a better one. But you don't know our Joan. She offers the surprise of your life in the real person she makes of *Mary Turner*, the girl whom the law ruined.

Another surprise is the leading man, Kent Douglass, who comes from the stage and proves himself different and sincere. A great supporting cast includes Robert Armstrong, Marie Prevost, Hale Hamilton, John Miljan and others. Excellent dramatic entertainment.



★ SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY—Pathe

THE story of this picture is as right as most great stories are. And the things that make it a grand film are the dialogue that sparkles and crackles like a winter fire on a friendly hearth; the acting which is perfect from the "ole miss" of sophistication, Constance Bennett, to the smallest bit player; and the clothes—oh lady, what clothes!

The kind you see at the Colony Club in New York or the Embassy Club in Hollywood. They're not the musical comedy variety, either. You girls had better take along your note-books. It's all about a plain little stenographer who marries her employer to save him from being involved with the other woman. She goes to Europe to forget or something and returns, not a sadder but a wiser girl, to win back her husband in name only.

Sounds pretty terrible, doesn't it? But hold on there, don't judge until you see it. It's smooth, modern as next year's hat, and charming. You fans will eat it up. First and biggest laurel wreath goes to Constance Bennett (although it won't be as becoming as her own, smooth blonde marcel). Rita La Roy, that constant other woman, is one of those girls you won't forget. And Kenneth MacKenna and Basil Rathbone, the first the husband, the other the lover, are both grand. Don't miss this.



★ NEW MOON—M-G-M

THIS melodious, dramatic operetta brings one of the greatest combinations in screen history to the fore—Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, both Metropolitan Opera song-birds. It was a smash on the stage, and it is a beauty bright on the screen. It's now Russian, with Miss Moore making a gorgeous princess and Tibbett playing a dashing lieutenant. It's full of color and drama, and you may think you've heard "Lover Come Back to Me" sung—but you haven't until you've heard this brilliant pair.

There is some new music in the score, but "Stout Hearted Men," the baritone's big moment, has been retained for Larry. Music-drama of the first rate. As long as companies can make song pictures like this, there will always be room for them on any screen in the world.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



**TOL'ABLE
DAVID—
Columbia**



THIS is a pretty grand film, even in the light of its great silent version of a decade back. Young Richard Cromwell, newcomer, is no Barthelmess yet, but he has great moments as the beaten little hill-billy, and a fine performance is given by Joan Peers as the girl. Noah Beery and George Duryea also shine. Excellently directed, and a thriller. Young Cromwell's a real comer.

**RENEGADES
—Fox**



WARNER BAXTER, the Foreign Legion and Director Victor Fleming share honors in this exciting story of battle and love on the North African sands. Warner's buddies in the Legion are excellently played by Noah Beery, George Cooper and Gregory Gaye, and the charmer is our friend, Myrna Loy. But next to Baxter the best acting is done by C. Henry Gordon, as his captain

**PASSION
FLOWER—
M-G-M**



THE picture version of Kathleen Norris' novel is not as fundamentally true as the book, though audiences not familiar with it will like the film tremendously. Kay Johnson and Kay Francis handle difficult rôles well, but Charles Bickford, while physically like *Dan*, lacks romantic appeal. ZaSu Pitts furnishes her usual unsurpassed comedy relief. Another solution of the eternal triangle.

**THE LIFE OF
THE PARTY
—Warners**



WHAT laughs! Winnie Lightner, Charles Butterworth and Charles Judels simply pour out rough, loud fun. The story is about the adventures of two feminine song pluggers who make a splurge in Havana's speedier drinking and racing set. All-Technicolor, of the better grade. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting, the love interest, mean little. But Winnie and the boys are great.

**THE WIDOW
FROM
CHICAGO—
First National**



ALICE WHITE is starred in this gangster picture and Neil Hamilton and Edward Robinson have prominent rôles. Story hasn't particular novelty but is well directed and acted. Alice's voice is good, but Sol Polito didn't photograph her as beautifully as he knows how. Suspense is sustained throughout and action is fast enough for fair entertainment. Alice's fans will believe she deserves better stories.

**BIG MONEY
—Pathe**



EDDIE QUILLAN'S youth and freshness (and is he *fresh*!) breeze through this story of gamblers and gunmen. Neither could we imagine the fawn-like Eddie in such company, but you don't have to believe it all to enjoy it. True to the old adage, Eddie's luck at cards almost wrecks his luck in loving Miriam Seegar, the blonde heart interest. Plenty of action, some thrills, some laughs.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**THE COHENS
AND KELLYS
IN AFRICA—
Universal**



IF you think you had fun with the Cohens and the Kellys in Paris, Scotland, and elsewhere, you have some idea of the riot in store with these two comedians when they hit the shores of Africa. It's a scream from start to finish. Charlie Murray and George Sidney at their best, with Vera Gordon and Kate Price being devoted wives until they land in a harem. Don't miss this.

**OH, FOR A
MAN!—Fox**



ONE of the month's brightest, without a doubt—the story of a grand opera star who marries a burglar. A farcical notion which comes off because of its excellent treatment by Director Hamilton McFadden and the merry acting of Jeanette MacDonald and Reginald Denny, in the leads. Nice work also by Warren Hymer, Marjorie White and Alison Skipworth. A worthy winner.

**SEA LEGS—
Paramount**



IN spite of the fact that Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette are hurled into this matter to dig laughs, the new Oakie starring picture doesn't make the grade. Jack takes the place of a chap who will inherit \$2,000,000 if he serves in the navy for a year. That's enough plot and enough misunderstanding. Lillian Roth, her contract about up, is buried. Albert Conti is also in the troupe.

**THE SIN
SHIP—Radio
Pictures**



LOUIS WOLHEIM again proves the difficulty of both acting in and directing a picture. Louis, grand actor though he is, doesn't quite make it go. He plays the captain of a trading ship who falls in love with Mary Astor, and who can blame him? His attempt at a romantic rôle can hardly be regarded as a happy one. Others in the cast are Ian Keith and Hugh Herbert. Doesn't stand up.

**WAR
NURSE—
M-G-M**



A GRAND story gone wrong. There was a real chance to make this the thrilling story of the devoted nurses' part in the world war, but this picture is, by turns, gruesome and silly. June Walker (stage), ZaSu Pitts, Marie Prevost, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames and Helen Jerome Eddy do varying work in the leads, and Anita Page comes to another tragic end. A sad disappointment, this picture.

**SCOTLAND
YARD—Fox**



THERE isn't a more consistently good actor in pictures than Edmund Lowe, and Eddie proves it again in this rattling good story of crime and its detection. Lowe doubles as an escaped crook and as the titled but profligate spouse of little Joan Bennett. Smartly directed by William K. Howard, this film carries a wallop, and is fine talkie entertainment.

[Additional reviews on page 112]

They Hitch Their



Sue Carol and her devoted secretary, Alice Scannell. It was Alice who advised Sue to announce her marriage to Nick Stuart and end the snooping by newspapermen

EVERYONE has a balance-wheel. If you'll hand me your watch a second I'll show you. You won't? But I can't show you on mine because it's in hock. Go ahead and hand me your watch. I'll stand right here.

Now, if you look closely, you'll see two tiny wheels. One is a driving wheel. The other acts as a balance or check upon it. If the drive-wheel races ahead too fast or becomes too slow, the balance-wheel slows or speeds it to the correct tempo.

Which is enough natural history for one day. Just remember (and I promise this is all) that the balance-wheel acts as a governor or corrective. It regulates.

These Hollywood people, whom we keep telling you are no different from anyone else, also have their balance-wheels. Alice White, for instance, has her grandmother, a Mrs. Alexander. Now Alice, who most often portrays the flighty, quick-tempered American girl, is more or less that way in real life. She's thoroughly alive and kicking. She has thousands of what she considers swell ideas which, placed in the Frigidaire a while, turn out to be not so hot after all. Her grandmother is, so to speak, her Frigidaire. It works like this.

Not so long ago someone printed a string of girls' pictures over the caption: "The Six Most Beautiful Girls in Hollywood." Alice's was among them and she thought it was just dandy. The world, she reflected, had at last got wise to itself. So thinking, she rushed over to grandma with the magazine to give her a treat. She found Grandma Alexander at her knitting.

"Look!" burst our Alice, holding up the sheet. "Now maybe you'll believe I'm good!" The old lady put down an unfinished sock and adjusted her spectacles. "Right pretty girls," she finally said, "but who's that one in the corner?"

"That," said Alice, "is a Miss Alice White. Maybe you've heard of her." Chuckling, grandma picked up the sock. "These modern reporters," she cackled, "don't care what they print, do they?" She then told Alice a few things, among which was that she should leave this beautiful stuff to girls like Billie Dove and Corinne Griffith, who are good looking without benefit of Max Factor, and that she, Alice, should concentrate on the qualities God gave her.

"You're cute, Alice," she said, "and vivacious and lovable.

George Jenner, George Arliss' "gentleman's gentleman." Jenner it is who looks out for the frail star. He's particularly careful in the matter of drafts



But beautiful?" She sighed. "And the doctor," she concluded, "said I shouldn't laugh, too. Hurts my side."

The same thing happened when she took her new car around to grandma, with the hope of getting a batch of *Ohs!* and *Ahs!* Instead, she got a verbal whipping. Grasping her firmly by the hand, Mrs. Alexander took her around back and showed her an old battered Dodge that her grandfather, who has so much dough it gets in his hair, is glad to drive. "You'll ride in one like this some day and like it," she chirped, "if you don't learn to save your money." It took. Today Alice has gone four per cent.

SUE CAROL has a balance-wheel in the person of one Alice Scannell, whom she engaged as secretary, but who turned out to be the whole works. This Miss Scannell seems to know a few things. She picks out Sue's clothes and buys the tricky furnishings for her house that are so easy to go wrong on. She also chooses the pictures of Sue that are sent to her fans and stands ready at all times with high-powered advice. One trick alone of hers would make her worth the money. To this effect: the secret marriage of Sue and Nick began playing tricks on them.

One reporter found Nick's pajamas in Sue's closet. Another was present when a lusty-lunged laundryman announced for all to hear: "Mr. Stuart's laundry!" You know reporters (if you'll admit it) and what these jewels meant to them. Things began to be whispered. It looked bad for Nick and Sue until Alice, with that old level head, came to the rescue. "Announce

Wagons to Stars

—and then they put on the brakes! Hollywood's full of men and women who keep the players from kicking over the traces

By

Robert Fender

your marriage," she begged, "and save your reputations." Which is exactly what they did.

Besides sisters and managers and professional soothers of one kind or another, Richard Dix has an out and out balance-wheel in the person of Gunboat Smith, one-time world's champion pug. Now Gunner's influence on Richard is insidious and deadly. That is, it works.

Many years ago (and this tale *didn't* come out of a publicist's scrapbook) Richard saw Gunner scrap in New York. He was drawn to him. There was a gameness about him that Dix liked. Half-way out the exit gates he was accosted by Smith. "Ain't you Richard Dix?" the Gunner is reported to have said. Dix supposed he was. "Well," Gunner went on, "you look lousy in your fight sequences."

Now that's pretty bald stuff. Coming from some other man on some other occasion, it might have been cause for battle. (At least *word* battle, because and after all, this was the Gunboat himself.) But it happened to work the other way on Dix. Fact is, Richard had never been overly satisfied with the way his movie fights looked. They were too—too pretty! So he had Gunner show him how to fight.

And before he was through, this same Gunner showed him quite a lot about acting—and living! They became close friends



Alice White and Grandma. It's Grandma Alexander who tends to and tones down Alice when the flapper gets too uppity



Al Jolson owns the car, but Jim Donnelly drives it—and acts as guide, guardian and friend to the famous mammy singer

and today, although separated by a continent, the two are very intimate. "Old Gunner," Dix told me, "is the smartest man I know."

Jimmie Donnelly is famous among show people, but perhaps you have never heard of him. Jimmie is Al Jolson's driver—pardon me—Al's balance-wheel. Their association is unique enough for a paragraph or two. Like this: Mr. Donnelly, a brute of a man, has steered Al (both in and out of his three Mercedes Benz cars) for the past twenty years. When Jolson took on his latest wife, Ruby Keeler, he introduced Jimmie to her as "my friend, *not* my driver." More, he cautioned her never to get high-hat with Jimmie or ask anything of him that she wouldn't gladly do herself.

AL has made Jimmie a rich man. Or at least Jimmie has become rich from the start Al gave him. As a matter of fact, he's done far better in financial matters than Al. His chief fight with Jolson is over the stock market and things financial. It was Jimmie, for instance, who urged Al to take Warner Brothers' stock in payment for his "Jazz Singer." Al demanded cash, however, and as a result is still moaning over his mistake. Today he treats Jimmie's advice with more (much more) respect.

Then there's George Arliss and his man's man: George Jenner. Jenner, powerful, decisive, all-British, has served as Arliss' valet for over these past twenty years. But here again, he goes beyond the limits of his job. He, too, is a balance-wheel. Among other things, he is agonizingly concerned over Arliss' health. In fact, Jenner believes Mr. Arliss should never have taken up this movie busi- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Here Are \$5,000

The Prize Winners

First Prize \$1,000—

"Movie Studio"

MR. AND MRS. H. L.
FRANKLIN
112 Van Dusen Street
Newark, New York



Second Prize \$750—

"Hall of Fame"

ROBERT L. HOLMES
221 South Harvey Ave.
Oak Park, Ill.



Third Prize \$500—

"Book of Stars"

MRS. V. R. HANEY
2326 Highland Ave.
Birmingham, Ala.



Fourth Prize \$300—

"Stars' Dressing
Bungalows"

CHARLES COLLINS
14851 Muirland
Detroit, Mich.



Fifth Prize \$200—

"Framed Portraits"

MRS. MAMIE CARDAREL
66 South Myrtle St.
Vineland, N. J.



[ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 106]

eager to surpass the record of these near neighbors. More than one request that the closing date of the Contest be extended, because of distance, had to be regrettably denied.

In a general way, 1930's widespread interest was merely a repetition of that of other years, but never before had so many solutions been submitted from abroad. The number of American entries was also greatly increased.

Like motion pictures themselves, this annual PHOTOPLAY feature seems to have assumed international importance.

SOME of the entrants shaped their ideas with theaters, studios, or other symbols of the motion picture industry, as settings. Others assembled the portraits in constellations and comets against a background of sky.

Still others made up books—some plain, some ornate, often with verse or drawings added. Reproductions of plants set forth in the form of gardens, or trellises, or as bouquets, or in pots—the portraits of the stars representing the flowers—gave a touch of another sort to the colorful exhibit.

Here an oil well shot up a galaxy of faces, there a merry-go-round spun a circle of dolls. Steamboats, automobiles, airplanes, dirigibles, giant butterflies, a vast pink seashell built with infinite pains from thousands of smaller shells, windmills, make-up boxes, jewelry, fans, screens, footballs, monster dice, a pee wee golf course, were a few of the forms the entries took.

For the first time in any of these contests, the influence of the talkies began to appear. Small phonographs were submitted, with records that spoke or sang, each record having some bearing on one of the stars represented in the Contest.

THE entire display was a remarkable exhibit not only of the art of the motion picture, but of the field of general commerce, industry and science, as well. Sky, sea and land had been scoured to bring into service some novelty or variety of effective presentation of the cut puzzle pictures.

A very considerable portion of the entries had no chance at a prize, for, according to the published rules of this, as of all previous Cut Picture Contests, accuracy in assembling and identifying the pictures and neatness in the methods of submitting the entries were of prime importance.

A staff experienced in work of this kind made a preliminary examination of every solution submitted, preparatory to arranging and classifying for the later inspection and decision of the judges.

This staff was on the lookout for errors. Any picture that was incorrectly assembled or wrongly named automatically barred the entry from further consideration.

Many mistakes were discovered in the assembling of the



Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Franklin put their heads together and created this novel studio scene, which takes the major prize of the Contest, \$1,000

WITH the appearance of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, seventy persons—winners in the seventh annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest—will each receive a check.

The fortunate seventy are scattered all the way from Massachusetts to California; from Washington to Alabama. Residents of every corner of the Union entered their solutions, and the lucky list will be found to represent over half the states.

Canada and Mexico submitted a greater number of entries than ever before, and over-seas nations and colonies seemed

Contest *Winners*



A "Hall of Fame" with the portraits made to fit inside, draws second prize of \$750 for Robert L. Holmes



This book of stars proved to be worth \$500 to Mrs. V. R. Haney. It was awarded third prize

scrambled parts, and a greater number in the naming, and still more in the spelling of the names of the stars.

Charles Rogers seemed to be the chief stumbling block, so far as proper identification was concerned. For some reason or other he was credited with being anyone from Grant Withers to Reginald Denny.

Yet, as one of the successful contestants said in a letter: "Through the aid of PHOTOPLAY, of which I have a complete file since the January, 1927, issue, the naming of the stars was an easy matter and a very pleasant diversion."

MANY came to grief in their spelling of Ramon Novarro's name. Again and again it was found that though the sections of the thirty-two faces of the puzzle had been correctly assembled, the entry had to be discarded because of a mistake in a single letter.

The error consisted in spelling the first syllable of Novarro with "a" instead of with "o."

Often also, Corinne Griffith's first name was credited with one "r" too many, thus making it read "Corrinne," and an extra "r" in Sue Carol's name was the cause, likewise, of many a fatality.

Nothing—neither cleverness of arrangement nor neatness of assembling—could offset these mistakes. There were too many

with entirely correct solutions to make it possible to give them a chance.

The mentioning of these mistakes may be helpful to all in submitting entries in future cut picture puzzles. The spelling of every name and the identity of every face can always be verified by consulting a file of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

Many readers of PHOTOPLAY Magazine apparently look forward to this annual Contest. Letters accompanying many of the entries bear out that statement. A lot of those who fail to win one year come back the next. There are among those taking top prizes in the present list of winners the names of one or more who have striven unsuccessfully in previous years, to triumph now.

One must conclude from the fertility of imagination exhibited



Charles Collins is paid \$300—fourth prize—for putting the stars in these comfortable dressing bungalows

Around their bright symbol, Mrs. Mamie Cardarel clusters the stars represented in the Contest and wins fifth prize, \$200



Seventy lucky ones will divide Cut Puzzle Prizes for Christmas

in finding striking methods to present solutions that motion pictures act as a stimulus to the creative faculty. The originality and skill displayed were a never-ending source of wonder and admiration to the Contest judges and the few others who were permitted to see the remarkable display.

What the winners of the five capital prizes have to say is of considerable interest.

THE first prize of \$1,000 goes to Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Franklin, of Newark, New York, who collaborated in preparing their entry—a representation of a movie studio. Mrs. Franklin writes:

"We have been married four years and a half and have a three-year-old son. We have cherished the idea of a home of our own since our marriage, but the necessities seem always to take all the cash on hand.

"With the possibility of starting a 'nest egg' for that 'home,' and the future education of our boy, we shall have ample use for any of the prize money.

"This is our third attempt at your contests, and we are both convinced now that 'Patience has its own rewards' and firm believers in the old axiom, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!'"

THE second prize of \$750 was won by Robert L. Holmes, of Oak Park, Illinois, for his entry the "Hall of Fame." Mr. Holmes states that for several years he has been a teacher of manual training.

"In addition to my school duties," he says, "I find time to indulge in a little golf and, when possible, a hunting or fishing trip.

"More frequently it is to the motion picture I look for relaxation.

"Prize money would find many avenues of escape awaiting it. Depending upon the sum, of course, it probably would provide a trip to Canada next spring for some of those familiar trout which teem in the swift, cold waters of Ontario. The entire family might view the Rocky Mountains next summer or spend a happy vacation in camp on some Wisconsin lake.

"In general, it would be safe to say that prize money would enable the Holmeses to test the value of the slogan, 'See America First.'"

THE third prize of \$500 was captured by Mrs. V. R. Haney, of Birmingham, Alabama, for her "Book of Stars."

Mrs. Haney writes:

"The possibility of such good fortune as to win one of the capital prizes in PHOTOPLAY's Cut Picture Puzzle Contest brings great happiness to me.

"First, the holiday season is now approaching and the spirit of Christmas and giving prevails.

"This would enable me to bring cheer and happiness to others.

"Second, this would aid me to accomplish a long dreamed of ambition—that is, to return to college and complete my education in art.

"This, added to many months of savings, enables me to see in the near future the realization of my ambition."

CHARLES COLLINS, of Detroit, Michigan, is awarded the fourth prize of \$300 for his "Stars' Dressing Bungalows." Mr. Collins was born in 1910 and, therefore, is but twenty years of age.

"What am I going to do," he asks, "if my entry is worthy of a prize?"

"I am truly quite bewildered about it! Times have been quite hard, and though our family cannot complain, there certainly are many places for money. For one thing, I am going to give Mother and Father a holiday. They haven't had one in some time . . . ten years, I think. And, then, I could go back to art school. I have been unable, so far this year, because of the times.

"I might go to college. It would mean I could take up some of the courses that I want to take on stagework, plays and French. I could also take some more piano lessons. (I am supposed to be good at it.)"

MRS. MAMIE CARDAREL, of Vineland, New Jersey, receives the fifth prize of \$200 for her entry in the form of framed portraits.

Mrs. Cardarel, with the instincts of a mother, considers how she may benefit her two children, aged three and eight, respectively, with this money.

"I would," she says, "put this money toward giving my children a musical education, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Here are shown assembled the fifty and twenty-five dollar prize winning entries. Some of the little fellows may be crowded a bit, but if you look sharply you can find them all

A Great Trouper *Comes to Town*

THE fire, the beauty, the joy of living is still a part of Marjorie Rambeau.

Marjorie Rambeau, one of the most glamorous actresses who ever stepped before footlights, whose vividness shot Roman candle-like into the dark sky of the theatrical profession only to be clouded by bitter scandal, is in Hollywood.

They said—ah, what didn't they say about Marjorie Rambeau! A certain strange quality that bespeaks the soul of an artist surrounded her like a sable coat. During her first days on Broadway she was dynamite. When she appeared before an audience she touched it like an electric shock. When she walked upon the stage she glowed with an inner fire. Lesser actors, knowing the power of her art, were afraid to appear in the same cast with her. She was known as "The Yellow Peril."

No woman, so dominant, so vital, so truly feminine, could have dodged the darts of gossip. So they said that unhappy habits had ruined many a contract for her. There was that fatal night when the curtain was rung down at the opening performance of "The Road Together."

THERE were alienation of affection suits. She spent money as she spent her energies. Her brilliance made the tongues wag. She was, somehow, destined for it, as was Jeanne Eagels.

If you look back over her life you will realize the inevitable. For she was plunged, as a child, into an experience so stirring, so active, that anything she did later could but pale into insignificance.

In 1898 a golden cloud fell across the world. Thousands of men and women began the trek to Alaska and along with them went little Marjorie, her mother, who had just completed a medical course and had conceived the idea of opening a hospital in Nome, and her grandmother. The hospital was not such a success. Those hardy pioneers had no time for illness. It was effeminate to go to a hospital. You worked for your gold. You stopped only for death.

But Marjorie found ways of occupying herself. Her hair was cut short, she wore boy's clothes and no one suspected



Marjorie Rambeau, unbowed
by time and the tongue of
scandal, begins a new and
vivid life in the studios

By
*Elaine
Ogden*

that she was a little girl. She used to appear in gathering places with her small banjo and croon a tune for the miners. When it was finished she would throw her cap on the floor and if they liked the song and wanted more the men would fling gold into the cap. Those were profligate days. The pockets of Marjorie's trousers bulged.

How could she be content, after that, with a humdrum life?

It was to the theater and its excitement that she turned next.

THEY had thought her a little boy in Alaska, but in Portland where she began her theatrical career they believed her a woman grown. She was twelve years old when she played the rôle of *Camille*. Buxom, beautiful, in a gown which now is almost too small for her, she died nightly for love.

The magic of her art next found a place in stock companies and then on Broadway. Long runs in "Eyes of Youth," "Antonia," "Cheating Cheaters" and many, many others made Marjorie Rambeau loved and feared. It was she who, at last, introduced the idea of "guest star" in stock companies. She played in the larger Middle-Western cities and in the West and her fame spread throughout the United States.

Everything that she touched became alive. Everything that she did was "good copy" for the newspapers. Her name was

flung across the front pages of the world.

And now she has come to Hollywood. You would think, perhaps, that such a woman would have spent herself. You would imagine that she has given all she has to give. But you would be mistaken.

Marjorie Rambeau, in her forties, is as vital and alive as she was when she was Broadway's "Yellow Peril."

Her eyes sparkle. Her face [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

MARY PICKFORD

Denies All!

By Katherine Albert

MARY PICKFORD denies all! She denies that she will give up her screen career. She denies that she will remain the artist and stop producing.

She denies that she is going on the stage.

She denies that there is any thought of a separation between her and Douglas Fairbanks.

She denies, and doggone vehemently too, that she is a good business woman. Which is, perhaps, the most startling denial of all.

For years Mary has been called one of America's best business women. Mary has been pictured as a shrewd, calculating producer who divided her time between playing emotional scenes and paying off electricians, conferring with writers, interviewing prospective actors for casts.

Her energy has been and always will be a mighty force with which to cope and she has made her tremendous fortune not alone because of her great popularity (others have been popular and are no longer so) but because she has had such a heavy hand in the producing of her films. She is always the last word, and no detail is too small for her consideration.

A few months ago she began work on the screen version of "Secrets," and, with the picture a quarter finished, startled the entire industry by making an unheard of gesture. Rumors fluttered up and down the boulevard like social climbers at a Junior League tea. You were told that Mary Pickford had seen the assembled material, discovered that her eyes were not as bright as of yore and had run from the projection room, screaming.

You were led to believe that Mickey Neilan, the director, had said harsh words to Mary on the set, and both star and director had flown into hysterics. It was said that Mary had suddenly become tired of her empty fame and had made this her last fling before her retirement.

AND the colony felt it strange that, immediately "Secrets" was shelved, Mary stopped producing and began working in "Kiki" simply as a salaried star.

The fact of the matter is that none of the rumors concerned with "Secrets" was true. Mary felt, with that instinct she's been acquiring since the time when as a little girl with curls she made her first test for Griffith, that something was wrong with "Secrets." Were you to glance at the play you'd have been sure it was a perfect Pickford vehicle. Yet, as she worked, Mary realized that the spirit of the thing had been missed, some vague, remote motive was lacking, something intangible that made it all seem most unimportant.

She worked on hoping it would turn out better and that she was wrong in this undefined feeling. But when she saw it



America's Ex-Sweetheart
smacks down reports that
she's to divorce Doug,
retire, or go on the stage

assembled in the projection room she knew that she had been right. It didn't have the stuff. "Secrets" wasn't there. She dismissed cast and director. She had the gowns returned to the wardrobe. In nice new tins, "Secrets" reposed on a shelf.

Mary was producing then. It was her money. She said, later, that because she had been called such a shrewd and calculating woman she was truly ashamed to admit how much money she threw away when she called off production.

THE picture could have been finished. It would have made money—as all Pickford's pictures have done—or, at least, it would not have lost money. But when she found that something was lacking, that it would not be a good picture, she chose to lose hundreds of thousands of dollars rather than let the film be released.

That is not the deed of a good business woman. That is the gesture of the temperamental artist.

"The trouble with me," Mary said, "is that I'm just a gentle Julia. I always postpone telling the truth because I hate to hurt people's feelings. That is not good business. I knew 'Secrets' was wrong, yet I held on too long. A director, marvelous as he might be, can be miscast exactly as a good actor can be. That is no dis-

grace. But perhaps I've changed now. I believe I've murdered gentle Julia.

"I've never bothered for a second about the cost of anything. Upon camera work alone I've spent millions of dollars. I think now I've carried it too far. Cameras are a part, a big part, but they're far from being the whole thing. I've often sacrificed good acting to a camera angle. That is neither good business nor good sense.

"The wardrobe people have come to me and showed me stuffs for costumes. Perhaps one, that looked almost as well, was half as cheap as another. I've invariably said, 'Take the best.'

"Although on 'Kiki' I'm simply a salaried artist I still have my own money in the production, but not so much. However the next picture I make will put me back on the old system. I take a tremendous pride in producing. That I won't give up.

"YOU see, one can't tell where acting leaves off and story begins. It is all a part of a whole. The mechanics of pictures are all wrapped about the art of them. That's why I must produce. That's why I'll always have final word on story and cast and costumes and camera."

It has been pretty definitely shown that Douglas Fairbanks has not an overwhelming interest [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

"I'm a terrible business woman!" says our Mary



OUR Mary today—still young, still pretty, still petite, and more devoted to pictures than ever before. Soon her “Kiki” will kick up in talkie form—and Mary Pickford has studied French accent with Prof. Dr. Fifi Dorsay. In the article on the opposite page you will find some startling declarations, denials and affirmations coaxed from the star’s own ruby lips



Just two little girls from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, trying to get ahead (they've got the figures, as you can see for yourself). Blonde Joan Marsh wears black, and brunette Conchita Montenegro goes for shell pink. Instead of separate bandeau, corset and step-in, these modern maids wear an all-in-one, form-flattering garment

Fresh from Filmania—
modish hints on dress
for golden-haired girls
and those of the
brunette persuasion



Joan tucks the blouse of her jaunty jersey suit inside her skirt so, to be different, Conchita wears hers over the skirt. Joan presses back the brim of her felt hat, so Conchita lets hers flop down. Joan's suit is green; Conchita's wine, with hats to match

Sunshine *and* Shadow



All dressed up for a Hollywood picture premiere. Blonde Joan's wrap has a flattering princess line, but Conchita prefers a cape with collar of white fox to frame her dark hair. Their tight-bodied gowns of white satin are just alike



Black chiffon velvet becoming to both blonde and brunette, for semi-formal wear. Joan's frock is belted at the normal waistline; yoke and puff sleeves are of lace. Conchita's more sophisticated model is on a beaded yoke. Joan's beret is of open work velvet with grosgrain band and bow, and Conchita's hat is a draped velvet.

Photographed by Hurrell



Otto Dyar

MMR. WILLIAM POWELL with his book—an excellent picture of the popular star at home. He may be a big star to us, but he's just Willy to his mamma, who answers his 'phone, lays out his things, and is a devoted mother to her actor son. Across the page you will find printed for the first time the story of the home life of William, his mother, his father and his ways

William Powell may be Philo Vance to you, but he's just

"Willy" to his Mother

The story of Powells, Incorporated, and how Ma and Pa, late of Kansas City, run Bill's finances and fetch his orange juice

By Marquis Busby

YOU never think of William (Philo Vance) Powell being head of a business organization, do you? He is, though, and here's how it comes about: The Powells, first of all, are a typical, happy American family. After that, they are a thoroughgoing business concern. William is both head and chief commodity.

Such doubling in brass isn't an easy trick, but Bill Powell's acting ability is something well worth selling and Paramount pays right handsomely for it. Horatio Warren Powell, Bill's dad, is the auditor, secretary and treasurer of the concern. Mrs. H. W. Powell, Bill's mother, is the private and personal secretary, and a sort of *valet de chambre*, on a dignified basis, of course. They don't actually have letterheads and an office boy, but that's all that is missing.

They are about the most sufficient-unto-themselves family in Hollywood. Scarcely anyone in Hollywood has met Mr. and Mrs. Powell, the parents of the suave William. This is the first time their picture has ever been published with their son. They prefer to stay in the background, living solely for Bill. Most of all they dread being classed as a motion picture father and mother—the kind that stir up troubles at studios and sweep into a café with the very audible announcement that they are the mother and father of so and so.

For the first time they have bared the inner workings of that little closed corporation of theirs—father, mother and son. Only after Bill had consented, would they consider giving away business secrets. It takes no *Philo Vance* to discover that Bill's wishes carry weight in that family. But then he is an only son—and you know how those only sons are.

The father attends to all the business. Bill doesn't have to worry about anything but collecting his pay-check. It is his father who takes that very substantial check and converts it into stocks and

bonds paying good but not too excellent interest. The investments are conservative, but William is conservative, too.

He lives modestly and comfortably. Just once he decided to take a chance by playing the stock market on margin. Speaking inelegantly, he lost his shirt. Since then he has been absolutely contented with reliable, straightforward investments.

"AT the end of the month," stated Bill's dad, "I submit a statement to Bill. Everything is there, down in black and white. He checks it thoroughly. Of course, the statement isn't too complicated. Bill doesn't know much about book-keeping, and he wouldn't understand an elaborate system."

And you sort of feel that Powell, *père*, is just a little sad that he can't present an involved statement. He was a bank auditor back in Kansas City before Bill persuaded his family to join him.

"We don't use a budget system. Bill spends what he pleases and when he pleases. When he writes a check, however, he always writes a second for the same amount without a signature. In that way I keep track of all expenditures. He never forgets that second check."

There are many letters coming in all the time. It is absolutely amazing how many long-lost brothers and sisters there are in the Powell family. Inasmuch as Bill is the only child, these letters aren't difficult to handle. Some letters require a little secret service work. There was, for instance, the young lady who insisted that she was a daughter of Bill.

After a little checking it was discovered that the young lady first

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

The first picture ever published of Bill Powell with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Warren Powell. They surely take mighty good care of "Willy"!





Boo, says Louis Wolheim! But don't be frightened, children. For all that ferocious face, Mister Wolheim is a kindly and courageous gentleman. Just the same, we wouldn't rouse him much, if we were you!

Gr-r-r-r-r!

By Harry Lang

IT was a lovely nose, once. And then it got into a football game.

Somebody yelled: "14 . . . 8 . . . 58 . . . 3 . . .!" And a score of young men piled up in a heap. Down at the bottom of the heap was the nose, attached to the face of an earnest young mathematics student called Louis Wolheim.

Bye and bye the heap was taken apart, and so, eventually, they reached the nose of young Mr. Wolheim. But alack and alas—it was no longer a nose. It was to a nose what hamburger steak is to a cow.

"That," soliloquizes young Mr. Wolheim, "is one hell of a nose." So he went to a hospital, and surgeons and internes and nurses labored and wrought wonders. And when at last they took off the bandages and adhesive tape, young Mr. Wolheim's nose was a lovely nose again. It was as good as new—rebuilt and splendid.

"That," said young Mr. Wolheim, admiring his new proboscis in a mirror, "is a swell nose. That nose deserves a celebration!"

So the nose was celebrated. Somewhere during the celebration, one of the co-celebrators said to young Mr. Wolheim, apropos of nothing in particular:

"Shay — hic! — you're a — hic! — sho-an'-sho!" Only he didn't say "so-and-so." He said bad words.

"Who, me?" asked young Mr. Wolheim, pointing his nice new nose at the other.

"Yeah, you!" and the fellow let loose a wild swing. Young Mr. Wolheim's pretty, synthetic nose happened to be on the swing's line of

march. There was a squish! And in an instant, the concentrated labors of surgeons and nurses and time was a mess. Once again, young Mr. Wolheim's nose looked like a neglected piece of putty.

"This," concluded young Mr. Wolheim, "is getting monotonous." Then he knocked the other fellow cold and went his way, and his way was not to a hospital. And that, boys and girls, is the story of how Mr. Wolheim's nose got that way.

That was a long time ago, when Louis had dreams of being a good civil engineer. But with a nose like that, no one could be a civil engineer or a civil anything. It is, obviously, the most uncivil nose one can imagine. So he became an actor.

That led, in turn, to further complications—associated inextricably with that nose. It led to complications because it led to Hollywood, and complications and Hollywood are as inseparable as ham and eggs. With Mr. Wolheim, it's like this:

In Hollywood are lovely ladies. Lovely ladies don't, as a rule, like unlovely noses. In Hollywood are plastic surgeons. So every once in a while, Mr. Wolheim considers his nose in a looking-glass, says a few wolheimish words, and announces that he's going to have that blankety-blank nose fixed.

Then ensues a hue and a cry. "You can't have the schnozzle fixed," ukase his employers, "because what we're paying you three thousand a week for [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Louis "Tough Guy" Wolheim, an artistic gent, tries hard to live down to that famous Gothic nose

The Morality Clause



Dolyphine Dale boasted once too often that she could get any woman's husband

A handsome, well-groomed man of thirty was always her escort now, and Hollywood smiled at the new romance

By Sada Cowan

"I CAN get any woman's husband—anybody's," boasted the blonde actress, Dolyphine Dale, as she poured tea in the dressing room of her Hollywood bungalow.

And the remark spread like wild-fire.

"Yes?" replied Gloria Bright when, at the Westmore Country Club, the boast was repeated to her. "She can, can she? Well, I'd like to see her get mine!"

Ethel Wayne smiled. She knew just how Gloria meant this.

"There is only one obstacle to her trying," Ethel continued.

"There is a morality clause in her contract . . ."

"What's a morality clause?"

"A clause that says if a movie star does anything that offends public decency—anything immoral which puts her in wrong with the public, the studio has a right to cancel her contract."

"Oh—I see. But sometimes I think the worse they act the

better the public likes them—especially those foreign stars like Dolyphine."

"I don't know about that. The public is more or less like a flea and you can't tell which way it will jump. The wise ones know this. So some of them—especially girls like Dolyphine who have already figured in several big scandals—are commencing to watch their step."

As they talked, a handsome, well-groomed man of thirty, with round, brown eyes joined them. It was Gloria Bright's husband.

"What's the argument?" he asked. And was told.

Whether his imagination was piqued, whether the advance publicity acted in Dolyphine's favor, or whether, in any case, the actress could have made good her boast to capture any woman's husband, is not known.

A husband-stealer discovers a new angle to the old game

But it *was* known—and openly discussed—that less than a month from this date, at road-house and beach, tucked away in this corner and that, Dolyphine Dale was now always accompanied by a handsome, well-groomed man of thirty, with round, brown eyes.

Another month passed and the daily rendezvous took place more openly. They were seen together everywhere.

Summer came and went. When the court re-opened after its vacation, the case of Bright vs. Bright was one of the first on its calendar, and an unknown actress, whom the wife was too kind to mention, was cited as co-respondent.

But there were whispers and rumors in Hollywood! And in some strange way the story crept out and fell into the hands of those who knew best how to use it.

Dolyphine Dale—Co-respondent in Famous Divorce Case—shrieked the headlines.

The public read and rebelled. For Gloria Bright had been left—deserted—with five children. The public felt outraged. Each woman took up the battle individually. It became a personal issue.

Into any home, at any time, might come a beautiful blonde Dolyphine Dale and leave wreckage in her wake! Loud was the outcry against Dolyphine.

So loud, in fact, that it was heard, and felt, in the only place where the voice mattered—at the box-office. The receipts fell off. Her new picture was an utter loss. The day of Dolyphine's popularity as a star was over.

THE money magnets scowled, growled, and did much useless talking, remembering that they had invested over a million dollars in her publicity and that her renewed contract, at a stupendous weekly salary, had four more years to run.

"But she will ruin us! What shall we do? We've got to get out of the contract. But how?"

"Ah!" Suddenly someone remembered the morality clause, and it became a saving beacon in a sea of financial blackness.

"That's it! Of course! Why didn't we think of that before?"

Sure, that's the way out. The girl ain't decent, and we can't have no reflections cast at the film industry. No sir. She's got to go."

So her contract was broken and Dolyphine, in tears, having forgotten to save her money by the way, left her friends, her enemies and her many debts, and took the train for her home town, which, by some mysterious alchemy, changed suddenly from Seville, Spain, to Brooklyn, N. Y.

With the purchasing of her ticket and the shaking of Hollywood dust from her heels, she also dropped abruptly her foreign accent.

"I'm through with pictures," she said to a seemingly sympathetic reporter. "They interfere too much with personal liberty. I'm going to get married. Then I can do just as I please."

She sobbed into her handkerchief. "The darndest part of the whole thing is . . ." For a moment she broke, unable to continue. "A friend of mine told me all about it. It seems at a golf club last spring my famous line was repeated to Gloria Bright."

"That you could take any woman's husband?" ventured the reporter.

SHE nodded and continued, "'Oh,' said this Mrs. Bright, 'she can, can she? Well, I'd like to see her get mine.' And she planned that I should meet him." Tears came freely now from the kohl-stained eyes and fell in two black streamlets down the soft, white cheeks.

"When I think about it I could throw a fit! Because when she said, 'I'd like to see any woman get mine,' she *meant* it, actually meant it! For twelve months she had been trying to divorce him and couldn't get a thing on him.

"Now she's free. And I'm a wash-out. And the worst of it all is to think that I—Dolyphine Dale—the vamp of the world—would be simple enough to fall for a thing like that. When it comes to knowing her onions, you've got to hand it to a society dame."



Andy Clyde

TEN to one you'll never find Andy Clyde when you visit the Mack Sennett lot.

Unquestionably, if you're one of the thousands of fans who write in to say they like Andy, you'll go running around if you ever get onto Sennett's preserve, looking for a rachitic old guy with a frowzy moustache, about eight days' unshaved whiskers, unkempt gray hair, super-lensed glasses, antediluvian clothes and a corn-cob pipe.

And you won't find him.

But you might see, walking in and out of an office or dressing room, a good-looking, somewhat sheikish Scotchman of thirty-one.

He'll be talking with a Scotch accent. If you recognize him for an actor at all, you'll probably assume he's the handsome

Unmasking Andy Clyde

The noted Sennett
comic is a handsome
young Scotsman



Also Andy!

young juvenile in the picture. But he isn't.

He's Andy Clyde.

It just goes to show what make-up will do. Not that Andy tries the Lon Chaney tactics. Lon had a thousand make-ups. Andy has only one that he uses regularly—the bemoustached old egg! You

know him—he's the same in all Sennett comedies.

Matter of fact, Andy *did* play himself "straight" in just one of the Sennett two-reelers. And of course, as usual, the theater men billed the picture "with Andy Clyde."

And forthwith, from all over the country, came violent denunciatory letters, wanting to know why Sennett and the theater people *dared* advertise Andy Clyde when he simply was *not* in the picture! ! !

And so he's never played "straight" since.

Aged psychoanalyst now focusses his inspired spyglass on Jean Harlow, who is also known as

HELL'S ANGEL

By

Prof. Dr. Leonard Hall



Miss Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde charmer who is the subject of this fascinating study by Old Doc Hall

IN my poking and snooping around among the suppressions, depressions and expressions of the movie great, I have come upon many startling things.

As a psychoanalyst of practically no standing it was my good fortune to discover Mary Pickford's barberphobia, or "clipper-fear," caused by the fact that she had worn long corkscrew curls for nigh onto thirty years. You may remember my learned monograph on malignant Garbomania—that deadly disease which has caused thousands of our girls to expose their foreheads, fake an accent and keep their eyes half closed in an effort to appear mysterious and alluring.

This one symptom alone has caused literally hundreds of our young women to be hit on the south façade by taxicabs.

In spite of the astounding results of my past rummaging among so-called "souls" (ha-ha!), I have seldom been confronted with a more interesting subject than Miss Jean Harlow, who shall be known hereafter in this essay, for purposes of brevity, as That Hotsy Totsy Platinum-Haired Baby Doll Who Knocks Over Ben Lyon in the Early Sequences of "Hell's Angels" by Appearing Clothed Almost Entirely in Her Armor of Girlish Purity.

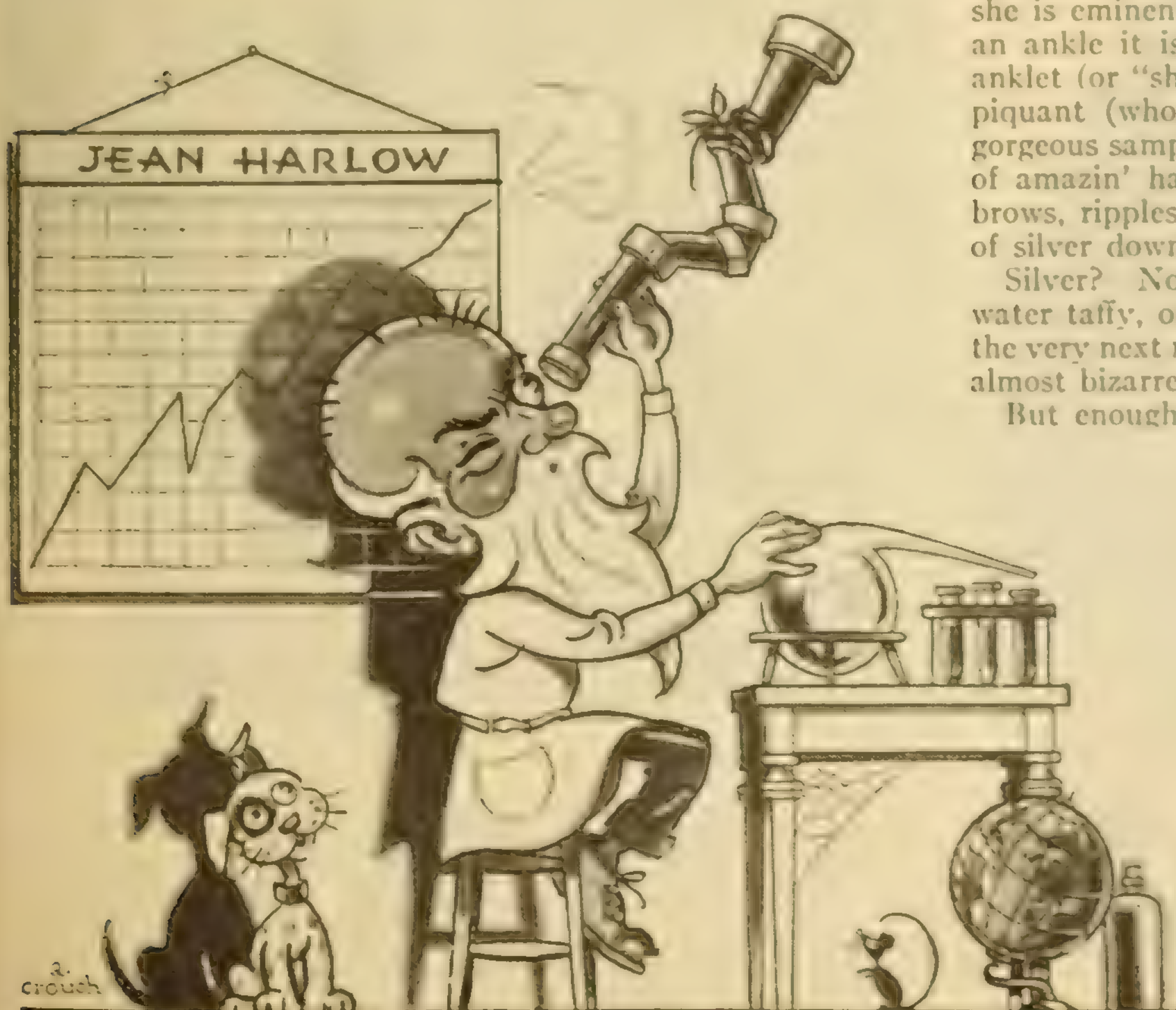
Well, to make a long story interminable, I was ushered into Suite 3011 of the famous New Yorker Hotel (Ah there, Manager Hitz! How about a due-bill?) by several suspicious house-detectives, and came face to face with my subject

Yes, young men, your worst fears are true! Miss Harlow (Jeanie to me) is calculated to knock you over with an eyelash at fifty paces. Both in circumference, diameter and altitude she is eminently satisfactory. On her right ankle (and *what* an ankle it is, not to mention the left!) she wears a silver anklet (or "shackle d'amour," as we French have it). Over a piquant (whoops!) and provocative face, studded with two gorgeous samples of the human eye, or orb, appears that mass of amazin' hair, which starts several inches above the eyebrows, ripples gracefully over the skull and falls in a torrent of silver down the back of the lady's neck.

Silver? Not exactly—it is about the color of a pale salt water taffy, or the bracelet you mean to buy the sweetie-pie the very next minute there's a bull market. It is startling hair, almost bizarre, but on the whole quite beautiful.

But enough of externals. It is Miss Harlow's sub, or unconscious, with which this treatise has to do. As I stepped into her presence I struck her sharply on the knee-cap with one of the little hammers we scientists carry on all professional visits. Miss Harlow feinted smartly with her left and then drove a sharp right to the third weskit button. "Forthright, earnest, sincere and handy with her dukes," I jotted down on my tablets.

Miss Harlow was surprised in the act of reading [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Old Doc in his laboratory, taking a good squint for himself at the lady of "Hell's Angels"

Whose Are

PHOTOPLAY'S great
baby-guessing
contest—no prize!
Which bouncing tot
is what well-known
star? Cover the names
and guess who!



The Spanish War influence was still strong in military costuming when this gallant youngster put on his first soldier suit and marched off to battle in "Fatty" Brown's back yard. He had a sword, so the kids elected him general. It's Richard Semler Barthelmess, posed at the age of ten and a bit



She specializes in vamps, girls with a past, and girls with a hectic present. Her own career has been filled with personal and professional sadness. And you might not guess this winsome little body is none other than Mary Nolan, aged ten



As pretty a mother and daughter picture as you're apt to find in a search through a thousand family albums. The little girl grew up to be a dashing, flaming youth star, and wife of a noted lad. It's Joan Crawford and her mamma, when Joan was just exactly five

Baby You?



Well, she looks tame enough here! You'd little think that this six-year-old would grow up to be one of Hollywood's most famous spitfires, noted for her spirit of hoopla on set and off. Oop! You've guessed! Lupe Velez!

This one, of course, you'd never guess in a million years. It doesn't resemble anything but a pretty, healthy baby, with no aches and no pins sticking it anywhere. None the less, this is Arthur Lake, the lanky lad, in his first birthday suit. Ah there, Art!



A mischievous boy and his 'tittle sisser, to get maudlin about it. This was taken down in Virginia, suh, on the ole family plantation, and brother and sister have been set up before the camera and told to look for a birdie—any birdie. And we might as well confess that it's Bill Haines at four, with his sister Lillian



Some more soldier clothes, but this time it's World War, or just pre-war. The little boys got uniforms for Christmas that year. The one on the left is Charles Rogers of Olathe, Kan. Behind them stands Charlie's soldier uncle, Arch Moll

From the cradle to the screen—more infant actors

A little Canadian girl who's smiling as though she already knew of all the nice things in store for her in years to come. Her name is Norma Shearer, and at the time this was snapped she'd reached the age of three



What a sweet little boy! Note the cascading curls and the booful bow tie! We'll wager he turned out to be the nicest boy on the block. You don't tell us! Why, it's Buster Keaton when he was four years old



This one may be easy. A Missouri kid, a hellion out of school, but on his best behavior before the camera. But there's danger in those eyes, cherie! This is ten-year-old Jack Oakie, duded up



Now here's as tractable and well-behaved a two-year-old as you could find. Why, butter wouldn't melt in the little girl's mouth. And who do you suppose it turned out to be? Why, harum-scarum, rip-roaring Polly Moran!



Serious? My word! He's going to be a judge at the very least, and probably President. But he became a very he-man movie star, six-shooter, chaps and all. In other words, it represents Mr. Richard Arlen at the advanced age of eight

John Boles

Confesses

Universal's Great Lover
discloses the technique
of amour that made him
famous on the screen

By Harry Lang

PHOTOPLAY,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Photoplay:

Well, here I am again.

You remember me, don't you? I'm the fellow who read that story you had wherein Irving Berlin told how to write a popular song and I wrote two but they weren't popular.

Anyway, I wrote you then and asked you for advice on how to be funny at a party I was invited to, and you got Eddie Cantor to tell me. I did what Eddie said in that article, and I haven't been invited to any parties since.

Well, your advice has been so successful that maybe you'll help me out again this time. You see, I'm in love, but I was brought up right and I don't know how to go about showing my love to the Object of My Affections. However, she is quite pecans about John Boles and the way he makes love on the screen, so maybe if you could ask him for a few hints, hel?

Yours as ever,

OBADIAH SWIMPH

WHY, OBIE!!! Not really? Well, you old-fashioned thing, you! Of course, we're glad to help you out, and any time you want some advice on sword-swallowing or pretzel-bending or anything, just ask us that, too.

We found John Boles for you out at Universal City, where he was busily making love to Lupe Velez in "Resurrection." It was a gr-r-r-r-rand love scene they were shooting. John gazed deep into her eyes, and all that sort of thing, and then kissed her.

After a tepidly decorous footage of celluloid passed, according to the Will Hays code of censorship, the director said:

"Cut!"

John kept right on kissing Lupe.

"CUT!!" repeated the director.

John kissed on.

"C U T !!!" screamed the director.

John lifted his lips from Lupe's.

"I," he said, languorously, "heard you the first time."

Well, Obadiah, we won't go on with the conversation. We'll just tell you how Boles responded to your call for help. He's a grand guy, Boles. Tall, good-looking as he is on the screen, cheerful, and willing to help out.

And Obie, you sure picked a good authority when you picked



John Boles demonstrates his theories, the party of the second part being Lupe Velez. It's a shot from their new "Resurrection," and this is Russian Love. Will the class please distinguish between the Russian and Hollywood brands?

John. John has made passionate love to fifteen women. Fourteen of them are movie stars; the other is his wife. They're happily married. And any man who can make love to Gloria Swanson, Greta Nissen, Patsy Ruth Miller, Olive Borden, Molly O'Day, Mary Astor, Leatrice Joy, Laura La Plante, Carlotta King, Vivienne Segal, Jeanette Loff, Bebe Daniels, Evelyn Laye and Lupe Velez, and still keep his wife—that man's good! Even if he couldn't keep his wife, he'd still be good!

"Mr. Boles," we began, while Lupe hurried out to telephone Gary, or something, "how should Obadiah Swimph make love?"

"Who cares?" Boles wanted to know.

"Well—er—maybe Obadiah cares," we suggested.

"Oh, all right, then, come along," he said. So we came along, and he led the way into the restaurant. We sat. He studied the bill of fare. We resumed.

"What do you need," we asked, to open the line, "to make love?"

"Cheese. Swiss cheese, with plenty of holes. On rye," he said. "Make it Russian rye—this is a Tolstoi story I'm playing, so I'll stay in character. And Russian dressing." The waitress left.

"But Mr. Boles," we begged, "what about love? Please tell Obadiah Swimph, through us, how to make love."

He looked at us for a long, long time, as though he were thinking of pleasant ways to commit murder. Then he looked at the ceiling. Then he looked at the note the waitress had brought from two blondes at a nearby table. Then he looked at the two blondes. Then he said:

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



Pola Negri, as *Bella Donna* in her first American-made film, wore the conventional clinging black associated with vampire parts. Note the dramatic contrast with the light-colored garments worn by the other characters

IMAGINE a world without color, all black-and-white. The maddening monotony of it!

Though we know very little about it, though we accept the magic of it with casual indifference, color has tremendous importance in our lives.

Color can influence our moods, stimulate our minds, magnetize our bodies. It can attract. It can repel. Color can intensify a woman's charm, or dispel it.

Color can make her gay or grave, happy or sad. It can be dull. It can be shrill. It can be capricious. It can be tragic. Color can make a costume pert, impudent, amusing, tender, or serious.

Without boring you with any scientific theories of what color is, I ask you only to believe that it is a definite and powerful force working either for or against us by the manner in which we employ it, that it has a far greater influence than most of us realize. Then I shall tell you what I have learned about color through my own experience in association with that extremely color-sensitive group of women, the screen stars. For years I have worked with the application of color to the moods and characters of motion pictures.

I once showed M. Worth, of Paris, a dress I had made for Clara Bow. He laughed. "I am not laughing at the dress," he said, "it is very, very *chic*. I'm laughing at its extreme impertinence." And that is exactly what it was intended to have, to accent the character which Miss Bow was playing.

Your dislike for certain colors may be an instinctive one, which you could not analyze, or it may be the result of some conscious, or subconscious emotional association, for it is quite easy to understand how one might grow to detest even a once favorite color, if some tragic, unpleasant or embarrassing thing had happened while one was wearing it, or it was otherwise present in one's surroundings at the time.

Gloria Swanson expressed a most violent antipathy for the color known as "old rose." She not only refused to wear it, but would not even permit its use in the decoration of the stage settings, in which she was to work.

The expert who costumed many film stars tells what you can do with color and what color can do to you

One day, while we were filming one of her pictures, I noticed that things were at a standstill, and inquired the reason. It seemed that her director, Mr. Allan Dwan, could not work her up to the proper pitch of irritation which he felt was required to put over a certain scene. Miss Swanson was in just too amiable a mood to work up a temper.

I told him I thought I could help him out. When I gave him my plan he was skeptical, but he gave me permission to try. I sent one of the extra ladies to the costume studio, and had

her fitted from head to foot in a vivid ensemble of old rose velvet. I told her to keep as near Miss Swanson as she could, always in her direct line of vision.

It was not long before the hated color began to have the desired effect, and Miss Swanson announced, in no uncertain terms, that she would not do any work at all until that "old rose abomination" had been removed from her sight. Well as I knew her, I never dared tell her of the trick I had played upon her, but I did try in every way to find out why she hated this particular shade so intensely.

I NEVER did find out from her, but I discovered later that old rose was a great favorite with Pola Negri, and that she wore it often. Now, Gloria and Pola were bitter rivals and enemies, so much so that each of these "Czarinas of the Screen" refused to work in the same studio with the other. So it will not be difficult for you to understand the association which made Gloria detest what is otherwise a color of healthful and pleasant influence.

"If a red-haired woman, with a face covered with freckles," Lady Duff Gordon once said, "wants to wear watermelon pink, she must have it, for there is within her a desire, sentimental, emotional, even physical, which only that color will satisfy."

It was during my association with Lady Gordon, famous designer of women's gowns, that I made my first contact with motion pictures in the person of the exquisitely blonde and lovely Billie Burke, the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld. Her director

Be Careful of Your Colors

By H. M. K. Smith

was extremely partial to one of the most disagreeable shades of yellow green that exists, not for its color value to the eye, but for its camera value, which was a warm and lovely gray. He insisted that Miss Burke's costumes be made in varying shades of this color.

I will never forget the day she came in to try a negligée, which had been made in the desired shade of chiffon. She put it on, took one look at it, and that was that. No argument by the director that the color would accent her every charm on the screen had any weight whatsoever.

"That color does something to me inside that I can't explain, and which you would not understand," she said, and both the negligée, and all the rest of her costumes for that picture, were made in the colors which she liked to wear.

Because of this knowledge of the emotional and physical effects of color, I was always careful to find out from the great stars of the screen at my first conference on the subject of costumes, what their color preferences were. And, where, because of camera values, I could not give a star an entire costume in her favorite shade, I always managed somehow to give her something that would make her conscious that she was wearing the color she loved. A bag, a hat, a parasol, a jewel; sometimes it was possible only in the lingerie worn underneath, but always, something.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



Nita Naldi often chose her colors for the moods they inspired, regardless of whether they were becoming. She was partial to a certain unflattering shade of pink, simply because it gave her "a great kick"

Perhaps Gloria Swanson never realized why she so violently disliked a lovely shade of old rose. But Mr. Smith's observing eye discovered the secret and found a logical reason for her antipathy to that color

Photos by
Hurrell



Kay's Newest Costumes

"**C**UT! OKAY!" sang out William De Mille, directing Kay Francis in a scene from the new M-G-M picture, "Passion Flower." "Cut okay," echoed we, thinking about the grand gowns Kay wears in her rôle of *Dulcie*. That stunning costume on the left is of tomato-red wool, with gold-shaded galyak trimming. Right, salmon-pink taffeta combined with black velvet (and how!) and jeweled shoulder straps for a subtle final touch. Both designed by Adrian

Mr. Brook Hates Tea

We penetrate the
British reticence of
Clive, man and actor

By Michael Woodward

CLIVE BROOK, the man, is a colossally difficult person to know. You've heard the terms "extrovert" and "introvert"—Brook is the latter, with a vengeance.

Heavily coated with that familiar British characteristic called "reserve," the man Brook is hard to get at. One of his closest acquaintances in Hollywood has known him five years. That acquaintance admits frankly that the real Clive Brook is still a bit of an enigma.

He doesn't like to talk about himself. That way, he's utterly un-Hollywood. So many of these motion picture personages are constantly conscious of the first person, singular. Brook isn't. When he gets into a group of persons and into an agreeable conversation, Clive Brook is the first to forget that Clive Brook is present. His interest lies in the conversation and the others' views, not in himself.

And because of this, few people know him well. There's hardly a soul in Hollywood, for instance, who knows that Clive Brook is a first-class violinist. He plays for his own amusement only, and lets very few people know he can do it. To those he says: "I'll throttle you if you breathe this to a soul! Because, as a matter of fact, I play so poorly!"

Then he goes ahead and plays divinely—better than many a person who makes a living at it.

He's keen on music, anyway. Real music, that is. When orthophones first came out, he studied the principle of the new type of sound reproduction. Learning that much of that richness and volume depended on the length of the "horn" in the instrument, he had a special one built at tremendous cost, occupying almost an entire wall space in one end of a big room. With this, he got true symphonic volume and tone. He listens to it by the hour.

FEW people know that he's an author. A real author, not a dabbler. He has had published by British magazines many short stories, and several of his one-act plays and vaudeville sketches have been successfully produced. His writings are of the ultra-smart, sophisticated style.

And as a matter of fact, he's easily one of the best-read men in Hollywood. His relaxations and recreations are mostly mental. "That's what you've got to call Clive Brook—a mental type rather than a physical, despite his undeniable physical attractiveness," says a Hollywood woman who knows him well.

He's no hand for "whoopie." He's no night hound. His chief social delights consist in a home dinner with some of his close friends—either at his home or theirs. He doesn't go to public cafés and places of amusement—and yet, he likes to dance.

"Give me a graceful partner, good music—and I'll be happy—one or two evenings a week," he says. The other evenings, he prefers a few friends who can talk on sufficiently intelligent subjects, or his home and his books and his music. Dinner table conversation to Brook doesn't mean what one's golf score was, or what horse may win at Agua Caliente, or how much a picture is going to gross.

"You've got to be almost highbrow to join in the Clive Brook dinner table discussion," is the way one who knows puts it. "Not professorial—but intelligent and intellectual."

Some people misinterpret it as [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



THE RESERVED MR. BROOK—

*Who plays the fiddle beautifully for
his own pleasure—*

*Who was shell-shocked in the war,
and is still a bit foggy on remem-
bering names—*

Who despises dowdy women—

*And is one of the kindest fellows
in Hollywood!*



Amos Hissell

Amos 'n'

The Ebony Emperors
of the Air splash in dem
golden pools, ride dem
Rolls-Royces and allow
"Ain't dat somep'n'?"

AN airplane, as dilapidated and undernourished as a certain fresh-air taxicab, zoomed and dipped to a landing out of the California skies. Two gentlemen of a startling cranberry hue, alighted and looked about.

"Um! Um! Ain't this somep'n'?" one enquired.

"Boy," replied the other, "I'se regusted."

Amos 'n' Andy and two loads of sunburn, had arrived in Hollywood. Arrived to make a talking picture, Harlem dialect. En route from Chicago, a washout along the line had unfortunately delayed their arrival and 8:30 in the morning found the boys stranded in Las Vegas, Nevada, with their first California broadcast due at three the same afternoon.

There was just one thing to do. They did it. In a small open plane, the only one they could resurrect, they gathered unto themselves all the sunburn between Nevada and California, but in true movie style they arrived in the nick of time and the day was saved. And the world, his wife, and all the little worldlings gathered about the radio as usual and chuckled at the problems of two downtrodden gentlemen of color.

Amos 'n' Andy, who are in reality Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, have just seen their first talking picture, "Check and Double Check," flash on the nation's screens. No team of radio entertainers have ever reached the people as have these two very simple fellows in their everyday happenings of two pathetically comical negroes and their Fresh-Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated.

ONE day in Peoria, Ill., Charles J. Correll sat behind his typewriter and thought things over. As Secretary to the State Superintendent of Instruction, the future *Andy* decided things weren't so hot. So having reached this momentous decision Mr. Correll folded up his typewriter and went about laying bricks all over Illinois.

Freeman F. Gosden about this time was a live-wire tobacco salesman in Virginia, but the future *Amos* decided he, too, craved a change and switched to selling cars, until the war interrupted. After the war he was still dissatisfied. A chance came to join a booking company in Chicago that produced amateur theatricals. Gosden grabbed that chance and with that one little grab, what do you think he "done done"? He done picked off for himself a huge hunk of fame and fortune, for in that same company was a Charles J. Correll, former Illinois bricklayer. Almost at once these two began a friendship that proved deep and lasting.

The boys shared a little apartment and messed around a little with a uke and piano, as *Amos* would say.

"You two should go on the radio," their friends urged. "And we didn't have any more sense than to believe them," *Amos* grinned. "So we tried it out and, boy, were we a mess? We sang about forty songs a night and they were all bad. In those days it was a case of how loud an entertainer could yell into the mike. We thought we were good when a listener two miles away reported having heard us perfectly without a radio."

"And yes," said *Andy*, "we yelled our heads off over that mike for over seven months and never got a penny. Not a cent. Boy, we must have been bad!"

Finally, however, the great day came. The boys were offered one hundred dollars a week. No more producing amateur theatricals. They were now actually being paid for it. Hot dog!

Gradually *Amos 'n' Andy* were given life. They appeared first as *Sam* and *Henry* and later changed to the now popular



Andy Go Hollywood

By Sara Hamilton

Amos 'n' Andy. At first the boys broadcast for Chicago only.

Then came the nation-wide hook-up, with a large manufacturing company behind them, and suddenly the whole country became *Amos 'n' Andy* conscious.

And, like all good little boys who go out and get themselves famous, they came to Hollywood and pictures. And did they work? There wasn't any phase of the business in which they didn't poke a black but determined finger. They sat in on story conferences. They survived. They submitted to hours of experiments in make-up. They tried on screen clothes. They rehearsed. As *Amos* says, they were "photographed, autographed and giraffed."

They wrote all their own radio skits on the side and translated all the dialogue of the picture into *Amos 'n' Andy* lingo. They gave out interviews, and bounced around more friskily than the proverbial decapitated chicken. On top of all this, their radio broadcasts went right along. At three in the afternoon work was interrupted for the Eastern broadcast and again at seven-thirty for the West.

About 2:45 each afternoon, on a big sound stage on the Radio



Andy in Puss'n

Pictures lot, watches began to appear all over the set. Everyone nervously watched the time, everyone but *Amos 'n' Andy*, who appeared quite unconcerned. At 2:50, Director McI Brown all but swooned. The technicians chewed their nails, and the script girl softly wept in her hanky. But still the boys went quietly about their work, as unhurried as though half the United States weren't waiting to hear their voices in just a few minutes.

At 2:55, with a "see you later," two unassuming boys calmly walked out into the sunshine, strolled nonchalantly down the walk, occasionally stopped to chat with a friend, and promptly at one minute to three mounted the steps to the broadcasting room to bring a smile to thousands of listeners.

IN one corner of a sound stage on the far corner of the lot was built the little broadcasting room. In the center stood a small wicker table and two straight backed chairs. Two microphones hung suspended over the table. A small electric light bulb encased in wire reposed on the table. In Chicago, the theme song of their sketch, which incidentally was the theme song of the picture, "The Birth of a Nation," made many years ago, had been played. They were seated now. Bill Hay, also in Chicago, had finished his announcement, and pressed a tiny button nearby. Almost instantly the little bulb on the table flashed on and they were off.

The boys take all the parts in the skit. *Amos* is the *Kingfish* and *Lightnin'* who "jes wants two dollars till Saddy night." *Andy* is *Van Porter* and the other characters. They take turns being the dog.

No one, not even their wives, is permitted to see them broadcast. And only a privileged one or two who bravely stood their ground in the face of being literally thrown out, have been present during the writing of one of their skits. And these one or two report the affair twice as amusing as any broadcast and a hundred times more exciting.

Andy, short and plump, the former secretary, sans coat and vest, sits at the typewriter. *Amos*, tall, blonde and rather handsome, nervously paces back and forth. The plot takes form. It's ready to be written. They both grow excited.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

A scene from "Check and Double Check," *Amos 'n' Andy*'s first picture for Radio. *Kingfish*, in the person of Russell Powell, seems to be laying down the law to the boys. They, as is their wont, are taking it calmly





"Becka"



"Dodo"



"Red"



"Coop"

Let's Get Familiar

What you'd call the
players if you knew
them that well!

NOW take Greta Garbo, for instance. If you were really chummy with Greta do you know what you'd call her? No? Well, cheer up, neither do we.

So, now that we've disposed of Garbo, let's go on with the story.

All human beings have an irresistible desire to tear down the dignity of their fellow men by tacking nicknames onto them. From Kaiser Bill down—or up—to "Spike" Mahoney, vendor of illicit liquids, no one is exempt.

Some of the movie stars have even adopted their nicknames as screen names—like "Hoot" Gibson.

There's a story connected with "Hoot." When "Hoot"—who was christened Edward R. Gibson—was a youngster, he and another boy were out on a bicycling jaunt. Tire trouble developed and they had to spend the night in a haystack. In the wee small hours a hoot-owl let out a blood-chilling hoot and the two kids, thinking the farmer was after them—ran. They both traveled fast, but little Eddie Gibson was in the lead. The other youngster promptly christened him "Hoot."

"Skeets" Gallagher is another whose nickname became his professional name. As a child he was very small for his age. His pals all called him "Skeeter." This, in the natural course of such things, became shortened to "Skeet." When "Skeet" made his debut in the talkies Paramount added an "s" and rechristened him "Skeets."

Kay Francis and Kay Johnson were both christened Katharine. When they went on the stage, both girls adopted the more abbreviated form "Kay." Short names look better in lights.

BUSTER KEATON'S name sounds like a nickname, but isn't. He hasn't any other. His parents had a rough and tumble vaudeville act and they used to fling their infant son all over the stage. He was such a husky youngster and could take bumps so sturdily that Houdini named him "Buster." And Buster he still is.

Constance Talmadge is known to her close friends as "Dutch." When she was a child she had short, blonde hair and looked like a Dutchman. Her family started calling her "Dutch."

As a matter of fact, most nicknames are family or pet names. That's why they sound so silly in print. For instance—Florence Eldridge calls husband Fredric March "Lambie," which is swell in the home. But just *you* try hailing Freddie as "Lambie"!

Gertrude Olmsted doesn't object when her mother and her husband, Bob Leonard, call her "Toodie." But "Toodie" from anyone else is just too much of a good thing.

You wouldn't think of acting overly-familiar with Ruth Chatterton. But Ralph Forbes, her husband, calls her "Rusie"—with the "u" pronounced as in French. If you

don't know your French vowels you'd better stick to plain Ruth. Maybe you'd better, anyway.

Nicknames often spring up on the set during the making of pictures, and if they're apt, they're apt to cling. Jack Oakie christened Helen Kane "Boop" during the making of "Sweetie." You will ad-

mit it's appropriate for the original "boop-boop-a-doop" girl.

"Under the Tonto Rim" was Dick Arlen's first Western and Mary Brian's first time on a horse. Mary called Dick "Buck" and Dick came back snappily with "Texas." "Texas" shrank to "Tex"—and now Dick and Mary are "Buck" and "Tex."

Some of the stars, who have changed their names for screen purposes, still carry around nicknames that are survivals of the handles which their families gave them. In this class belongs Evelyn Brent who is called "Betty" by everyone who knows her more than casually. Her name used to be Elizabeth Riggs. Dorothy Lee registers immediately if you call her "Midge." She was christened Marjorie Millsap. Ann Harding's given name is Dorothy. She's still "Dody" to her family.

HAROLD LLOYD'S boyhood nickname figured in a lawsuit recently. Lloyd was sued for infringement of copyright by the widow of H. C. Witwer, short story writer. She claimed that Lloyd's picture, "The Freshman," was stolen from a story of her husband's. The character played by Lloyd in "The Freshman" was called "Speedy."

Harold explained that "Speedy" had been his own nickname as a kid. His father had seen a play in which a character named "Speedy" figured. The name tickled him and when he came home he greeted his small son, "Hi, there, Speedy!" From then on that was Harold's name.

There are lots of others. Regis Toomey's pals call him "Pat." Gary Cooper used to be known as "Cowboy Coop" when he attended Grinnell College, because he wore a ten-gallon hat. Hollywood has shortened it to "Coop." Gary has his own pet name for Lupe. He calls her "Becka."

Wallace Beery still answers to "Sweedie." In the early days of pictures he made a series of comedies in which he played a Swedish maid. Lila Lee smiles if you call her "Cuddles"—her name when she was a baby star with the Gus Edwards troupe.

Marion Byron is "Peanuts," because she's so tiny. Richard Dix was called "Pete" back in his home town, and Phillips Holmes' chums used to hail him as "Elip." Vivian and Rosetta Duncan have names for one another which their intimates sometimes use. Rosetta is "Hymie" and Vivian is "Jake." And Sally Eilers and Marie Prevost call each other "Bella" and "Stella." Lois Wilson likes to be called "Loy." And Clara Bow is "Red" to everyone. All movie fans know that Joan Crawford calls Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., "Dodo." Joan's own nickname is "Billy," a hangover from her chorus girl days.

Mary and Doug have names that sound like parts of a boat. Mary calls Doug "Tiller;" he calls her "Hipper."

By Harriet Parsons

By TIME *and* TEARS

Not sorrow alone, but
growth of mind and
spirit, gave Mary Astor
the rich womanliness
that is hers today

By Janet French

WHEN Mary Astor spoke on the screen for the first time in "Ladies Love Brutes," thousands of fans and hundreds of Hollywoodians blinked their eyes and said, "What in the world has happened to Mary Astor?"

Suddenly a new and startling personality had flashed upon the screen. The wan child who had been carried away into the sunset by John Barrymore in "Don Juan" was no longer a child but a full-blown woman with deep wells of emotion in her voice.

Everyone discussed Mary's re-birth and they accredited the change to the sudden death of her husband, Kenneth Hawks. They said that the staccato flash of tragedy had brought out in Mary the hidden beauty of her nature, that the death of her husband had given her the depth one saw in her performance in "Holiday" and other films she made. They all gloried in the courage she showed at a time when most women would have been prostrated by grief.

The spotlight was turned upon Mary Astor, the woman, now, not Mary Astor, the child.

Because the sudden gesture is always the most dramatic nobody stopped to analyze the situation. It was an interesting—though a morbid—thought that the crashing together of two planes in mid-air had made a woman of Mary Astor.

It is true that she has changed. It is true that her mind is clear and true and brilliant. It is true that her heart is a citadel of courage. It is not true that all these things came to her because of Kenneth Hawks' violent death. It was simply that which made people look at Mary and wonder.

For maturity does not come suddenly like love. Maturity is a slow and agonizing process.

It is necessary to go back a little and consider the pattern of Mary's life. She is the daughter of a German professor named Langhanke who saw in his small, pale daughter a sure talent. And who was willing to give to her all the persistence of his nationality to make an actress of her. She remembers, as a child, being seated upon a piano stool and made to stay there until she had mastered some difficult Bach fugue or some light Chopin waltz.

She remembers, also, being put upon the home talent stages of their little middle Western town to "recite" poems. And she remembers, too, the trying years in New York when her father, forced to give up his work at the school, went with her from manager's office to manager's office in an effort to put her in the place he felt was hers.

As is the way when a dominant parent and a docile child are together, Mary's life was ruled by her father. Langhanke knew, so surely, what his little daughter had. He was so determined that she must, though they all suffer poverty, be a star. He begged directors to give her a chance. He went with her to the studios and watched over every test she made and when the breaks began to come both he and his wife accompanied her to Hollywood where she became the symbol of the purity school of leading women.

She was so young then! Whatever [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]



Once the little pastel
heroine, she reveals
an emotional depth today
that fans and critics
applaud and wonder at—
the new Mary Astor

Welcome Home, CLARA!



Which Clara Kimball Young is who? Bend your faculties to the task of guessing which Clara K. is of a decade ago and which of the present. Give up? At the left is Clara today—certainly as lovely as the ten-years-ago beauty who looks down at the right

By
Dolores Foster

Clara Kimball Young—
fair, slim and forty—
stands at the brink of
a new career in talkies

AT forty, having spent thousands of dollars on reducing methods, Clara Kimball Young, youthful and with a beautiful figure, is back in Hollywood ready to return to the screen. Never the flapper type, even when she was at the height of her career, she is made more beautiful by maturity. Her eyes are as deep and sparkling as ever and her sleek bobbed hair dark as a February night.

She lives in a charming little house in Beverly Hills. She wears gray chiffon and lace. She has the poise and distinction of a woman of the world.

Since 1922, she has not appeared on the screen, with the exception of one independent picture made in 1925. Yet she is not forgotten. When she has her car filled with gasoline or when she shops in the neighborhood stores, those who serve her invariably ask, "When are you coming back to the screen, Miss Young?" They all recognize her—as why shouldn't they? She has changed almost not at all since she left the screen eight years ago at the very height of her career.

Will you ever forget her in "Eyes of Youth," "Hearts in Exile," "Camille," "A Woman of Bronze" and "Trilby"? There clings to all these stars, whose work wrote the pages of cinema history, the perfume of glamor. Clara Kimball Young retains this glamor.

Her life has been one of turmoil. Too frank for her own good, too little the business woman, she found, when she should have been realizing thousands and thousands of dollars on her pictures, she was going into debt instead.

When she was still a girl in her early twenties she went into partnership with Selznick and her husband, Jimmy Young. Clara was to star, Young to direct, Selznick to produce. But taking direction from one's own husband

is a difficult task. Although they made some excellent pictures together, Young did not know how to get the best from Clara. She freezes when she is approached tactlessly. Suggestions she will take. Orders she refuses. It ended in both the professional and personal partnership being dissolved. She divorced Young and formed a new business partnership with Selznick.

BUT she knew nothing of business and when her pictures were, she discovered, badly managed, she bought off her contract and went with Harry Garson, who produced her films for years. The load was heavy. Each week she paid on her old contract, almost as much as she made. The end came in 1922.

Suddenly the fans found that their favorite was to be discovered on none of the local screens. And, while they looked for her in vain, she was touring the country with a theatrical production in which Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's husband, was her leading man.

Then came years of vaudeville. Tedious years that ended suddenly a few months ago [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117.]

English and American Beauties

entrust their flower-like skin
to this same sure care



Lady Buchanan-Jardine



Lady Violet Astor



Lady Louis Mountbatten



Mrs. Gifford Pinchot



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Jr.

WHAT is your taste in beauty? Do you prefer the pink and white and gold of English blondes . . . their eyes of larkspur blue and skin like rose leaves?

Or are you loyal to the dazzling galaxy of charms our own America offers . . . blonde, brunette and Titian beauties, gay, grave or demure . . . with exquisite skin that is delicate as apple blossoms, creamy as magnolia bloom, lily-pale or warmly tinted as a tea-rose?

Famous American and English beauties agree in this: they all use Pond's . . . because these four delightful preparations assure the perfect cleansing and protection that are essential to preserve their flower-like skin . . . keep it always radiantly fresh, fine, smooth and clear.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. declares: "One

can keep one's skin lovely with just those Two marvelous Creams, the fine Tissues and the invigorating Tonic." Lady Violet Astor says: "Pond's makes our skin look younger and younger each year—a wonderful service!"

Pond's Method is so delightfully quick that lovely young Lady Buchanan-Jardine says: "It is at once easy, satisfactory, complete."

Piquant, laughing Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says: "Just the four steps of Pond's Method, followed every day, will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and clear."

"Pond's is wonderful!" charming Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., sums up the universal enthusiasm. Lady Mountbatten also is devoted to Pond's Method . . . you, too, should follow the one, two, three, four famous steps!

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (Peach color and white.)

Third—wipe cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for perfect base, protection, exquisite finish—use it wherever you powder, face, neck, shoulders, arms, back. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.



SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. N
114 Hudson Street New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1931, Pond's Extract Company

“Don't Grow Old”



JOHN BOLES, Universal, whose excellent singing voice and fine acting ability have made him one of the screen's most popular stars, tells you what he considers woman's most priceless possession.

*The caress of dollar-a-cake
French soap for just 10¢*

Youth

John Boles warns you

Learn the complexion secret
98% of the screen stars know

NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!

"One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes.

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

How amazingly the famous stars

keep youth! Every woman should learn their complexion secret!

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth, alluringly aglow!"

The actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theater dressing rooms everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 important actresses use it, Lux

Toilet Soap is official in *all* the great film studios.

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the normal in-between skin . . . Every type is represented.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so neutral, so bland is its effect on the skin.

Order several cakes and begin today this gentle care for *your* skin. Keep priceless youth—indefinitely!

LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of this white, fragrant soap: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin like velvet."



EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Smooth, clear skin is a woman's greatest charm. Lux Toilet Soap leaves mine fresh and even-textured."

LUX Toilet Soap..10¢



Picture by Vic De Pauw

On location with "The Pet of the Plains" Company—"Say, mister director, kin you use a real honest-to-gosh good cowhand?"

Reeling Around

The Dying Gunman

(A popular song of 1957, Heaven forbid)

*A darling son of a movie fan
Who loved each screen tune and rhyme
Ran away from his home one fair spring morn
(it was about the time of "Lights of New York")
And entered a life of sin and crime.
Twenty years later he was caught in a stickup,
And a cop's bullets (bang! bang!) done him wrong.
Then he crawled home to his dear mother's knee
Remembering the kind care of his infancy
And she heard him sob his dying song—*

Refrain

*"Sing me a theme song, mother,
Like you did in the long ago,
When the talkies were only whispers,
And we sat by the old radio—
Sing me a theme song, mumsy,
And I'll know that you still love me true—
Like 'I love you, Woman Disputed,'
And 'Sins of the Fathers, I love you!'"*

Into Your Dance!

Joe Frisco, the stuttering clown, calls the great crooner "Ruby Valloo" . . . And Fred Allen, the electric-brained comic, tells Walter Winchell that times are so hard that autograph hounds at first nights are only asking for initials . . . To which might be added the fact that instead of albums they're now using second-hand confetti . . . R. Beers Loos, to continue the optimistic note, writes in Rob Wagner's *Script* that today there are hundreds of actors tramping the streets of Hollywood who actually do not know where their next bottle of gin is coming from . . . A little movie house in New York was stuck up by two thugs not long ago and robbed of \$78. Was it the week's receipts? Anyhow, the picture then showing on its screen was "Shadow of the Law!" Shudder that off . . . Sylvia, Hollywood's famous masseuse, has written a new song for her salon called "I Knead Thee Every Hour" . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer almost lined up Greta Garbo for the first personal appearance in her career. She had even accepted the invitation when Garbo discovered that it was Stockton, Calif.,

to which she was bidden, and not Stockholm, Sweden! . . . Dorothy Farnum, American film writer, now making pictures in France, has been offered 4,000,000 francs to make two pictures for a French concern. Dot could do better than \$48 right here at home! . . . Anna May Wong, the greatest living reason for China, is playing a vamp in an Edgar Wallace melodrama, "On the Spot," on Broadway . . . After a look at Anna in the flesh, I'm willing to agree that 50,000,000 Chinese can't be Wong!

Gag of the Month Club

Jim Tully gets the chintz shirt this month for the story of the days of Karl Dane's greatness at Metro.

The big ex-carpenter was reported to be discontented with the size of his pay-check, and finally he mustered up courage to go in and talk dough with Louis B. Mayer, the big boss.

Mayer was willing to dicker. "Now, Karl," he said, "how much more a week do you think it would take to keep you happy?" Then Mayer sat back, gripping his chair arms and expecting something in four figures.

Dane fiddled with his hat, looked diffidently at the floor, and finally, summoning all his nerve, quavered, "Oh, about twenty-five dollars!"

Getting Personal

Mr. Lowell Sherman goes to Hollywood parties wearing a monocle and a two-foot cigarette holder. Mad wags say that now that Mr. Sherman is both directing and acting in pictures he even steals footage from himself . . . Mitzi Green recently celebrated her tenth birthday while making personal appearances at the Paramount Theater, New York. Reported Mitzi got \$2,000 a week for that job. Nancy Carroll, the week before, had to struggle along on a \$5,000 wage! What are these breadlines we hear of? . . . Both Eddie Buzzell and Ona Munson deny there's a divorce in prospect. Hope they are right . . . Jean Harlow, the "Hell's Angels" blonde, goes for spare ribs and kraut when she's not on the diet . . . John McCormack is using two of Ernest Torrence's songs in his concerts. They are "Machree" and "God Gave Me Flowers" . . . Marion Davies' new Paris toggery has been knocking the ladies over at various Hollywood shindigs . . . Yola D'Avril, that leetle Franch girl, has married Edward Wood, composer. She's twenty-two—he's ten years up.

*...and on her cheek
there blooms the radiant
blush of Health*

*Glowing health and unblemished
beauty can reward those who
follow the Saline Treatment*

TO the art of the cosmetician, to the maker of fine creams and lotions, every woman should bow in gratitude. For pure creams and unfailing care do much to clear and guard your skin.

But cosmetics, however good, and creams, however fine, guard only the surface of your skin! And many a woman blames her creams and lotions when the fault lies in herself—she has neglected *internal* cleanliness!

She, then, should know the virtues of the Saline Method—for the surest, simplest way to internal cleanliness is with Sal Hepatica—the saline way to a clear and healthy system.

In Europe, well do women know the

virtues of salines. At the season's end, to Vichy, to Wiesbaden, to Aix—come the lovely Viennese, the cool beauties of England, the dark, slender women of France. There they drink the saline waters of the famous health springs—and



return to the European capitals with complexions refined, with bodies revived.

For years, physicians have recommended the saline method for correcting acidity and the long list of ills which come from faulty elimination.

Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are driven away. Digestions are regulated. Complexions are cleared. For salines purify the bloodstream.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how your complexion takes on the radiant clarity of health.

Send in the coupon—and let us send you, free, the booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth"—which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-11, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Sal Hepatica

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



The movie wedding in "Once in a Lifetime." *The Bishop*, who, a few minutes before, had sent out for a racing tip-sheet, is performing the ceremony, while at the right is Hugh O'Connell, who plays *Dr. Lewis*, the vaudeville dumbbell who does everything wrong and so becomes head of the Glogauer Studios

The Stage Kids *the* Screen

THE biggest theatrical hit in New York is a satirical comedy called "Once in a Lifetime." It kids Hollywood. That's the thing to do these days—poke fun at the making of movies and the people who play in them. On stage, screen, and between book covers the jolly work goes on. "Once in a Lifetime" is one of the funniest shows ever written. It was penned by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, two writing gentlemen who have never even passed through the movie capital.

"Once in a Lifetime" tells of three small-time vaudevillians, two men and a girl, who rush to Hollywood at the dawn of the talkie era and sell a voice-culture school to one of the big studios. The school flops, but the dumbest of the trio, by an amazing run of luck and by doing everything wrong, is given complete charge of the Glogauer Studios by Mr. Glogauer, known as the man who didn't buy the Vitaphone.

It's the thing to do—kid Hollywood. Here are a few quotations from the dialogue. The play is now in book form, published by Farrar and Rinehart, to whom our thanks are due.

A chauffeur is talking to a cigarette girl, a maid, another chauffeur and a page at a Hollywood café.

A CHAUFFEUR—You girls working this week?

CIGARETTE GIRL—No, we ain't.

ANOTHER CHAUFFEUR—Universal's doing a college picture.

A BELLBOY (bounding in)—Say, I hear you boys are all set out at Universal! French revolution picture.

CHAUFFEUR—No, they changed it. It's a college picture.

BELLBOY—It's Revolution again—they just changed it back, down in the men's room.

CIGARETTE GIRL—Oh, that's good.

BELLBOY—Yeh, on account of the sound. They're going to be playing the guillotine all through! (He strums an imaginary banjo to illustrate.)

MAID—I'm out. I don't know one note from another.

An unidentified man and an anonymous girl pass through the lounge of the café.

THE MAN—What's the use of your meeting him? The part isn't your type. The girl is eighteen years old, and a virgin.

THE GIRL—Well, I look eighteen under lights, and I can talk like a virgin.

Miss Leighton, the information secretary at the Glogauer Studio, is talking to a couple of actresses who are trying to learn to talk. Their names are Phyllis and Florabel.

FLORABEL—Sixty simple supple sirens, slick and smiling, svelte and suave.

PHYLLIS—Ain't it wonderful, Miss Leighton? We can talk now!

MISS LEIGHTON—Really?

FLORABEL—Yes, and a d— sight better than most of them.

MISS LEIGHTON—I think your progression has been marvelous. I can't see why they keep bringing people from New York.

FLORABEL—Yeh, people from the legitimate stage, whatever that is.

PHYLLIS—Yes, we've been wondering about that! What the h— IS the legitimate stage, anyway?

MISS LEIGHTON—It's what Al Jolson used to be on before he got famous in pictures. He worked for some real estate people—the Shuberts.

FLORABEL—Know what someone told me at a party the other day? They said John Barrymore used to be on the legitimate stage!

PHYLLIS—I heard the same thing, and I don't believe it.

MISS LEIGHTON—My, you'd never know it from his acting, would you!

FLORABEL—And that ain't all. I heard that since he's made good some sister of his is trying to get out here.

MISS LEIGHTON—Yes, Elsie Barrymore. It must have been kind of interesting, the legitimate stage. My grandfather used to go to it. He was in the Civil War, too.

PHYLLIS—The Civil War. Did D. W. Griffith make that?

Well, that will give you a rough idea. It's a great show—don't miss it if you come to New York. It kids Hollywood—and that's fashionable. But Hollywood doesn't care—it goes right on making entertainment for millions of people who don't care a hoot what brilliant young men like Messrs. Hart and Kaufman think or write.

German beauty experts advise olive and palm oils to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Carsten—and others equally renowned—join vast group of more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over in urging daily use of Palmolive.

Carsten says: *"I recommend all my clients to use Palmolive Soap at least twice a day, massaging its wonderful lather gently into the skin for a couple of minutes."*



LEO CARSTEN, who runs the Berlin beauty shop on the Kurfürstendamm is quite the smartest salon in Middle Europe.



Beauty belongs not to one race, nor to one country. And is it not remarkable that the lovely women of almost every civilized nation find this one method of skin care best?



TEJERO of Barcelona helps the olive-skinned Spanish beauties to keep complexions lovely by advising Palmolive Soap.



HOARE of London, who served women of the world's diplomatic circles during the naval conference.

TODAY, despite differences in type, lovely women all over the world are acquiring "that schoolgirl complexion." The fresh colorful English skin; the lustrous pallor of the Parisienne; the rich, olive-tinted Spanish and Italian complexion . . . each one retains its characteristic beauty through a simple formula recommended by more than 20,000 beauty specialists.

In 16 countries, 1691 cities

"Wash the face with a pure soap—a vegetable oil soap—and water," they'll say, "but not any soap will do. It must be Palmolive!"

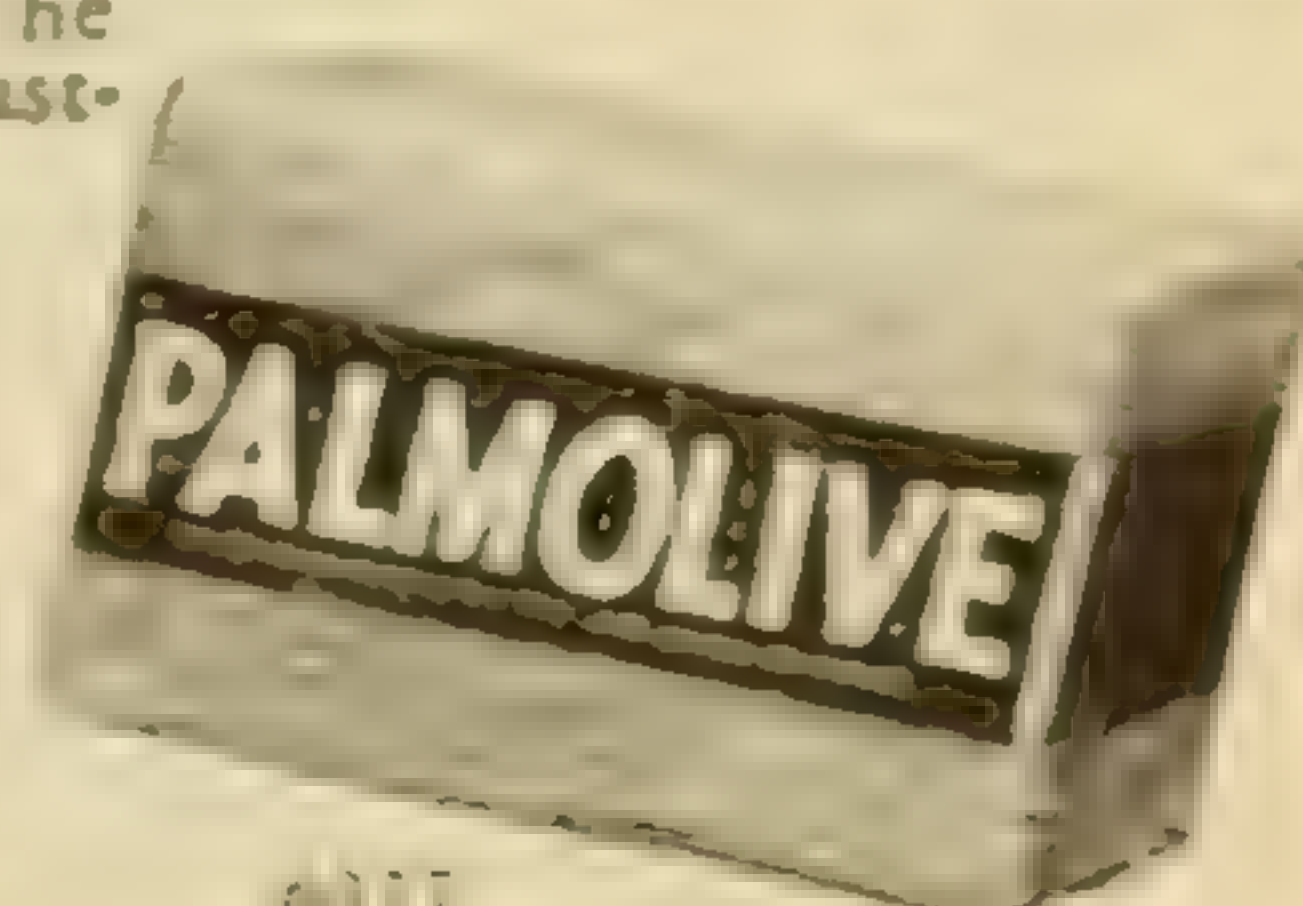
If you should question this statement, you'd learn some interesting facts about the cosmetic value of olive and palm oils. Those are the vegetable oils of which Palmolive is made, you know. They cleanse without irritation. They are mild, gentle, easy on the texture of the skin. Specialists have

made many tests with Palmolive and they are universally enthusiastic.

An easy method, too

You massage Palmolive lather into the face and throat until the impurities are freed from the pores. Then you rinse it off with warm water; after that with cold. And—if you like—an ice massage as an astringent. That's what you are advised to do morning and evening by more than 20,000 of the world's best known beauty specialists. They, don't forget, are professionals. Their recommendation deserves your attention. Buy a cake of Palmolive and try the facial treatment tonight. You'll find it the easiest way to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

THE NEW STYLES

ARE A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN BEAUTY



THE NEW STYLES
as worn by
LAURA LA PLANTE
Beautiful Screen Star

THE American girl developed today's standards of beauty: the rounded slimness of glowing health. And the new styles—from trim, revealing sports togs to clinging evening gowns—are a tribute to that beauty!

Yet even the most active girl of today must count calories at times to keep the slenderness so necessary to look well.

But unwise dieting may do far more harm than good. Diets which lack roughage (and most reducing diets do) frequently cause improper elimination. Poisons accumulate in the system—causing pimples, wrinkles, sallow skins, headaches, dizziness and even serious illness.

THIS DANGER may be avoided by simply including Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in an adequate reducing diet. ALL-BRAN isn't fattening. It provides the roughage your system must have to keep clean, regular and healthy. It also adds iron, which brings color to the cheeks and helps prevent dietary anemia.

Try this pleasant ready-to-eat cereal instead of dangerous pills and drugs. You'll enjoy the many ways you can serve it: as a cereal, sprinkled over salads, cooked into muffins and breads.

Ask for Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations every Sunday evening.



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"KEEP HEALTHY WHILE YOU ARE DIETING TO REDUCE."

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. A-1, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name _____

Address _____

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free.



Put a mischievous Mexican minx in a Russian rôle and this is the result! Besides those sombre eyes, Lupe Velez has acquired a taste for tea brewed in a samovar in true Russian fashion

YOU have all heard stories of actors who live their parts so completely that they can't step out of character even when they are away from the theater—of the screen actor who played *Lincoln* with such sincerity that he continued to wear the famous stovepipe hat and little shawl, and to affect the Lincoln mannerisms long after the picture had been completed.

Something of that sort happened to Lupe Velez as a result of her work in the new Universal talking picture version of Count Tolstoi's "Resurrection," in which she plays the rôle of *Katusha Maslova*.

In the matter of food, at least, the Mexican Lupe went distinctly Russian. Not only did she learn to like Russian dishes, but she managed to get hold of some of the best recipes.

The members of the "Resurrection" cast and staff were discussing good food one day during a rest on the set. The production's technical director, a Russian by birth, offered to introduce Lupe to real Russian food, and invited her to dine at the Russian-American Club in Hollywood.

Lupe found *borscht* (Russian soup) and *shashlik* (Russian barbecued lamb) quite as palatable as the more familiar *enchiladas* and *tamales* and she persuaded the chef to share the secrets of these dishes with her. That he did is a real tribute to Lupe, chefs usually being as close-mouthed about their culinary methods as a Hollywood director with a new story idea.

This is the soup recipe:

Green Borscht

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| 6 lbs. shin beef | 2 allspice berries |
| 3 qts. water | 2 celery stalks |
| 1 cup carrot cubes | 1 sprig parsley |
| 1½ sliced onion | 1 tablespoon salt |
| 6 cloves | 10 pepper corns |
| 3 tablespoons raw grated carrot | |

Fry the vegetables in butter (except the grated carrot) for five minutes before placing in soup water. Boil all together for two hours. Then add a can of spinach and a tea cup of rice, letting spinach and rice boil in broth for another hour.

Before serving, add a tablespoon of lemon juice and several hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters.

Russian Recipes

via Mexico

Russian Salad

Cube 1 cup of cold, cooked carrots and 1 cup of cold, cooked potatoes, and add to 1 cup of cold, cooked peas and 1 cup of cold, cooked string beans.

Marinate in oil and vinegar, seasoning to taste. Arrange on lettuce leaves in four sections. Garnish two with pieces of smoked salmon; one with chopped white of hard-boiled eggs; and the fourth with yolks of hard-boiled eggs forced through a strainer. Put sprigs of parsley in lines dividing sections.

For dressing, use 6 tablespoons sour cream, juice of 1 lemon, 1 level teaspoon of salt and 1 level teaspoon of sugar. Stir thoroughly, chill, and pour over salad before serving.

Russian Hamburg Steak

Mix 1½ lbs. raw chopped meat with ¼ lb. butter or butter substitute. Add pepper and salt to taste, working it together with a wooden spoon.

Flour a board and turn chopped meat on it. Divide into eight parts. Roll with a little flour into balls. Flatten into cakes. Beat 1 egg, add to it a teaspoon of olive oil, and blend well together. Dip meat balls into this mixture, and then into fine bread crumbs.

Put in frying pan with two ounces of fat or olive oil. Cook three minutes. Turn and fry three minutes longer. Place on dish garnished with parsley and water cress, and pour the following cream sauce over the cooked meat balls.

Meat Sauce

Melt 3 tablespoons of butter in pan with 2 of flour. When blended, add 1 cup of white stock or, if preferred, 1 cup thick cream; ¼ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon grated horseradish and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Apple Soufflé, Russian Style

Bake 6 large green apples. Stir them through a sieve and mix with 3 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Half an hour before serving, stir ten whites of eggs into a foam, adding 3 tablespoons sugar. Mix the apples and whites of eggs together thoroughly. Place mixture on a porcelain platter and bake in oven for fifteen minutes.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.



The Fans Are Interested in
Fred

Questions & Answers



They Want to Know All
About Dot

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

FREDRIC MARCH, the favorite hero of the month, is a native of Racine, Wis., born August 31, 1898. He stands 6 feet tall, weighs 170 and has brown hair and eyes. Appeared in many stage plays, among them "Tarnish" and "The Royal Family." Fred made his movie debut in 1928. He is married to Florence Eldridge, stage and screen actress. His latest picture is "The Royal Family," with Ina Claire and Mary Brian. His next will be "Strictly Business," with Claudette Colbert.

DOROTHY MACKAILL holds the spotlight among the feminine stars this month. Dot hails from Hull, England, where she was born March 4, 1904. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 112, and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Appeared on the stage in London and was with the Ziegfeld Follies before entering pictures in 1921. Divorced from Director Lothar Mendes. Her splendid performance in "The Office Wife" won her a new five-year contract.

PAUL LUKAS is gaining a large fan following by his fine work in the talkies. He won the public's heart in "Anybody's Woman." He was born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26, 1896. Is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 182, has dark brown hair and gray eyes, and is married. His latest picture is "The Right to Love."

CHARLES ROGERS, John Boles, Robert Montgomery and Richard Barthelmess all use their own monickers in pictures. Nick Stuart's real tag is Nicholas Prata.

ESTHER RALSTON was the beautiful girl who played opposite Charles Farrell in "Old Ironsides." After touring in vaudeville for several months, Esther returned to the talkies in "The Southerner" opposite Lawrence Tibbett.

MAURICE CHEVALIER and Warner Baxter are each just 5 feet, 11 inches in height; Antonio Moreno is one inch shorter.

KENNETH MACKENNA was born August 19, 1899. In his hometown, Canterbury, N. H., he is known as Leo Mielziner, Jr. Ken is 5 feet, 11; weighs 170 and has brown hair and blue eyes. For ten years he was leading man in many stage productions. After appearing in several silent pictures in 1924, he returned to the stage. The talkies brought him back to the screen in 1929. His latest release is "Sin Takes a Holiday."

STANLEY SMITH, who is getting ahead rapidly in pictures, claims Kansas City, Mo., as his hometown and January 6, 1907, as his birthdate. He is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 160, and has blond hair and blue eyes. His latest picture is "Follow the Leader," from the stage play "Manhattan Mary."

NORMA TALMADGE, Lew Cody and Jack Mulhall played in the silent version of "Within the Law." Joan Crawford, Kent Douglass and Robert Armstrong are appearing in the talkie version.

WANDA HAWLEY, who hasn't been in pictures for some time, is married to Stuart Wilkinson. Her first husband was J. Burton Hawley.

SHARON LYNN was Janet Gaynor's rival in "Sunny Side Up." Sharon sang "Turn on the Heat" in that picture.

JOAN BENNETT made her stage debut as the ingénue in "Jarnegan," the play in which her father starred. From there she stepped into the movies as leading lady opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." Joan was born in Palisades, N. J., about 19 years ago. She is divorced from John M. Fox and has one small daughter. Her mother, Adrienne Morrison, is a well-known stage actress.

CHESTER MORRIS' latest picture is "The Bat Whispers." He has one son, Brooks, who is about 2 years old and a daughter, Cynthia, who was born October 16, 1930.

LUPE VELEZ was born in San Luis Potosi, a suburb of Mexico City, on July 18, 1909. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 112, and has black hair and dark brown eyes. Lupe recently completed the talkie version of "Resurrection" which Dolores Del Rio made for the silent screen.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 125, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has a daughter, born October 13, 1930. She has been christened Martha Bryan Montgomery.

DOROTHY JORDAN was born in Clarksville, Tenn., August 9, 1910. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 100 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Attended Southwestern University for one year before making her debut on the stage in musical comedy. She entered pictures in January, 1929. Her latest release is "Min and Bill," with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in the name rôles.

JANET GAYNOR and Lydell Peck were married one year last September 11th.

MONROE OWSLEY played the part of Ann Harding's brother in "Holiday." His next picture will be "Strictly Business."

WILLIAM POWELL is 38 years old and is 6 feet in altitude. He has dark brown hair and gray eyes. Bill is divorced from Eileen Wilson and has one young son. His latest picture is "Ladies' Man."

RALF HAROLDE, the screen's slick villain, answers to the family tag of Wigger. He is a native of Pittsburgh, Penna., born, May 17, 1899. Is 5 feet, 10; weighs 148, and has dark brown hair and eyes. Married for four years to a non-professional. Ralf spent 12 years on the stage before he entered the movies. His most recent picture is "Check and Double Check" with Amos 'n' Andy.

CLARA BOW's latest picture is "No Limit." Norman Foster is her leading man. Dixie Lee, Stuart Erwin and Harry Green are in the cast.

LESLIE FENTON, after deserting pictures for a hike through Europe, is back on the job again. He is appearing in "The Man Who Came Back."

BARBARA KENT, Harold Lloyd's leading lady in "Feet First," just reaches 4 feet, 11; and weighs 103; Ann Harding follows with 5 feet, 2; and 106 pounds; then Nancy Carroll, 5 feet, 4; 118 pounds; Mary Astor, 5 feet, 5; 120 pounds; Alice Joyce and Hedda Hopper, each 5 feet, 7 inches, weigh 120 and 135 pounds, respectively.

GLORIA SWANSON did her own singing in "The Trespasser" and "What a Widow!" She was recently divorced from the Marquis.

LILLIAN ROTH sang "Sing You Sinners" in "Honey." Other melodies were "In My Little Hope Chest," "I Don't Need Atmosphere" and "Let's Be Domestic."

What lies beyond these lips . . . and yours?



Answer: millions of GERMS that threaten *colds . . . coughs . . . sore throat*

Perhaps you do not realize that in your mouth—indeed in most normal mouths—live millions of germs. Swiftly multiplying, they strive ever to cause disease.

Among them are the *Bacillus Influenzae* (influenza), *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus), *Micrococcus Catarrhalis* (catarrh), and the *Streptococcus Hemolyticus*, germs associated with the common cold.

When body resistance is lowered by wet feet, fatigue, improper diet, or exposure to draughts and sudden changes of temperature, these germs frequently get the upper hand. The common cold, or sore throat, which is a frequent symptom of a cold, follows.

Surely you can appreciate the advantage of using full strength Listerine every night and morning. Listerine, as you know, while

delightful and safe to use, is so powerful that it kills germs in 15 seconds (fastest killing time science has accurately recorded!).*

Under normal conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with it is deemed sufficient to keep germs under control. When, however, your throat is irritated, or you feel a cold coming on, it is wise to increase the frequency of the gargle to once every two hours.

Listerine used as a gargle actually reduces the germ count in mouth surfaces 98%. But, to maintain this reduction in times of illness, frequent gargling is absolutely necessary.

Always keep Listerine handy in home



**Gargle Listerine
Every 2 Hours**

and office, and in your handbag when you travel. At the first symptoms of trouble, gargle with it full strength in order that you may get its full germ-killing effect.

Remember that Listerine is non-poisonous and really pleasant to use. It keeps the oral tract sweet, clean, and healthy. Moreover, it instantly cuts halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgettable social fault.

Listerine Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Listerine is an ideal antiseptic because it is non-poisonous, healing to tissue, but fatal to germs. Even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) germs, used to test the power of antiseptics, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

LISTERINE kills germs in 15 seconds

REDUCES MOUTH
BACTERIA 98%

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



P & A

Her first line was, "The wind is blowing through the trees."

She read it with great gusto, giving a significant accent to each and every word, making the sentence rise and fall in a lilting manner.

The director stopped her. "That is not a very important line," he said. "I want you to read it simply and naturally. Say the line exactly as you would say it to me."

She turned upon him.

"But, Mr. Director," she pleaded, "I'm going to put everything I've got into that line. I've spent several thousands of dollars on elocution lessons and I'm going to get my money's worth."

THE only song all those vaudeville singers who signed picture contracts know is "Home, Sweet Home."

Fox has just bought up Frankie ("Walking With Susie") Richardson's contract with a \$10,000 bank note. Frankie will sing in vaudeville.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Recognize the tired poloist on the left? It's old Will Rogers, with Will, Jr., beside him. Son's team beat Dad's, eight goals to six, with young Will scoring four goals to Pop's one. Anyway, some family!

SWELL, isn't it, to be able to take your best friend right into your family . . . like Bebe Daniels did with Marie Mosquini?

Marie, you know, just announced her betrothal to Dr. Lee DeForest, who invents sound apparatus and other scientific gadgets and hootanannies.

Well, the doctor is Bebe's uncle.

And Marie has for years been one of Bebe's best friends.

So Bebe introduced them and let nature take its course.

WITH all the Juniors following papa's footsteps in pictures—young Doug Fairbanks, and young Wally Beery, and young Francis X. Bushman, and all the others—it's interesting to record the feminine side of the picture.

Ruth Mix, daughter of Tom Mix, has just signed to be leading lady in a new series of Western thrillers, to be made at Universal.

THE new baby girl at the Florence Vidor-Jascha Heifetz Park Avenue apartment has a name.

It's Josepha—named, of course, for its fiddling papa.

Heifetz, by the way, got a great telegram from a friend when the baby was born.

"If the girl has your good looks and Florence's musical ability," said the wire, "she'll be a great child."

HERE'S one of the best Hollywood stories of the month.

One of our younger and sweeter stars of silent pictures was having a test made for an important talkie rôle.

Ever see a prettier pair of film titles than these? For that's what they are. Hal Roach decided the printed titles on his comedies were dull. So he hired the pretty Grace twins to speak them out



Everyone's waiting *for a* New Serial *by*
SINCLAIR LEWIS

Whose Novels won Him *the*
 Nobel Prize *in* Literature

Here it is—*in*
Cosmopolitan

Sinclair Lewis, first American to win the Nobel Prize in Literature, has just written a light-hearted novel that ranges from Hollywood to Europe. You will find it where most good stories first appear, in *Cosmopolitan*.

The hero of this delightful serial is a famous boy star. Taken to Europe, the idolized but lonely boy falls in with a boy king as lonely as he is, and the two start together on a quest for the boyland they have missed. You will follow them with huge enjoyment. In this story Sinclair Lewis's satire is directed at the exploitation of boyhood.

This feature is only one of 24 contributions to *January Cosmopolitan*—by Booth Tarkington, George Weston, Peter B. Kyne, Rupert Hughes, Irvin S. Cobb, John Held, Jr., and others as brilliant. You get them all for 25 cents.

January
Hearst's International
Cosmopolitan

Now on Sale

SINCLAIR LEWIS, whose stories appear regularly in *Cosmopolitan*

A Class Magazine with more than 1,700,000 Circulation

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



MARCELINE DAY'S new boy friend is Arthur Klein, Hollywood's most popular furrier. If Marceline decides to follow sister Alice's footsteps altarwards at least she'll be assured of a different ermine coat for every occasion.

MRS. JACK DEMPSEY doesn't know what she can do about it, but it's a fact that a new cleaning-and-pressing establishment in Hollywood calls itself the "Estelle Tailor."

WHEN are custard pies not custard pies? The answer is: When they're the kind that actors throw into other actors' faces in the movies.

For the enlightenment of the palpitating fan public Cal presents this data:

For custard pies, the movies use a "prop" pie, consisting of a thin crust, lining a paper pie plate, the bottom of which has been cut out. The pie is filled with a goo of flour and

water. If it's a chocolate pie, the flour-water mess is colored.

For chocolate éclairs and cream puffs, a real éclair or puff crust is used, filled with the flour-water mixture again.

For meringue, they use marshmallow whip.

Originally, to make it not so tough for the recipients of the pies, the movies tried whipped cream. But the cream didn't stick to the face so well, so they switched to the flour-and-water idea, which is very much like paperhanger's paste.

It does stick.

And Oscar, when you see a screen character gulp down a lusty drink of whiskey, don't lick your chops. It's nothing but water, colored with caramel.

WHAM, goes another name!

It seems M-G-M signed a young fellow named Douglas Montgomery, who had been making a name for himself on the stage.

But M-G-M already has Robert Montgomery, who HAS MADE a name for himself on the films.

Two Montgomerys would be too much.

So henceforth, Douglas Montgomery will be Kent Douglass.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN was talking the other day about the art of being natural. When Dot first came to Hollywood they wanted her to change her name because, they

What Ruth Chatterton wears when she's dressed up for "The Right to Love." Charm's the keynote of this very simple white chiffon gown, unadorned save for the circular flounces that spiral on the skirt

said, it was too long to be put in electric lights.

"Well," said Dorothy, "I've seen Pauline Frederick's name in lights and Richard Barthelmess has been on a couple of the best marquees. So we'll just let the old name stand as is."

HOW'S this for a typical Hollywood story? William Orlamond is a character actor who has a good baritone voice, plays the violin and speaks five languages.

He has a big part in Mary Pickford's "Kiki." He plays the stage door man and his rôle consists of his sitting in a chair chewing tobacco!

GRETA GARBO seen on the M-G-M lot wearing a pair of dark blue sailor trousers, a little blue jacket and a white sailor hat.

AND this is what makes nervous wrecks of everybody in pictures. Mary Doran begged the company to make up some lost time on "Remote Control" so that she could be in New York at a certain date.

They did. Everybody pitched in and worked from very early Sunday morning until after midnight, but when the film was developed it was blank. There was a sticking shutter in a new camera and every scene had to be done over again.

THE most enthusiastic picture fanatic in the world is probably the one which June Collyer has.

He's an old man in New York who had a theater eighteen years ago and now imagines that he has eighteen theaters.

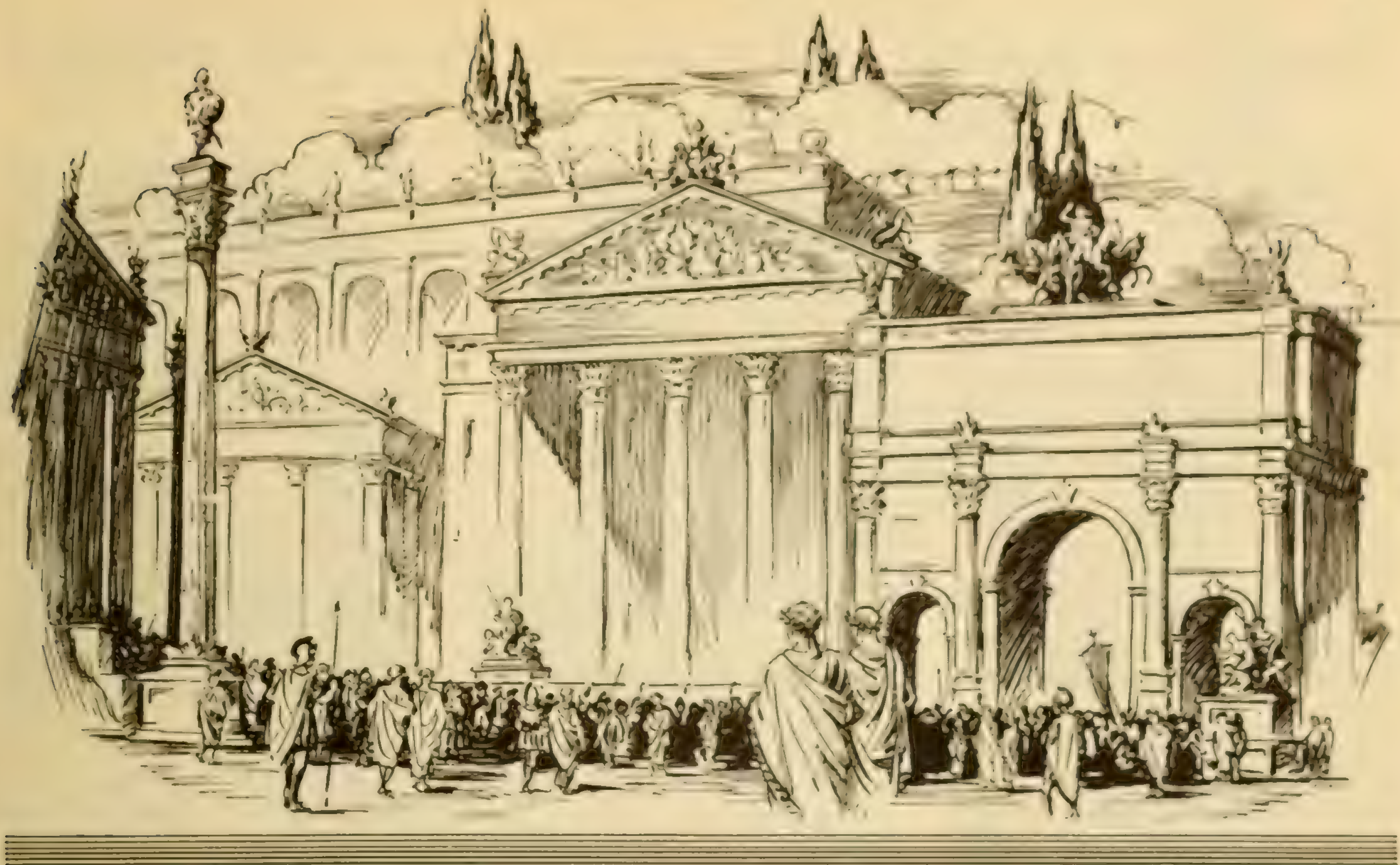
He writes letters to executives of every leading studio of Hollywood asking them to use Miss Collyer in motion pictures. He writes that he had a contest in his theaters and Miss

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



International

The inmates of what Eddie calls "The Cantor Home for Girls." Eddie Cantor, the missus and their five daughters on the lawn of their Beverly Hills home. Left to right, Marilyn, Edna, Eddie, Natalie, Janet, Mrs. Cantor and Marjorie. The big and happy family have become California fans. And now Eddie wants a boy!



WHEN CAESAR WAS A BOY

THE Forum was the common market-place for all of ancient Rome. Today a few crumbling columns stand as mute reminders of its former grandeur.

In our present-day complex civilization, market-places have become scattered. It is no longer possible to visit them all in a morning—or even in a day.

Advertising, instead, has become the convenient Forum of modern buyers and sellers. If you are considering the purchase of a new car, you scrutinize the automobile advertising. Or if it's a purse, silverware, or an electric clock that you want, you turn again to the advertising. Here is the national market-place for merchandise.

Furthermore, as you leaf over those same pages of products, your mind is storing away for tomorrow a compact and valuable fund of information. Instinctively, you will remember those facts when you make your future purchases. Increase your store of knowledge by reading the advertisements regularly.

~ ~ ~

Advertising has become the common market-place of this twentieth century

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

Collyer won by a great majority. He has given her a title, thinking she would like one, "the sweetest girl on the screen." He attempts to plant pictures and stories about her in newspapers in New York. One paper in the East did print a picture of her and an announcement that she had won the popularity contest in the theaters which never existed.

RICHARD ARLEN is nothing if not a grand hubby. Jobyna Ralston was laid up for two weeks with illness, and what does Dick do?—he ups and contracts influenza so he's laid up at the same time.

That's being a pal, that is!

ANNA Q. NILSSON is with the old folks at home in Sweden!

The game blonde, crippled for two years by a broken hip that just wouldn't heal, was well enough to take ship for a visit to her motherland, with the love and good wishes of Hollywood. Some fine day, we'll look for this talented, pretty and courageous girl in pictures again!

IS there no end to this boy's cleverness? Not content with being a film star, a writer, and an artist, Doug Jr. has just written some of the lyrics for the songs used in Lawrence Tibbett's "The Southerner." What's more, he gets screen credit for them.

OH girls! What DO you think? Rudy Vallée's in love! Yes, but don't begin to whimper, or daddy'll pack you right to bed without your Martini cocktails. It's his art that Rudy cares for in a great big way.

The crooner made this confession when a report hit Broadway again that he was engaged to Mary Brian. They went a few places together while Mary was in New York making "The Royal Family."



The haircut that cost \$1,500! And the only man who ever made money out of one. Fox wanted John Loder to play a German submarine officer in "The Seas Beneath." John said the trick German haircut would keep him out of work for two weeks. So Fox gave him \$1,500, John got his neck clipped, and played the big rôle!



"Mary and I are just good friends," said Mr. Vallée, simply.

So, girls, you still have your piece of mind. But you haven't Rudy!

THE ten days that Clara Bow spent making exteriors for "No Limit" were the busiest professionally but the quietest socially she's ever spent on or about the so-called Main Stem. By day she worked like a nailer under the

baton of Director Frank Tuttle. She made scenes on the Elevated, in an Automat restaurant, in and about a house on Fifth Avenue, and on Upper Broadway in front of a neighborhood movie theater.

She tied up traffic whenever she and her cameras appeared.

The funniest crowd was one of 5,000 people who gathered to gape as Clara made scenes on the Ninth Avenue Elevated platform at 104th St. Wise boys in the crowd insisted that Clara was going to do a swan dive to the street a hundred feet below—and some insisted she would wear a red silk bathing suit. That experience was too much for Clara. She fainted from excitement, push and hard work.

After hours she hid in her hotel and missed Hollywood. She didn't even see Harry Richman. And she went back to Hollywood happy as a kid and impatient for her bungalow.

WALTER HUSTON and Gilda Gray have been seen dining and dancing places together. What would Lincoln say?

THERE was another stock market crash in November, but it was just Nancy Carroll visiting the New York Stock Exchange.

The pretty little carrot-top quite upset routine business.

Trading on the floor was suspended momentarily, and bulls and bears alike gave the Bronx baby doll a great big cheer. (Not a Bronx cheer!)

In fact, Nancy was forced to a speech, and made a short one gracefully. After which both bulls and bears leaped upon the lambs with renewed courage and good cheer.

WHEN Chevalier gets back from France his next yarn will be waiting for him on the Paramount lot.

It's "A Cavalier of the Streets," written by no less a personage than the distinguished Armenian loiterer in Mayfair, Mr. Michael Arlen.

Mike, you may or may not remember, had the younger set by its pink ears with "The Green Hat" and so on just a few years ago. *Sic transit gloria mundi* and Mickey.



Little Poker-Face visits the place where people make money making many faces. In short, Helen Wills Moody, the world's greatest feminine tennis player, on a visit to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. With her is Joan Crawford, who did much to make Helen's Hollywood studio stay both pleasant and interesting

However, it looks like a fine story for Maurice, and he can't get back to punching the Paramount time clock any too soon for us.

EARL CARROLL, the revue producer, is trying to sign up Greta Garbo for one of his big girl-operas. No dice, says Garbo. Fat chance, Earl!

THE announcer gets out his megaphone, expands his barrel chest, and yells "Vic McLaglen battling for Gary Cooper!"

The Strong Boy of Fox has been hustled into the rôle opposite Marlene Dietrich in her second American picture, "Dishonored," to be directed by Joseph Von Sternberg. Cooper was still busy in "Fighting Caravans," so Big Vic got the nod.

He should do well, playing the Russian spy doing his snooping in the Austrian army. Dietrich, Paramount's hot potato, is another spy. The picture seems to be a game of Hi-spy!

HERE'S the latest stage-door news of film folks:

Colleen Moore's first stage play, "On the Loose," closed after a few weeks on the road, before it ever saw the light of Broadway. Colleen was said to be miscast in it. Too bad, but there are other rôles, and we hope the next one is heaped with butter and jam for the little Colleen.

Basil Rathbone, of the stage, who has recently supported such popular actresses as Chatterton and Shearer in pictures, and Montague Love, are playing in "A Kiss Is Important," which will probably be taken to Broadway later in the season.

"With Privileges," starring Alma Rubens, closed after a brief run. 'Twas said to be due to the star's temperamental disposition, and a little matter of additional salary.

Olga Baclanova, former star of the Moscow Art Theater, who has been playing in vaudeville recently, is planning to crash Broadway shortly to be starred in a play as yet unnamed.

NORMA SHEARER—star, young mother and new Academy prize-winner—will be back at work when you read this.

Her first picture since the birth of Irving Thalberg, Jr., will be "Strangers May Kiss." Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee," wrote it.

AS this is written, exotic, vampish, black-haired Rita La Roy and exotic, vampish, blonde-haired Natalie Moorhead aren't exactly speaking. It seems Natalie replaced Rita in the cast of "Hook, Line and Sinkers," the new comedy opus for Wheeler-and-Woolsey at Radio Pictures, a few days after shooting began.

"Why?" people asked.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

January Birthdays

January 1—Charles Bickford, William Haines
January 3—Eddie Gribbon, Marion Davies
January 6—Tom Mix, Loretta Young
January 8—Alexander Gray
January 9—Vilma Banky
January 10—Pauline Starke
January 11—Monte Blue, Chester Conklin
January 13—Kay Francis
January 14—Bebe Daniels
January 15—Charles King
January 16—Harry Carey
January 17—Nils Asther, Noah Beery, Patsy Ruth Miller, Grant Withers
January 18—Oliver Hardy
January 19—Virginia Valli
January 23—Sally Starr
January 28—Ernst Lubitsch

Now! Lovely Lips for 8 Hours!

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."



You apply when you go out

Eight hours later—lovely lips!

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. *An utterly new kind of lipstick.*

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuse and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . .



actually seems to last indefinitely.

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quicken loveliness—trust the French for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

The NEW Kissproof INDELIBLE Lipstick

(Left) Lipstick—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. (Right) Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.

Newest Parisian Shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

Subscribe for PHOTOPLAY

RATES

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order.

USE THIS COUPON

CAUTION: Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. 1-P, 919 No. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$2.50 (Canada \$3.00 Foreign \$3.50) for which kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for one year, effective with next issue.

Sent by _____

Name & Address _____

City _____

ART COMMERCIAL ART

time for a career in Art—a fascinating, lucrative profession open to both men and women. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students
Meyer Both Co., Dept. 31, 20th & Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

Taught by Meyer Both an internationally known art organization with 8,000 advertisers as active clients. This training—based on 30 years' resultful experience—transforms indefinite theory into definite fact. Prepare in spare



Moles

How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

"She was stealing the picture," say Rita's friends.

"She wasn't the type," say Wheeler-and-Woolsey, laconically.

Nice, chummy business, this movie racket!

CCHESTER "KING LEER" MORRIS is a daddy.

The newcomer's name is Cynthia. Mamma and daughter did well, and father just dandy.

SEEMS as if the Haines family has given up Virginia for Hollywood. Billy's sister, Ann, has taken a job at Howard Greer's shop. She is acting as hostess. She ushers the customers in and bids the mannequins show their niftiest costumes.

HERE'S a nice little lesson in loyalty.

Al Jolson owns two race horses, Concord and Kildaire. At the Jamaica races he figured that Concord didn't have a chance. So he bet on another horse. Concord was sore and, just to get even, won the race.

LEATRICE JOY isn't content with being an ornament to stage and screen and being the mamma of Leatrice, Jr. Oh, no! Not Lea!

Now she's bought a ten-acre fruit ranch near Van Nuys, Calif., and is building a colonial home on the property to which she can retreat when the world gets a bit thickish.

Want any dudes on your ranch, Lea, so you can have a dude ranch? I'll put on my new salt and pepper suit and be right over.

JOAN and Young Doug are giving up their home, "El Jodo," and although Joan is interested in the new prospects she is sad to leave since there is sentiment attached to every nail and board in that house.

It is a Spanish house, you know, but slowly they've been refurnishing it in English style. They've just made a trade for another location and will build an English type house on it.

In the meantime, they'll live in an apartment.

FRANCES DEE was so well-liked by her Paramount bosses in the Chevalier picture, "Playboy of Paris," that they handed her a new contract.

And what do we say? Oh, the obvious thing! DEE-lighted!

REX "Black Eye" Lease is rivaling Clara Bow for breaking into the newspapers.

His fiancée, Betty Pierce, the girl who came to his defense so nobly during the Vivian Duncan affair, has broken her engagement with him.

They're mumbling something about being good friends still.

The story is going the rounds that, at a recent party, Rex announced his engagement to a stage star, but it was all in fun. The girl, however, took it seriously and stoutly maintains that Rex is engaged to her.

THERE'S something odious about a comparison. At least that's what Marlene Dietrich believes. A young English newspaperman tells the story of his interview with the Dietrich. It seems that in order to begin things pleasantly, he said, "I want to tell you how popular you are in London, Miss Dietrich. Your picture has been a tremendous success there. In fact you're as well liked as—as—Greta Garbo."

BY the time you read this Jack Gilbert will be in Europe.

He and a writer pal of his, Willis Goldbeck, went together.

Ina is in New York.

The studio hasn't any stories ready for Jack so he'll frolic for four months until they find some.

Jack has been on a terrible nerve strain since the talkies. He needs a big vacation.

GASTON GLASS, at thirty-two, is getting married. The bride is Lioba Karlin, twenty-one.

They met when both were appearing in "The Great Gabbo" under Jim Cruze's direction, and Jim is staging the wedding at his Flintridge estate.

LOVE AND SUCH THINGS—

—The Mesdames Conway Tearle are suing. Mrs. Tearle No. 2—the actor's current wife—filed suit against Mrs. Tearle No. 1 (ex-wife) for \$9,659. No. 2 complains that No. 1, in suing Conway for back alimony, caused two of Present Mrs. Tearle's automobiles to be illegally seized.

—"Mickey Neilan and I are very good friends, even though we are divorced," explained Sarah Blanche Sweet Neilan, but she nevertheless wants the court to give her back her maiden name of Blanche Sweet. "It's not that I dislike the name, but it's too much trouble to sign papers with all the names," she added.

—A girl named Wilma Wyatt was married to a fellow named Bing Crosby, and it wasn't until several days later that the public learned that Wilma is really Dixie Lee, the blonde heating element of Fox films, and Bing is one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys.

—"Needles and pins; needles and pins; when a man's married, his trouble begins," says an old nursery rhyme, and Dolores Del Rio, immediately after becoming the wife of Art Director Cedric Gibbons, gets seriously ill and loses her contract with United Artists. And a little while later, Cedric's ex-wife in New York sues for \$500 back alimony. "I am very much surprised," Cedric says, when interrogated by reporters.

—"Lila Lee and John Farrow to marry," say newspaper headlines, and Hollywood checks. Lila is recovering in a desert sanitarium from a lung ailment and the doctors tell her she'll be all okay again in a few months. And sometime in 1931 she'll have her final decree from James Kirkwood. Johnny Farrow is a young Australian

writer who has been evident, successively, with Lila Lee, Dolores Del Rio, and recently Maureen O'Sullivan. Now it's back to Lila again and everybody's happy because Lila's happy. He's been visiting her in the desert.

—Stork-wings flap and a baby girl is added to the family cast of Director Henry King.



How do you like the new *Kiki*? This is the first picture of Mary Pickford as the famous gamin who was played on the stage by Lenore Ulric and in a silent picture by Norma Talmadge. Beside her is Gloria Swanson, newly divorced but (or and) smiling. This picture was taken at a recent conference of the United Artists stars

Hearing these words Marlene burst into tears and flew out of the room. Nor could she be persuaded to come back and give an interview.

Yet in spite of all this they persist in dressing her like Garbo on the screen and surrounding her with a cloud of mystery off the screen.

Talking of Talkies

"THE surest way to ruin Clara Bow as a box-office star would be to circulate the report that she spends all her spare time at Christian Endeavor meetings."—Robert E. Sherwood, film critic.

"I BELIEVE that future ages will resurrect Chaplin's tattered comedies and study them as reverently as they now study Italian primitives. He will be spoken of as people now speak of Grimaldi, only his fame will be a hundredfold greater than Grimaldi's because the film audience is universal."—Frederick Lonsdale, English playwright.

"IF any former picture star is seeking a stage career he must really earn it if he wishes to be successful and make a lasting place for himself upon the stage. But picture persons who have been stars can't realize all at once that they are not the most wonderful creatures in the world, after years of fan mail and adulation."—Agnes Ayres in *Variety*.

"THE humble opinion of a high school girl revealed in her sincere fan letter is more valuable than the criticisms of all the experts put together."—Carl Laemmle, Jr., of Universal.

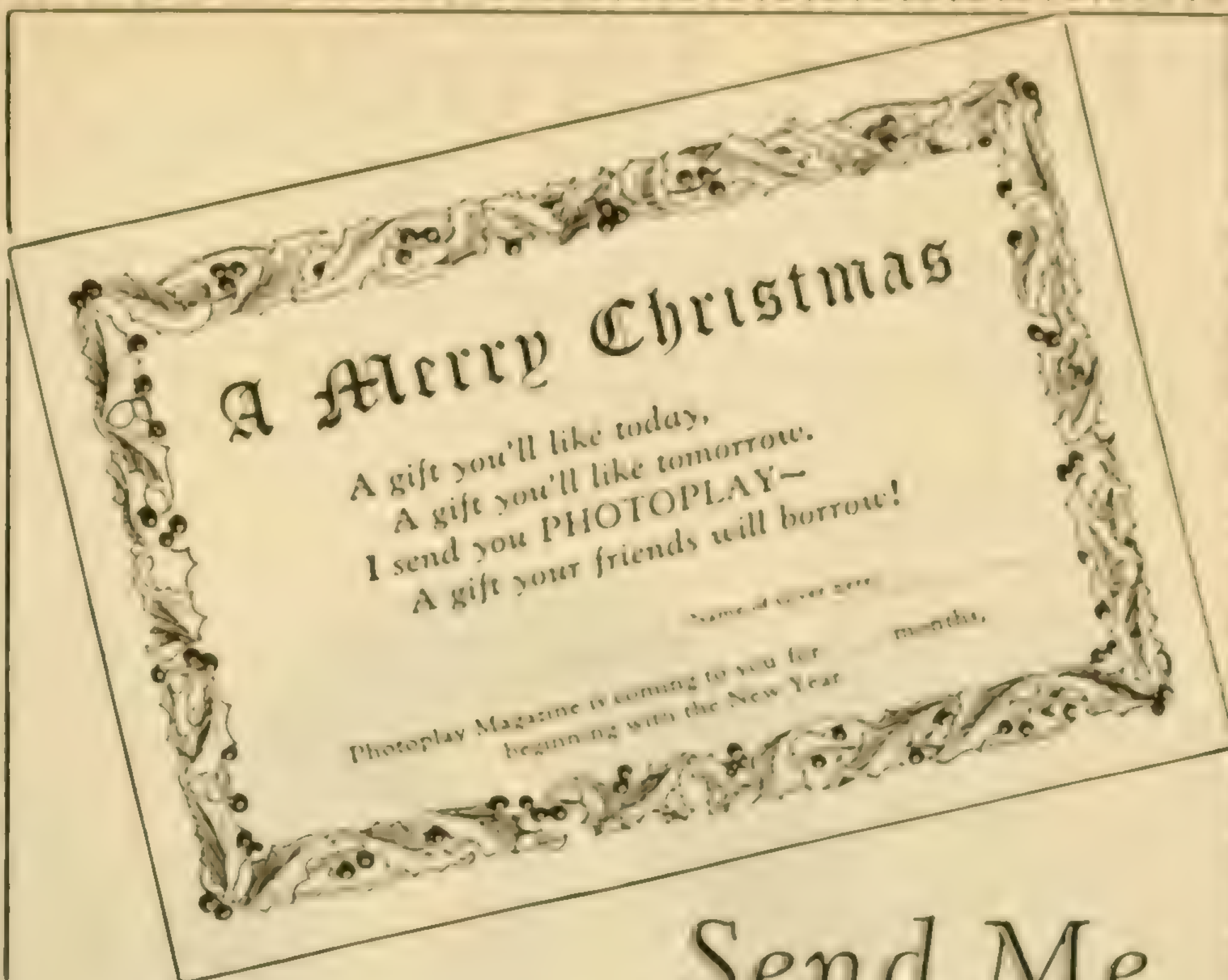
"REFORMERS, distrusting anything that people enjoy so much as they do the movies, look for something immoral in them to account for their popularity."—Rodney Steel in *Cinema*.

"THE public has a right to know what is going on inside its prisons. If 'The Big House' or any other amusement film presents the problems of the prison administrator forcefully, it contributes to better public understanding."—Warden Lawes of Sing Sing.

"ALL the advantages made possible by sound—music, dialogue, effects—will have to be more judiciously and coherently tied in with the tried and proven factors in silent picture making. Talkers do not have to talk every foot of their way merely to demonstrate that they are living up to their name."—Maurice Kann of Motion Picture News.

"I SHALL never marry. That I decided when I found how possessive women are. If a girl would be as fine a comrade in marriage as she is on the golf links or the tennis court, marriage would be a very agreeable state. But she isn't. Once she has the poor male at the altar, she believes she owns him and takes no pains to conceal from him that conviction."—Eugene O'Brien, actor.

"TALKIES have done away with too-white angels and too-black villains in our movies. No one in the world is either totally good or totally bad. However, in silent pictures, characterizations had to be 'pointed up' so they could be easily recognized. In dialogue pictures, characters can be played on a more normal basis."—Director William C. De Mille.



Send Me To Friends For Christmas

I am not just a little Christmas card, or a present that turns green with the spring. You can't lose me because on the 15th of every month I go to your friend's house and say, "Phyllis sent me here again because she wants you to remember me all through the year." I know you will like me because everybody does. I won't allow any season to snuff me out. I am Santa Claus throughout the year. You can't send a more economical or more pleasing gift. Just make out a list of your friends, attach them to this coupon, and send them in right away. You can send one or twenty. There's no limit. Get your Christmas shopping off your mind.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, this artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that Photoplay Magazine will be sent for whatever period you desire.

When you return coupon, attach a Postal or Express money order or a Check

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 No. Michigan Avenue Dept. CS-1-31 CHICAGO, ILL.

CHRISTMAS SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

Year, \$2.50. Six months, \$1.25. Canada, \$3.00 per year. Foreign Countries, \$3.50 per year.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. CS-1-31, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find \$.....for.....

Send to—Name.....

Address.....

From—Name.....

Address.....

Mitzi Goes Shopping

—and buys
these outfits for
California winter

It's our guess that lots of little girls will be begging mother for a Roman striped dress "just like Mitzi Green's." Hers is striped in red, white and green, with a wide bertha of white crepe



To snare the eye of the nice boy across the aisle, consider this swagger red utility coat with matching beret. The coat is belted and caped just like big sister's



Tailored and neat for school wear, yet feminine enough to gladden any girl's heart. White linen, patterned in shades of blue, with collar and cuffs of pleated organdie and ribbon tie

Mitzi's party dress of white crepe. The jaunty tie, straight pleated skirt, and bright squares of embroidery make this an unusually distinctive and attractive frock for any child



These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

CLAIRE LUCE ("Up the River," Fox) is one of Mr. Ziegfeld's most distinguished blonde graduates. Claire was the dazzling little girl who carried the feather fan and danced in "The Follies." Turning to drama, she scored in "Burlesque" in London. Claire is twenty-three, five feet three, and happily married to Clifford Warren Smith, a vurry rich young man.



SPENCER TRACY ("Up the River," Fox) is another stage boy who's clicked loudly in talkies. Born in Milwaukee in 1900, Spencer studied for the stage, and scored his greatest hit in "The Last Mile," the sensational prison play whose cast he left in mid-run to join up with Fox. Tracy is married to Louise Treadwell, and is the daddy of a five-year-old son.



GENEVIEVE TOBIN ("A Lady Surrenders," Universal) has been for some years a well known leading woman in the theater, her career dating back to "Little Old New York." Her sister is Vivian Tobin, an actress of equal rank and note. Genevieve is small and blonde. Her last New York stage appearance was a trip into musical comedy in "Fifty Million Frenchmen."



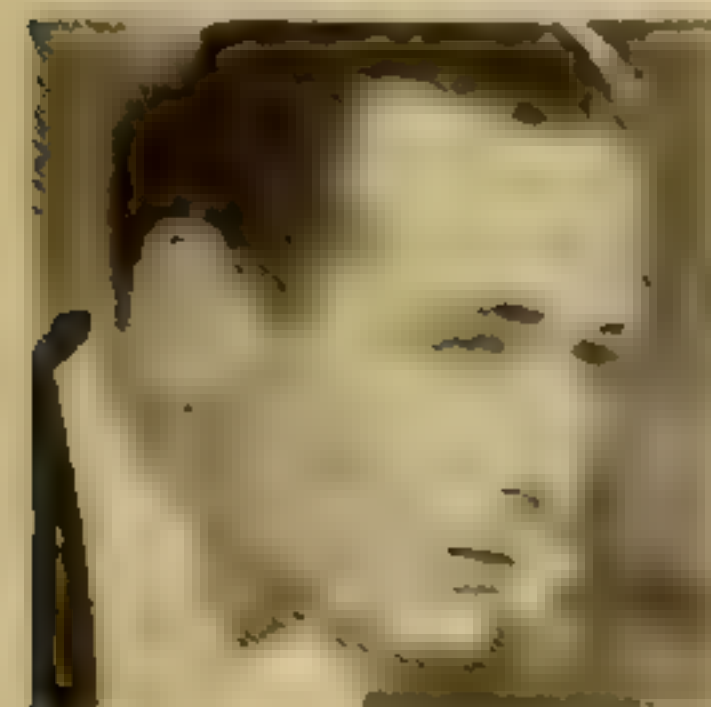
HUMPHREY BOGART ("Up the River," Fox) is a New York boy who has been a stage juvenile for several years, playing in scads of shows—many hits, such as "Meet the Wife," "Saturday's Children," and "It's a Wise Child." He's thirty years old. Bogart was once the husband of Helen Menken. He's now married to Mary Phillips, also a well known actress.



DOROTHY CHRISTY ("Playboy of Paris," Paramount) is another glorified Ziegfeld graduate, and has appeared in other musical shows. She was born in Reading, Penna., and educated there and at finishing schools. Dorothy is tall and blonde. Fox signed her for a rôle in "So This Is London," after seeing her in support of Marjorie Rambeau in Los Angeles.



MONROE OWSLEY ("Holiday," Pathe) is a Georgia boy who started in the newspaper business. After a year on the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* he went on the stage, and played in stock. He made his Broadway début in "Young Blood," and later played the rôle in "Holiday" that he was soon to do on the screen. Since then he's done three more talkies.



GENEVA MITCHELL ("Her Wedding Night," Paramount) is still another who began as a chorister in Ziegfeld's girl opera. Later she became a specialty dancer, and still later was Leon Errol's leading woman in "Louie the Fourteenth" on tour. She made her picture début with Charles Rogers in "Safety in Numbers"—playing one of the numbers.



JAMES CAGNEY ("The Doorway to Hell," Warners) is another New York stage product who shows definite talent in talkies. When Cagney finished at Columbia University he went into the theater, appearing in musical comedy and later "Outside Looking In," "Women Go On Forever," and "Maggie the Magnificent." Whereupon Warners took him for pictures.



*Guard
the beauty*

OF YOUR

hands



USE THIS

clear modern lotion

DRIES QUICKLY

...IS NOT STICKY OR GREASY

It's so easy to keep your hands and skin soft, white and smooth, free from roughness and the tell-tale signs of housework and office tasks with Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. This sparkling liquid requires no bothersome massage but penetrates quickly and dries almost instantly, protecting the pores like an "invisible glove." You'll like Chamberlain's because it is not at all sticky, greasy or gummy. And it has a delightful orange blossom fragrance. To reveal and preserve the beauty of your hands and skin, use but a few drops, regularly. It's a splendid powder base, 50c and \$1 at drug and department stores.

Or, send four cents in stamps to cover mailing costs and we'll gladly send our purse size (a week's supply) FREE. Address Department 51, Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa.

**Chamberlain's
HAND LOTION**
"The Invisible Glove"



Chatterton and Barrymore Lead the Screen in 1930

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

standingly good and there is no tried and true trouser in Hollywood who is in more constant demand.

Some of these two-best boys are hundred per centers, notably Messrs. Arliss, Gilbert, Colman and Sills. Gilbert, after a bad start in 1929, came back with two good shows in the fussed-over "Redemption" and "Way for a Sailor." It seems certain that Jack has been consistently underrated as an actor. In the silent days his activities as a screen lover stole the show from his actual trouping ability, and during his sad talkie debut the deficiencies of his speaking voice were tragically overestimated.

THIS two-bests list gives one of the keys to why the men have stolen the 1930 show from their sisters under the grease-paint.

It is probable that in the history of pictures no year was ever so productive of able male recruits—most of them, of course, from the training ground of the theater.

Montgomery, Morris, March, Bickford—probably the four fastest comers. In Chevalier we gained a new demi-god.

Colman, under the microphone, has hit a new record high.

Young Ayres arrived, via a jazz band, as an exceptionally appealing juvenile.

Show me the woman who doesn't want to mother the boy!

Add to this influx the fact that the great majority of the year's best stories were aimed dead at the trousered sex and you have the answer to the male domination of the year's record.

Gangster, war and prison pieces were decidedly "in" all year, and the rebirth of Westerns with sound wave gave the noble cowboys and the gay caballeros a shot. Air pictures were good, too.

AND it seems to me to be an irrefutable fact that the raging microphone is much easier on the voices of men than on the shriller, reedier notes of the sisters.

Which is, of course, a matter for report by the sound engineers.

We must consider, too, that the talkies knocked off many of the goddesses of the silent days who were without sound voice training and practice in general stage deportment. When the screen let out a howl it was fatal to many synthetic stars, beauty contest winners, mere pretty girls at a dime a dozen and all those ladies whose screen pre-eminence rested on nothing more substantial than some training in the elements of pantomime.

Fate so willed that most of the male actors of the old era had some grounding in the art of the stage, while a far smaller percentage of the frail sex were so fitted as to withstand the shock of the new deal. Many a lady got by on glamour, while the gentlemen, alas, were forced to know something about the business of acting.

Thus, when the cyclone struck, they lived. The pretty faces, many of them, were blown into oblivion and points South.

In mulling over the 176 best performances listed in PHOTOPLAY, I find that no less than eighty-seven—or one less than half the total—were given by men and women who have come to pictures since the dawn of talkies—namely, and roughly speaking, the year 1927!

Thus, in three years, the cohorts of the stage have drawn equal, in performance of their duty, to the hosts of the elder screen, which has been coaching and projecting its people for twenty years.

IN short, it is now practically an even break between the newcomers and the old guard, which never surrenders.

This is another way of saying that Hollywood's needed, great—and often tragic—weeding out process has been completed. The sheep have now been separated from the goats. The screen's talents have been weighed and assayed, and the unfit have been forced into retirement or to other fields of endeavor. It had to be so—and it was!

And it must be added that in these three years the fears, dislikes and inferiority complexes that made Hollywood an armed town in 1928 have all been dissipated. Those of the stage and those of the screen are now one big

camp making talkies and mining gold—and if any knives flash in the California sun, they come out in matters that are purely personal, whether social or business.

So far, I have spoken by the book, making deductions and drawing conclusions from the written record of twelve months in the cinema trenches. Such are the chief uses of prosy statistics.

I hope I may now be permitted, from a close study of the screen activities of the year now closing, to express an opinion that is buttressed by facts.

It is my settled notion that the outstanding advance of the year, in the acting line, was scored by Norma Shearer.

OUR four-star beauties, Chatterton and Barrymore, came to the speaking screen fortified with years of stage experience—their voices trained and pitched, their deportment while in full cry settled and sure by virtue of years of practice of their profession.

La Belle Shearer, on the other hand, was a program star of the purest motion picture stripe, and certainly not the leading pantomimist in films.

Faced with the problem of root or die, Norma chose to root.

By means of stupendous labors with voice and lines, she rose in one brief year to the status of a high comedy star whose abilities any older trouser might well envy.

In "Let Us Be Gay" she stood shoulder to shoulder with one other veteran of the lots, Rod La Rocque, and played a brilliant cast of stage actors quite off its feet. If there's an extra large mess of bays and laurels lying about, I vote that they be passed to Mlle. Shearer, with three loud hoofs and a couple of Bengal tigers.

WE feel that this magazine's list of best performances is, in the main, a very sound and admirable compilation. The conclusions here drawn are not only accurate, speaking strictly by the book, but significant of what happened in screendom in 1930—the year that saw the talkies come of age.

Mr. Brook Hates Tea

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

high-hattedness. It isn't. It's not a pose, either. It's simply Clive Brook—a combination of his natural reserve and his own intellectual leanings. Physically, he goes for tennis and golf and a bit of swimming. He hates these hard American tennis courts—lawn courts are his favorite.

AND he hates people who wear colors when playing tennis.

"Tennis should be played in white," he says, and gets really worked up about it—far more than the subject calls for. That's one of the peculiar traits about the man—one of his very few idiosyncrasies.

He can get more wrought up arguing about the proper clothes for tennis than he can about really important matters.

Another thing that distresses him is sloppy women. One of his pet aversions is a woman who doesn't keep her hair well dressed. And he's a keen critic on women's clothes. He couldn't design a dress if his life depended on it, and he can't name most of the colors or materials women wear.

Yet he can tell what's wrong with a woman's costume at a glance—and can constructively criticize so that she can correct it.

He remembers a woman's clothes and remarks about it to her afterward. They adore him for it.

One interviewer who wore a lovely diamond ring on her left hand came away raving.

"He asked about my ring and told me it was a lovely engagement ring," she gushed. "He's the first man in Hollywood who ever even noticed it!"

He's typically British in many ways, of course.

Yet his accent is not too British. His friends—the intimate ones—constitute a British *clique* in Hollywood.

Ernest Torrence and Ronald Colman are among them. But he hasn't many intimates among the players.

HE doesn't care for the social round that characterizes the ordinary motion picture actor's life—so he stays away from them and it.

In dress, he's paradoxical. His clothes are of the best, yet he could by no means be called the typical "well-dressed man." He likes above all to be comfortable.

And yet, he can wear a dress suit better than any other man in Hollywood—even Colman!

For smoking, he likes a pipe. He smokes cigars and cigarettes, too. Strange, but one of the excessively few "sloppy" traits about the man is that, now and then, he'll let a cigarette or cigar stub hang from his lower lip.

"BUT even so, he still does it like a gentleman," swears a feminine admirer. And if you can figure that out, go ahead.

The man's background finds him born into a well-to-do English family. He studied law at Dulwich College. His father had investments in South African mines, and the war rather tightened things for the family. So Brook took a secretarial job at a club, and through acquaintances, became interested in theatricals.

That was why, when he enlisted, he signed

up as a private with the Artists' Rifles—an infantry company made up of writers, actors, artists. He came out of the war a major in the machine gun service—shell-shocked. So badly shocked, in fact, that during the last year of the war he was invalided home and served in training camps teaching new recruits how to do it.

The shell shock still is with him.

It manifests itself in his inability to remember names.

He even forgot Charlie Chaplin's name once when he was toastmaster at a dinner! But everybody in Hollywood knows about it, and forgive him.

About most things, Brook is temperate. But as to persons, he forms violent likes or dislikes. There's never any half-way. But the persons never know which it is, because

with that typical reserve and politeness, he makes everyone think: "Clive Brook likes me."

He is outstandingly kind. He has the quality of kindness more notably than most other people.

"You can't imagine Clive Brook ever saying or doing an unkind or cynical thing," is the way his acquaintances put it.

To beginners in anything, he's helpful and kind always.

Young interviewers, trembling with awe in his presence, find themselves suddenly sitting by while Brook interviews himself for their edification.

Young players find him ever ready to aid in whatever way he can.

And here's an odd thing—although he's English, he positively detests tea!

Hollywood's Only Contented Man

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

several years ago he worked for a director, a big figure in the industry, whom he drove daily past my house. The director would snort sometimes, when they would see me about, reading or in the garden, and say, 'That Kerrigan is crazy; passing his life that way, when he could be out making money and having a good time in the world.'

"He spent his money winning and dining and partying around.

"Just the other day, the chauffeur tells me, he met him walking along the same road to work, past my house. He is working as an extra man now.

"'Say, you know, I guess it was me, and not Kerrigan, that was crazy,' he said."

Warren Kerrigan has what all Hollywood dreams of having some day, but is too busy, too gold mad, too vain, to stop and enjoy. Kerrigan sits on his porch (not a patio, mind) and watches the changing procession go by.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Wherein such pleasant things I find—"

He's the contented sage of Happy Valley (the old pre-real estate name for that part of Whitley Heights—that same valley that holds the deserted homes where Rudolph Valentino and Barbara LaMarr spent youth, talent, money, love and even life, with lavish hand, and did not get what he has—contentment).



The men behind the camera. The Head Boys watching preparations made for a scene for Paramount's "Fighting Caravans," starring Gary Cooper and Lily Damita. Left to right they are Otto Brower, co-director; Charles Barton, assistant director; Warren Lynch, second cameraman; Lee Garmes, first cameraman, and Bill Shea, film editor



Let
the wind blow!
Keep your hair neat
with **HOLD-BOBS**

WINTER SPORTS—skating, coasting, skiing! Season of vitality—of glowing complexions—and alas! of unruly, straggly wisps of hair blowing in your eyes. Your beret won't hold them—neither will your hairpins.

Only **HOLD-BOBS** can fasten those loose ends securely. Their flexible sides shape to your head, and one side is crimped—preventing their falling out.

Whether your hair is long, short, or growing—it will look neat and well-arranged under your sports cap—if you use HOLD-BOBS.

Because of their smooth, round points, you'll never feel them in your hair. The small, round, invisible heads do not show, yet you'll know they're there, for the sharp wind, which blows roses into your cheeks, will not succeed in pulling your hair loose. Be neat. Be smart. Be chic for sports. Use **HOLD-BOBS**.

Look for distinctive gold and silver metal foil cards. On sale everywhere. Send for a free supply of HOLD-BOBS and booklet on Modern Hair Culture.

THE HUMPHAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
(Division of Chain Store Products Corporation)
Sol. H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. 171, Chicago, ILL.

Also
sold under
the follow-
ing name
BOB-ETTES
**CLIP-PER-
ETTES**
**LOX-THE-
LOCKS**

→

10¢

**THE HUMP HAIRPIN
MANUFACTURING CO.**
Dept. 171, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me the booklet on Modern Hair Culture
and latest hairdress styles and sample package of pins.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette

Cut Picture Puzzle Contest Winners

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

as I am anxious that they should learn music along with their school education. This would be an excellent start for them. I have always been fond of and interested in the screen's actors and actresses who bring such great recreation to all.

"This is my second try at the contest, as I do not believe in giving up."

PHOTOPLAY extends to the seventy winners its heartiest congratulations. The \$5,000 in cash prizes will be in their hands in ample time

to help make a bright and merry Christmas. And to those who did not win, we say, try again next year.

Some who failed before were rewarded this year with capital prizes. Your luck may change, too!

Additional Prize Winners

FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZES

Felix the Cat

ANNETTA KRAFSIC
1136 Mallory, Portland, Oregon

Hand Painted Screen

MRS. A. L. SKELLS
1155 Hyperion Avenue, Hollywood, California

Photoplay's Golden Lights

MRS. HELEN SPEARS
817 North Main Street, Mitchell, S. D.

Star Gazing

MRS. HERBERT S. KUNTZ
1512 Virginia Blvd., San Antonio, Texas

Stars of the Sea

MAY E. WELLINGTON
6626 39th S. W., Seattle, Washington

Silver Star

HENRY GRUBER
4366 Maryland, St. Louis, Mo.

Photoplay Theater

MRS. R. R. BEEZLEY
c/o Judge C. G. Revelle
7201 Maryland, St. Louis, Mo.

Mailman

MRS. M. W. RUPLIN
1222 Madison St., La Crosse, Wisconsin

Hollywoodland

JOHN J. GOLD, Ph. G.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Office Girl

MISS KATHERINE STOLL
1224 Riverside Avenue, Spokane, Washington

Miniature Studio

PAUL FOLLOW
244 Highland Ave., Somerville, Mass.

Tune in on Filmland Thru Photoplay

FREDERICK E. BEAUMONT
401 Farm Street, New Bedford, Mass.

Screen Stars

HAROLD J. PUERNER
Jefferson, Wisconsin

Book of Jewels

MICHAEL KAMPEL
2920 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio

Artist's Dream Pallet of Beauty

MISS ADRIENNE CADOUL
Rm. 846, Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, California

Photoplay Theater

LEONARD F. BOLLINGER
416 California St., Sycamore, Illinois

Photoplay's 1930 Review of the Stars

THOMAS PRINCE
733 Lawton Place, Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Photoplay's Stars of the Silver Screen

MRS. MERRILL E. HORTON
726 Newhall Street, Apt. 1, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Photoplay Stage

MRS. HARRY A. SWARTZ
22 West Gregson Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah

Totem Pole

MRS. E. C. VAN PELT
Marion, Kentucky

Photoplay with Stars Representing Parts Played in Recent Pictures

CHARLES J. W. FLOYD
6068 Kingsessing Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Photoplay's Art Gallery

MISS MAXINE FISHER
13 Sulgrave Court, Nashville, Tennessee

Hollywood's Shooting Stars

LEAH VOEGTLY
P. O. Box 353, Vandergrift, Pennsylvania

Photoplay Theater

MISS MYRA JANISCH
1117 Sherman Blvd., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Song Book

MISS MARTHA MENDENHALL RIPPEN
89 North Pearl Street, Buffalo, New York

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR PRIZES

Photoplay Apartments

MRS. SADIE NELSON
603 East Lake Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Chief Photoplay and His Family

SALLY NICOL
518 South Arno Street, Apt. 2, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Butterfly Mat

MRS. MILDRED TONNESON
185 Pleasant Street, Suite 4, Brookline, Mass.

Song of the Stars

MISS INEZ SPIGENER
701 Westport Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri

Photoplay Press

KENNETH D. BURDICK
830 Armstrong, Kansas City, Kansas

Magic Lantern of Photoplay

MRS. EDW. L. EICHMAN
Union Bridge, Maryland

Photoplay's Film Frolic

MILDRED GLADSTONE
2027 North 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ferris Wheel

MISS ANNA VONDRASEK
2432 West 46th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Fountain of Youth

MISS M. A. SHAPTER
821 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio

Stars of the Photoplay

MRS. C. B. REDDELIEN
Route 1, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Japanese Dinner Gong

MRS. W. H. THOMPSON
127 Harrison Street, Coldwater, Michigan

Fan

MISS RUTH HENIG
32 Howland Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts

Rose Starred Trellis

MRS. W. E. BAUMGART
11 New Street, Shelton, Connecticut

Basket of Fruit

MARGRETHE PETERSEN
842 South Lucerne Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Thirty-Two Correct Cut Puzzle Answers

June

Laura La Plante
Anita Page
Loretta Young
Joan Crawford
Richard Barthelmess
Charles Rogers
Richard Dix
Clive Brook

July

Marion Davies
Ruth Chatterton
Corinne Griffith
Bebe Daniels
Charles Farrell
William Haines
Gary Cooper
John Gilbert

August

Sue Carol
Joan Bennett
Nancy Carroll
Mary Brian
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Maurice Chevalier
Ramon Novarro

September

Janet Gaynor
Bessie Love
Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo
Milton Sills
Jack Mulhall
Neil Hamilton
William Powell

Fire-place

J. G. BISSELL

304 South Ogden Street, Denver, Colorado

Miss Photoplay

MRS. IDA I. KERR

6017 Grand River Ave., Detroit, Michigan

The Lodestar

MRS. SALLY Y. SCOTT

1650 Pearl Street, Apt. 11, Denver, Colorado

Sketches of the Stars

THEODORE TROPANSKY

17 Spring Garden Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Sovereigns of the Silver Screen

LOUIS DUDECK

65 Pearl Street, Toledo, Ohio

Stars of Filmland

MISS HENRIETTE MICHON

1165 Dorr Street, Apt. 2, Toledo, Ohio

Star Quill

DELLA WHITE

270 7th Street, N. W., Barberton, Ohio

Banner of Orange Silk

MRS. F. T. HARTWELL

8152 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Cabinet of Photoplay Stars

MRS. CLINT F. OVERMAN

704 North State Street, Champaign, Illinois

Favorite Stars

MRS. JO. SCHNEIDER

Yorktown, Texas

Just a Bundle of Old Fan Letters

MISS ELEANOR BROWNELL

P. O. Box 951, Memphis, Tennessee

Box of Pictures in Folders

PAULINE UNDERWOOD

4100 Forest Hill Avenue, Richmond, Virginia

Kings and Queens of Stardom

ATTACIO SKANKEL

1031 Kentucky Avenue, Bristol, Tennessee

My Golden Book of 1930

MISS BEULAH GUYER

522 W. First Avenue, Flint, Michigan

Type-O-Graphs

ELLA BERG WRIGHT

c/o Standard Oil Co., Longview, Washington

Camera Stars

MISS ERMA TONG

241 Sierra Drive, Modesto, California

Black Satin Book

MRS. E. P. GERSTUNG

318 Westmoreland Ave., Lansing, Michigan

Stars of the Kingdom on Earth

ELIZABETH MCQUILLEN

256 East 11th Street, Upland, California

Set of Four Pictures

MISS ELA MARTENS

116 West Centre Street, Dallas, Texas

Photoplay Portfolio

RACHEL PAULINE KINCAID

1810 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

White Satin Covered Book

ANNE CURTIS

3105 Woodrow Avenue, Richmond, Virginia

Stars of the Photoplay

MILDRED DAMUSH

1539 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York

Panel Album of Screen Favorites

S. LAMBERT LAYFIELD

c/o Bemis Bros. Bag Co., Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada*Album with Hand Painted Picture of Stars*

MARJORIE VANDERVELDE

959 Scribner, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Photoplay Album

FRANCES VESLEY

868 Sycamore Avenue, Tulare, California

Make-up Box

PARY HAMBLAY

1121½ London Road, Duluth, Minnesota

Don't neglect a COLD!

Use a "counter-irritant" for real relief

THAT miserable chest cold—rub on Musterole and see how quickly you'll feel better! Rub it on again **every hour for five hours** and you'll be amazed!

Musterole gets action because it is a "counter-irritant"—not just a salve. This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients actually draws congestion to the surface. You can feel how it warms and penetrates and stimulates blood circulation. Used by mil-

lions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses.

And don't be satisfied with the almost instant relief you'll experience on the first Musterole rub. Keep at it **every hour for five hours** and see how wonderfully it works.

Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly transforms lashes into a dark, rich luxuriant fringe of loveliness. Lends sparkling brilliance and shadowy, inviting depth to the eyes. The easiest eyelash beautifier to apply... Perfectly harmless. Used by thousands. Try it. Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

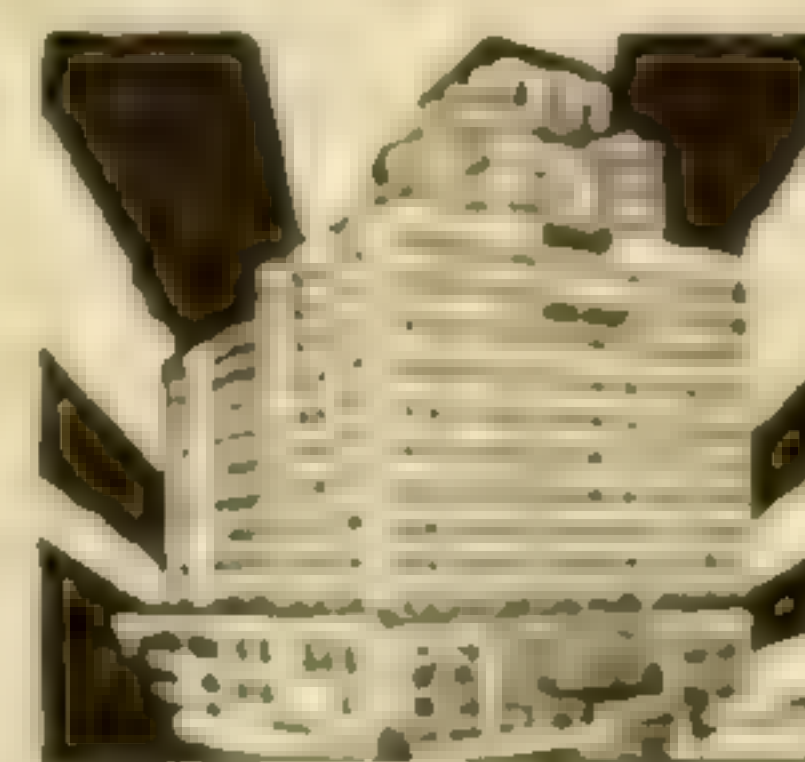
HOTEL LUDY

South Carolina Ave.
at the Boardwalk

Atlantic City, N. J.

ATLANTIC CITY'S NEWEST
Centrally Located Fireproof Hotel

\$250 European American \$5
R. B. LUDY, M.D.



A CHRISTMAS GIFT That Will Be Appreciated Throughout the Year

A 12 months' subscription to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

USE THE COUPON ON PAGE 101

WANT SOME MONEY?

Here's A Wonderful Way To Get It!

Yes, you can—anybody can make a lot of money right at home, and what's more, have real fun doing it. We show you how, we furnish everything necessary on an easy basis.

COSTS NOTHING to learn about our plan, all details are given you free. Write today for beautifully illustrated book telling all about our methods which have made so many women independent. Learn how easy it is to make from \$10 to \$25 per week in the most delightful home work you can imagine. Don't miss this opportunity.

Write Now—It's FREE!

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 4-A, Adrian, Mich.



FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 4-A - Adrian, Mich.
Please send me, FREE, the book on Fireside Industries showing how to earn money at home by decorating Giftwares.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Gone—Another Ingénue

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

And every time the constant effort to please. Every time the attempt at winning a new audience.

She sprained her ankle in Chicago. It was strapped up and, in agony, she played the next show.

After eight weeks of the tour she felt that she couldn't go on.

But George made her go on.

ILL and weak, she used to leave the stage and faint in his arms. He'd carry her to her dressing room and revive her for the next performance.

Forty-two weeks of the most strenuous life in show business.

Esther Ralston, shy as an olive on a boarding house table, demure as a chorus girl with her fiance's mother.

Esther Ralston, getting out among 'em. Dancing.

Talking out her songs. Working to win and keep her audience.

And George Webb to keep her going on.

"Oh, isn't it almost over?" Esther used to ask. "Can't we go home now to Hollywood?"

And George used to say:

"We'll play just four more weeks and then we'll go home."

THIS happened again and again until the "four more weeks" dragged out to forty-two. For George knew what was happening to Esther. When he caught the act from out front he could hear her voice hitting the top balcony, and as he saw her daily gaining more and more confidence and showing more and

more courage he realized that, when the time came, she could return not merely to the lovely house that was waiting for her but to a new career on the screen.

Esther has socked old man tradition on the nose, for it is the law of Hollywood that a vaudeville tour sounds the death knell of a picture career.

When she did return and was given a screen test an executive said, "Her voice is lovely. It has warmth and sympathy, but I do feel that having been away from Hollywood is a mistake."

George smiled wisely and remembered her first talking films.

She would not have had a chance were it not for that amazing year.

So Esther is back in Hollywood and she has just picked one of the ripest film plums. She is Lawrence Tibbett's leading woman in "The Southerner."

She plays the part of a smart, sophisticated woman of the world.

SHE was offered \$5,000 a week from one of the large studios before she made the M-G-M arrangement, but Webb turned it down because he felt the rôle was not suitable for her come-back. The money, you see, is not the main issue. She earned \$3,500 a week in vaudeville.

George is wise enough to know that her first screen part must establish her as a different personality.

"No more sappy ingénues for me!" said Esther.

The change in the woman herself is actual.

She walks about in the same body. Her hair, nose, eyes and mouth are the same, but instead of that sweet, quiet, little person there is a sure, vivid woman with opinions and confidence.

"HARDSHIPS!" mused Esther. "Hardships mean nothing to me now. Why, if they call me to work at five in the morning it's O. K. with me and much better than it was in vaudeville. I do my own standing-in. I think the box lunches they serve on location are banquets. Nothing is too difficult for me to try now."

It is exactly as if Esther were beginning over again.

The studio is all new and strange to her and every night she recounts to George the trifling incidents of the day.

That terrific year of stress and strain is over and Esther is a new star.

BUT George is the cause of it all. None of this could have been accomplished without him.

Esther not only loves him, she gives him complete worship and believes him to be the fount of all knowledge. Yet there was a time when she did not dare to so much as dispute his word.

Now they meet on a basis of understanding, their love the guiding spirit of it all.

Esther Ralston has defied tradition. She has become somebody.

George Webb did it.

And they used to call him, in Hollywood, a meddlesome sap!



One of these days you'll see on the screen a sturdy band of pioneer settlers fighting off the attacks of the hated red-skin. This is the way it was filmed. The platform about the improvised fort allows the camera truck to move slowly around the fighters, photographing their gallant stand from all angles. Charles Brabin is directing for Metro this thrillingly realistic frontier production, "The Great Meadow"

Just For the Fun of It

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

home' prescribed for every well-regulated business woman. But I do love to dance and in addition to taking two class lessons a week, I am invited to nice parties and dances.

"Don't misunderstand and think that my brother objects to my friends. Most of them are boys with whom he has always been chummy. He simply has the idea that I'm growing rather frivolous and forgetting that life isn't made just for laughter."

"I'd like to forget it for a while, Mrs. Van Wyck. I want to laugh a *lot* and do things just for the fun of doing them! I think I should, while I can. Even if you tell me I'm wrong I'm afraid I'll still believe I am doing the right thing towards myself. I feel it, *inside*."

THERE'S Elsie's answer. What she feels—"inside"—is probably her best guide, as it is everyone's. Especially since it injures no one else, and makes her happy.

The real test for Elsie and Jane Margaret and for all of us is to stop and think how we really feel about things, "inside." I'm sure that if Jane Margaret stops to think she will realize that it isn't necessary to sacrifice everything to ambition, that she has the right to live a little part of her life just for the fun of it!

GAY, South Australia:

Perhaps your diet is too rich and that is overloading your skin with oil. Or, perhaps your powder base contains too much oil for your type of skin. Try leaving it off entirely for a few weeks, as your complexion doesn't seem to require it. Cleanse your face at night with your cream, following it with a tonic lotion. In the morning use plenty of cold water, and after your face has dried thoroughly apply a light coating of powder. I think you will find this treatment will solve your complexion problems.

VERMA:

You sent a stamp, but no envelope and no address, so I cannot mail you the personal reply you requested. Miss Eighteen-year-old should weigh about 119 pounds for her height and age, and Miss Twenty-one should weigh about seven pounds more than that. I would like to send you the skin leaflets and reducing booklets, if you will write me again and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

IRIS W.:

I don't see how you have managed to keep up enough energy to exercise strenuously on the meager nourishment your month's diet has given you. I think you are making a great mistake, Iris, in adhering to such a radical diet without the advice of a physician. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will forward my booklet of suggestions for well balanced but non-fattening meals and simple exercises for normalizing the figure.

D. K.:

The cream you mention is helpful but will not keep the condition from returning. It must be used over and over again. I am happy to know that you have been so benefited by the advice in the reducing and complexion booklets.

JEAN:

At eighteen, you shouldn't be suffering from puffed eyelids or wrinkles under the eyes. Are you getting plenty of sleep? Eating simple, easily digested foods? Drinking plenty of water, or too much tea and coffee? Reading too much, in poor light? If none of these things seems to be at the bottom of the trouble I think you should consult an oculist to determine if you are suffering from eye-strain, or be examined by a physician.



One of the infrequent pictures of Janet Gaynor and Husband Lydell Peck. They were snapped at the Hollywood opening of "Just Imagine." The lad at the left is the Fox director, William K. Howard

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



Itching Skin Quickly Healed

NO longer need you endure itching, rashes, and other irritations that play havoc to a sensitive skin. Simply apply pure, cooling liquid D.D.D. This famous remedy is the prescription of Dr. Dennis, and has a record of 30 years' success in bringing relief to thousands of skin sufferers. Quickly heals eczema, rashes, pimples, blotches, and other skin troubles. Penetrates the skin, soothing and healing the irritated tissues. Stops itching instantly. Clear, greaseless and stainless. Dries up almost immediately. Easy to use and positively safe. Cleanses the skin perfectly and makes it clear, soft and healthy. A 35c bottle will prove the merits of this famous antiseptic, or money back. At all drug stores.

D.D.D.

The Healing Skin Lotion



THE
HAIR YOU ENVY
CAN NOW BE YOURS
for \$2.00

See also *Group work and group processes*; *Group therapy*; *Work group*; *Work group effectiveness*

SEND NO MONEY
JUST MENTION
DEALER'S NAME



The WILCOX HAIR BRUSH ATHOL MASS.

Learn
PHOTOGRAPHY
at Home

Make money selling pictures from
pictures in the home of a woman.
The picture is a very fine one.
I can't find it anywhere else.
It's a very fine one.
For more free books, apply to
Modern Photography, American
School of Photography, Dept. 1251
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Hell's Angel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

"Kristin Lavransdatter," a novel by Miss Sigrid Undset. It runs to 391 pages of fine print. Miss Harlow (Presh to me) was surprised in the middle of page four. She told me, becomingly, that if her eyes hold out and the north light is good, she expects to finish the book before Mr. Howard Hughes goes on the breadline. "Intelligent, ambitious, a seeker after the finer things," I noted.

CARELESSLY displayed on an adjacent reading table was a well-thumbed copy of the current issue of PHOTOPLAY. "Unusually intelligent, remarkably keen and nippy, well-informed, and a connoisseur of the very best in current literature and photographic art," I was careful to note.

My subject and I then conversed amiably on divers topics, such as "Hell's Angels," the daily and periodical press, personal appearances and the latest Hollywood dirt.

"Sapristi!" I murmured to myself. "My services are not needed here. *Alors!* This young lady is a perfect specimen of the normal, healthy, happy, handsome American girl, and will the band please play 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'? She has no more carbuncles on her subconscious than I have United States Steel, either common or preferred! Am I dashed? *Basta!*"

At that moment lunch was served by two house detectives disguised as waiters by the addition of a few choice gravy spots.

Then the scientist in me broke out in a rash. I was on the trail—The Big Trail.

Before me stood a huge sector of honeydew melon, three thick and steaming wheat

cakes, four coy sausages, a mound of Melba toast and a sizable pot of coffee. Before my fair *vis-à-vis* rested half a grape fruit, one bran muffin and a cup of thin—almost emaciated—tea! At last! I had plumbed the unconscious of Jean Harlow!

"You are repressed!" I shouted triumphantly, and across the table was a sob.

"You have my secret!" whispered Miss Jeanie. "I have about ten pounds more than I carried during the making of 'Hell's Angels,' and I must lose it. I am allowed a thousand calories a day—and this lunch runs today's score up to 800."

"TONIGHT, I suppose, you will make a gorgeous dinner of half a peanut," I supposed.

"Please!" was all she could say.

The devil that lurks in every scientific man asserted itself. I plowed and plunged through my delectable luncherino like a whippet tank through a cup of consomme. It was terrible, but science demanded it. Miss Harlow's eyes popped out and rolled miserably around the muffin. It was all she could do to replace them. I shall spare you further details of that sad hour.

Luncheon over, Miss Harlow's sterling American girlhood once more took command. Poised, calm—though I fancied a bit weakish from hunger—she answered my questions. Yes, she dreams occasionally. Usually of three-inch steaks smothered with *champignons* and drowned in a thick gravy. No, she is not going on the stage until she is perfectly sure of herself. "Discreet and wise," I jotted.

She is under contract to Mr. Howard Hughes' productions, and is glad of it. "And why not?" I noted.

I was then presented to my subject's mother, an extremely handsome and gracious lady who calls her chick "Baby" (and so would I if I got half a chance). And then it was time to depart, inasmuch as my studies had already forced Miss Harlow to miss a date with her hair-dresser, who, I suspect, is some genteel New York jeweler like Cartier.

My research was over.

"MY dear Miss Harlow," I said, "I prescribe, for your minor spiritual complaint, a toureen of cream of cauliflower soup, a dollop of some tasty fish, a couple of square yards of *filet mignon* suitably garnished with vegetables, salad with a rich cream dressing, an assortment of pastry and half a dozen bottles of Bass' Ale. You will then, I assure you, have no further aches in your unconscious."

"Ah, but how about my hips?" she asked, sadly. "None the less, I'll think over your prescription while I am eating my olive at dinner."

It had been a most pleasant two hours, this meeting. Miss Harlow is a thoroughly charming girl, and excellent company, and her mother is all that a mother should be. They seemed to forgive my scientific enthusiasm, and their attitude inferred that they considered me an affable and well-conducted young man. Miss Jean, in particular, was most cordial. "Because she likes nice things," I jotted, as I backed out of the suite and fell down an elevator shaft.



Just a little embroidering lesson on a set. Between scenes for "Reducing," the new Marie Dressler-Polly Moran comedy, Marie appears to be teaching the younger set how to cross-stitch. From left to right, the class consists of Buster Keaton, Polly Moran, William Collier, Jr., Sally Eilers, Anita Page and Dear Teacher. The pupil who doesn't drop a stitch will be rewarded with a nice big close-up!

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

A Swedish Bouquet

Stockholm, Sweden

Maurice Chevalier is my great favorite and I think he is that of all the country. In our venerable old school all the girls have fallen into hopeless love with Chevalier. I have seen "The Love Parade" five times!

The best number in "Paramount on Parade" was Mitzi Green's. How can so small a girl as Mitzi do gestures and mimic absolutely like Chevalier!

BIRGITTA LINDEGREN

The Goddess Rebuked

Warren, Ohio

If Greta ever expects to master the English language, she'll have to speak it in her own home. Why does she speak Swedish or German there? She's living in America and living on good American money. Why not try using the good old language?

MRS. L. E. HAZEL

The Gentle Sex

Lincoln, Neb.

What a fight! What a battle! I've just seen "The Spoilers" and the fight between Boyd and Cooper.

The blows landed! The grunts came from the stomach! The falls and crashes weren't faked!

For years I've endured bread and milk fights.

BERNICE BELL

Spanked!

Kansas City, Kan.

Oh, Ruth, how could you make such a fool of yourself in "Anybody's Woman"! Think of you shockingly drunk in that awful picture. Please tell them not to have you lit up like that again. And say, can't you let up a little on the smoking, too?

L. DICKINSON

Come On, Let's Fight

Bayonne, N. J.

Who ever said Lawrence Tibbett or Maurice Chevalier could measure up to John Boles?

Tibbett has a voice like a thunderbolt.

Chevalier's nothing but a crooner.

M. N.

Laughing Gas

Methuen, Mass.

Suffering the agonizing throb of toothache, I have attended theaters where Laurel and Hardy comedies were showing, and after they had so disrupted my trend of thought by their hilarious antics, I have left the theater sans toothache.

Laurel and Hardy do not receive the credit due them.

R. VINCENT RAFF

Ah, Bitter Truth!

Asheville, N. C.

When the movie magazines cruelly revealed that Dick Barthelmess was married, I took the blow. But I never saw another Barthelmess picture.

Now comes the awful truth about Robert Montgomery. Not only married, but expect-

ing the stork. Do you think I want to see him again? Emphatically no!

MARY CARTER

Bones!

Longview, Texas

I once was very fond of Joan Crawford, but not since I can see her ribs!

MRS. LILLIAN BROWN

Here's Love!

Houston, Texas

I would rather see Greta in a newsreel than all the other stars combined in a fifty-reel feature.

GRACE SLATE

Unanswered Call

Los Angeles, Calif.

Delightful comedy, extraordinary beauty—and they name it "Call of the Flesh"!

The people to whom the title is expected to appeal will not appreciate the picture, while lovers of beauty will not penetrate the ugly disguise. No wonder the public is staying away from pictures!

M. S.

The Spell

Utica, N. Y.

Remember *Svengali* in "Trilby"? He was the gentleman who transferred his talents to the girl by hypnotic methods. Well, Janet Gaynor is the *Svengali* for Charles Farrell. Without Gaynor, Farrell is a self-conscious actor with a collar ad profile. Contrast his work in "7th Heaven" with that of "Liliom." He has been mediocre in every Gaynorless production. Janet is his guiding star.

GEORGE ABBATE

Mental Kisses

Louisville, Ky.

Why not have the hero and heroine embrace in the finale without the stereotyped kiss? Preparation is the best part of a trip. The same applies here. Let 'em make goo-goo eyes at each other all they wish; then leave the rest to the imagination.

MRS. CAROL CARLTON

Be Nutty, Marie!

Springfield, Vt.

Why not co-star Marie Dressler and Charles Ruggles? They are certainly the best comedians in the talkies. Lots of us like to go to the theater for a good laugh.

MRS. HOLLIS C. WRIGHT

How About Stan Laurel?

Joplin, Mo.

Is there such a thing as a modest hero? The conceit of the present-day movie hero is amazing!

Ramon Novarro's attitude of "Isn't this cute?" Jack Oakie's "Get a load of this." William Powell's "That's very well, but I've something more up my sleeve." And so on.

Let's have a bashful hero—not too bashful, but just a little less brazen than the ordinary run.

NEIDA HARRIS

A Christmas GIFT Twelve Times

THERE are several reasons why a subscription to Photoplay Magazine is such an ideal Christmas gift. Not only does it continue its presence month after month—long after the holly and mistletoe are forgotten—but its welcome is absolute. You *know* it will please the recipient.

☐ In these days when everyone is interested in motion pictures, the gift of a magazine that reveals the inside of the art and industry—*every month*—is assured the keenest welcome. Photoplay has the brightest personality stories, the most appealing illustrations and the most reliable information about the stars and their pictures.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or to the recipient of the gift.

When you return coupon, attach a Postal or Express Money Order or a Check. *Better hurry.*

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. 1-CS

919 No. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Christmas Subscription COUPON

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 1-CS,
919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find \$
(Year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.25, in United States,
its Possessions, Mexico and Cuba, Canada, \$3.00
per year. Foreign Countries, \$3.50 per year.)

for.....
(Length of subscription)

Sent to
—Name.....

Address.....

From
—Name.....

Address.....

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

BROTHERS—Columbia

BERT LYTELL playing two brothers in a melodramatic thriller isn't as effective or exciting on the screen as he was on the stage. Dual rôles in pictures somehow lack the hocus-pocus quality that adds to their interest behind the footlights. Nevertheless, this is entertaining enough, with certain high spots and a truly delightful finale.

UNDER SUSPICION—Fox

HERE'S a grand travelogue of the gorgeous Northwest, and even though you may not care very much what happens to the hero and the villain, you'll get your money's worth out of the scenery. The title sounds like the usual crook stuff, but it's really something sentimental about the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Lois Moran does exceptionally fine work.

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT— (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)— Associated Cinemas

BY all odds the most charming sound picture yet to come from Germany. It is so gay and light-hearted and tuneful that it simply steals the heart, this sprightly little operetta in the Viennese manner. It ran for several weeks to packed houses at a little New York theater. The names of the cast mean nothing to American audiences, but they are all deft, smart players. All-German talk.

SUSPENSE—British International

A WAR story that will please those who like battle stuff, though the action is pretty slow here and there. The title comes from the fact that a group of British soldiers is driven half balmy by a constant tapping near their dugout, indicating that the enemy is running a mine and that they may be wafted skyward any minute. Jack Rayne and Cyril McLaglen, one of Victor's brothers, do well.

SEE AMERICA THIRST—Universal

A HALF dozen reels of Langdon-Summer-ville clowning, flung helter-skelter over a skeleton story which concerns itself with the ultra-Chicago-scale warfare of two bootlegger gangs. There are several high spots of mechanical humor, but, after all, it's almost impossible to stretch a two-reel plot and assortment of gags and gangs into a feature-length comedy. The result is yawnsome.

THE LION AND THE LAMB—Columbia

HERE'S another gangster story which includes a fire, a chase in a storm and a lot of guns. There's supposed to be some good clean fun but they'll have to do better than that to get you to laugh. Walter Byron, Miriam Seegar and Carmel Myers are the principals, but the bright spot is the work of Charles Gerrard as one of the crooks.

MURDER—British International

OUR British cousins have turned out a smart, well-constructed and very entertaining murder mystery talkie in this one. It has the usual amateur detective, well played here by Herbert Marshall, with the background a traveling theatrical stock company. See—it's different! Norah Baring, the leading woman, is excellent. One of the best from Elstree recently.

HEADIN' NORTH—Tiffany Productions

WELL, well, well. They've given Bob Steele a horse and his cowboy suit and a brace of guns again, and turned some cameras loose on the result. It's whoopee and a couple of hundred bangs, and if you like your Westerns straight and hot, you'll go for this in a big way. If you don't, you may as well stay home and play backgammon.

FAIR WARNING—Fox

CHESTY Georgie O'Brien once again proves that it's a risky business being the villain in a Western picture. Not that Georgie is the villain—oh, Heaven forbid! He's the hero



International

Meet Gaston Glass' new wife. She's Lioba "Bo-Peep" Karlin, also in pictures. Gaston's been around the studios a long time, and he found his bride in the cast of a picture on which he was working

who punctures the villain with some well-placed lead, and thereby restores everybody's faith in the quaint idea that honesty is the best policy. Mitchell Harris as the hissing villain is a fine target.

DICH HAB' ICH GELIEBT— (Because I Loved You)—Aafa Tobis

ALTHOUGH this is shown in the German version, its action is so essentially true to the tradition of MOVING pictures that the story can be easily understood by a person knowing not a word of that language. It tells a sweet love story, with some charming music and a few heart throbs. It shows how modern German film technique uses dialogue only incidentally, not on every inch of sound track.

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Columbia

SO many people have played in this story that in 1912 a "Charley's Aunt Club" was formed in London composed entirely of people who had played in it. But it is excellent farce and this, combined with Charlie Ruggles' antics, makes it worth seeing again. Also, Doris Lloyd gives an exceptionally fine performance as the real aunt, while June Collyer adds beauty and distinction.

THE THIRD ALARM— Tiffany Productions

THIS was a grand old thriller of the silent films. And then, it seems, somebody figured it would make a grand sound picture, what with all the noise you can make with sirens! So they borrowed fire engines and firemen's suits and burned up a lot of prop fire stuff. Jimmy Hall, Hobart Bosworth, Anita Louise and others try hard, but it's just one of those things.

PART TIME WIFE—Fox

THIS is one of those nice, entertaining comedies so well done that you don't mind its being hokum. You've never seen Eddie Lowe in a funny rôle before, but he does a grand job and this kid Tommy Clifford (remember him in "Song O' My Heart"?) is a natural. A golf course is the scene of both the drama and the comedy. You'll like it.

COSTELLO CASE—Sono Art— James Cruze

ANOTHER underworld yarn, with heart interest and devilment spread on thick for the popular trade. It's the story of a murder, with the boy and girl suspected, but the gang boss the real culprit. Tom Moore plays a wise copper effectively, and Lola Lane is pretty as the leading girl. Others—Wheeler Oakman, Russell Hardie, Jack Richardson. Not too hot.

PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEAS CRUISE— Travel-Epics

EX-GOVERNOR GIFFORD PINCHOT of Pennsylvania, with his wife and son, went on a pleasure cruise to strange places in the South Seas. They brought back a continually interesting and instructive, and frequently beautiful and thrilling, camera record. And there's not a studio fake shot in it. Pinchot's lecture is dubbed in entertainingly.

ESCAPE—Associated Radio Pictures

FROM the British studios comes this talkie based on a successful stage play done in this country by Leslie Howard. In the English film version the distinguished Sir Gerald Du Maurier plays the lead, supported by an able enough cast. The central figure is an escaped prisoner. Far too talky a talkie, and far from the best the mother country has turned out.

LAST OF THE LONE WOLF—Columbia

WELL, if our old pal *The Lone Wolf*, in the person of the ageless Bert Lytell, isn't all gummed up in a mythical kingdom! This one is Saxonia, and Bert is turned loose from jail by the *Prime Minister* in order that he can steal the *Queen's* ring—to preserve her fair name! A lot of rushing about, with acting *a la mode* by Bert, Patsy Ruth Miller, Lucien Prival and Otto Matiesen.

THE FLAME OF LOVE —British International

ANNA MAY WONG, once of Hollywood and lately of Germany and England, makes her talkie debut in America in this British picture. Anna May is passable as a Chinese girl in Russia speaking dull United States, but the picture is slow, the cast sleepy and the whole thing a great strain.

EX-FLAME—Liberty Productions

REMEMBER sitting up in the balcony weeping over "East Lynne"? Well, here's that old thriller dressed up in modern clothes, seated in a futuristic chair and re-titled "Ex-Flame." Can you bear it? Made quite obviously for the box-office, it fails where it should be most dramatic. At no time do Norman Kerry and Marian Nixon seem to feel that they're playing real characters.

THE CONCENTRATING KID— Universal

HOOT GIBSON gives a good show in this picture, but he's pretty much stymied by a weak-sister story. Hoot plays a cowboy who falls in love with a radio voice, and he vows to win the girl. P. S. He does. She's Kathryn Crawford. But the story doesn't hold together, and is plenty far-fetched. Weak entertainment.

THE LAND OF MISSING MEN— Tiffany Productions

A BOB STEELE Western, offering nothing new or unusual. Although a talkie, it's made in the good old silent way. Al St. John, the perennial, appears. Some hard ridin'. And there isn't a single other thing to say about it.

LOOSE ENDS—British International

THE British have a go at a problem drama here. It concerns a chap released into a new world after fifteen years in the brig, and his adventures in marriage with an extremely broad-minded actress. The leads are played by Edna Best, Adrienne Allen, Owen Nares and Donald Calthrop. An extremely wordy picture, and a little too weak in story and direction to be of much interest.

HEART THROBS

Chicago, Ill.

I am alone in a big city, making my way. Everybody seems to be in a hurry, too busy to befriend a lonely girl. In desperation I turned to movies. Here I find food for the soul. Something to think about. Something to dream about. Something to look forward to. Beautiful women — handsome men — mellow voices.

How they soothe me. I return from a movie with new hopes.

How many other kindred souls has it befriended and how many miserable beings has it comforted! How many unoccupied persons has it entertained! How many lessons has it taught!

Yet it is the most condemned and recommended thing in the world. Therefore it is Great!

Molly Krol

HOLLYWOOD STARS

The screen's greatest celebrities have honored Hotel Sherman.

Will Rogers
Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks
Constance Talmadge
Lure Velaz
Dolores Del Rio
Vilma Banky
Fred La Rocque
Lily Damita
Maurice Chevalier
Ronald Colman
Glenn Swenson

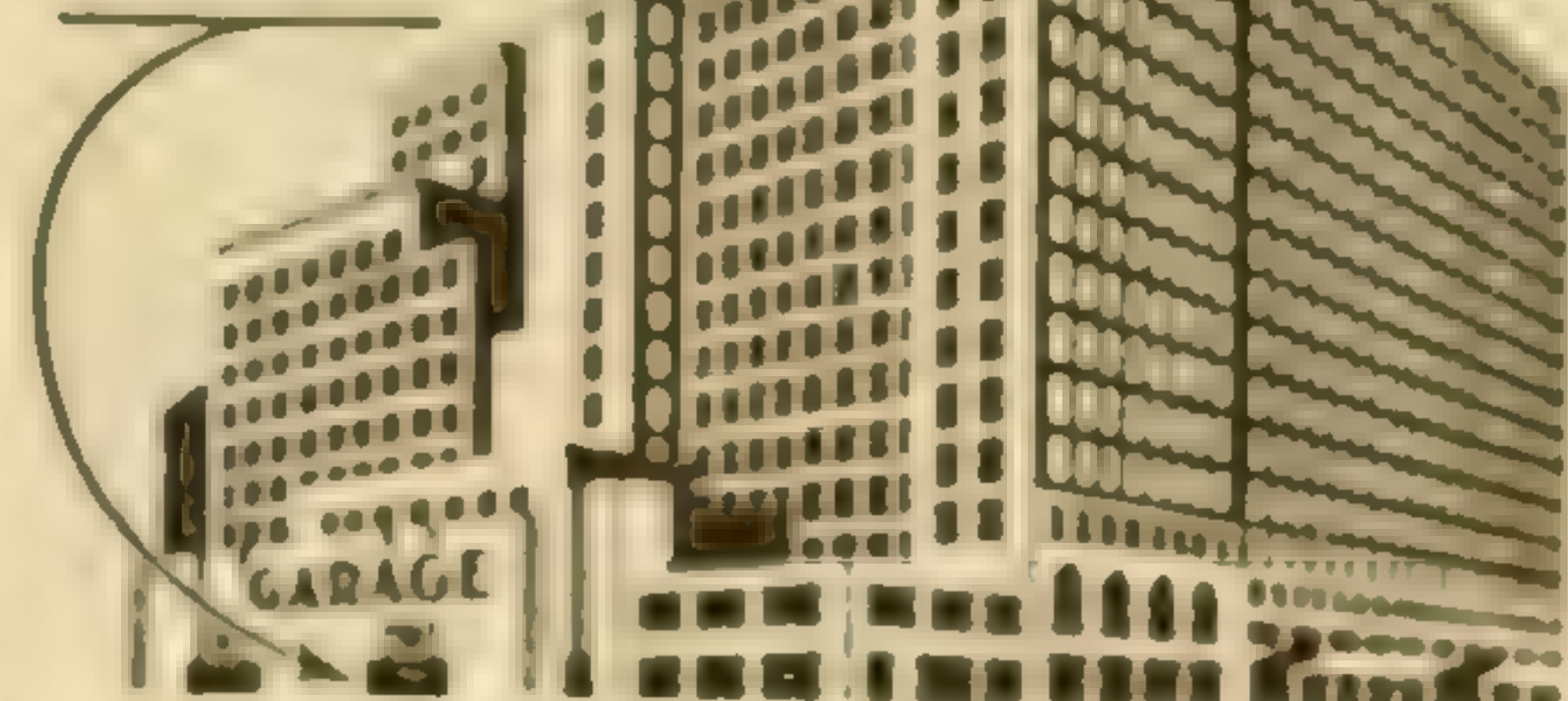
Single Room With Bath
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00
and \$5.00

Double Room With Bath
\$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00
and \$8.00

find luxurious
comfort and
hospitality un-
surpassed at

HOTEL SHERMAN CHICAGO

DRIVE
Your Car
Right into
Hotel
Sherman



RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · LA SALLE · STREETS

HOTEL SHERMAN

PIN MONEY FOR OUR READERS

PHOTOPLAY now offers its readers the opportunity to convert their spare time into real money by becoming its subscription representatives in the town or community in which they live.

You, as a reader of PHOTOPLAY, will be quick to realize the money-making possibilities this offer affords you. Your friends—your neighbors—in fact, all the homes in your community—are prospective subscribers for PHOTOPLAY. Who, today, is not interested in moving pictures—the chief recreation of the American public?

Be the first in your community to take advantage of this offer, and get started at once. The coupon or a post card will bring further details.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Dept. RE-1, 919 No. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in your money-making offer to your readers. Send me the details at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Ex-Millionaire

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

government came and demanded tens of thousands more from me.

"I hadn't kept papers to prove they were wrong, so I had to pay it."

EVEN after he couldn't get picture jobs any more, there was vaudeville. But with the demise of vaudeville, that income source vanished.

From that and his stock holdings, he used to get about \$50,000 a year after his hey-day was passed.

But then, last year, came the stock market crash, and everything he had left was wiped out.

"And here I am, now, broke. Flat broke, and I mean flat broke," he says. "But I've no regrets. I'm sure if I had to do it over again, I'd do exactly the same thing."

"I haven't accumulated dollars, but I've accumulated pleasure and experience and knowledge."

"If I'd die tomorrow, there's nothing I'd have missed."

"I've done all that could be done in pictures. Made four hundred and seventeen of them. I've had my share of adulation and success, and the fans still love me, I believe. The way they show it is a matter of personal gratification to me far above what money could buy."

"I've no moans or groans. I know that I could have bought land for \$25,000 years ago that's worth a half million now. Some of the old-timers did that and they're rich today. I didn't, but I'm not sorry. I had the things I wanted, with my money."

I'VE had a wonderful time. All I ask now is the chance to entertain the public, to earn a living, and to get a chance to travel now and then.

"If I can't make money at this any more, there are always lots of freight boats and tankers that would be glad to have a husky fellow work on deck."

Go West, Young Love!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

But it seemed cosier out on the platform, with their shoulders just touching and exchanging currents of electricity. Her shoulder wished it had known his for at least a week—for then it might be proper not only to touch it but to lean against it. But much as she liked the moon and the moments, she must put them aside for her plan.

"Ever been frightened? Ever run away?" she inquired, as if of the night.

THAT confirmed what he had been thinking, but he must give her no inkling of that. Instead, he echoed, "Ever run away? Your question sounds as if you're doing that very thing!" he challenged.

"I am!" softly.

He whistled surprise. "What are you running away from?" and to himself, "When I tell her what I'm running away from and why, won't she be surprised!"

"What am I running away from?" seriously. "It's not a what, it's a who—" then in a hushed, strained voice, "my husband!"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, it's my husband." Then she gulped. "I don't know why I should be confiding in you, but you've been so kind," and she dropped her head on the tip of his shoulder and cried just as she had the first time.

He could feel her body trembling, shaken with its sobs. The more he tried to comfort her, the harder she sobbed. The train swept round a sharp curve and now she was in his arms. Her perfume was sweet but he released her, wishing fiercely that there were no moon and no husband. "Tell me all about it," he invited, comfortingly.

SHE pretended she was not aware that she had left her hand in his. The train sang its little song a little more loudly. "We've only been married a year," she began in a whisper, "and now I learn that there's another woman—" a tear glistened along her small nose and splattered into space.

"Please don't cry. No man's worth a woman's tears."

"But we've only been married a year—oh!—it's hard for a man to understand!" and then she told him in detail just what had happened. At the finish of each sequence, she would sob a little, and he would try to comfort her.

"I could kill that man!"

"Oh, no, no. I still love him very much!" And then she told him why she loved her husband. "But I'm going to divorce him!"

He found himself arguing against the divorce. "You mustn't be hasty," he advised.

"Anybody's apt to make a mistake. You say you love him?"

"I did—"

"You still do. I can tell by the tone of your voice. If I were you I'd go back home and have a long, heart-to-heart talk with him. Don't smash things up before you give him another chance. You will give him another chance, won't you?"

"Perhaps—" thoughtfully.

"Promise me that you will."

She promised.

"Judging from your happy little face, one would never dream you've suffered so. I certainly feel sorry for you. I don't know when I've been touched so."

And then she did the strangest thing. She threw back her head as if to laugh, and instead buried her face in her arms and sobbed.

"The strain's been too much for you," he comforted.

After all, he didn't know much about women but he had heard of hysterics.

* * *

DURING the next two days, which brought them closer to the West, he did not bring up the subject of her husband. Neither did she. But he felt rather satisfied with himself because he had drawn from her the promise to give her husband another chance. He was certain that she appreciated his sound advice.

All of Tuesday, as they traveled through Nebraska, he had wanted to tell her about the bank robbery. Wednesday came, and they spun through Colorado, and still he had not told her. But now it was Thursday, and nighttime, and they were again together upon the observation platform.

"It's our last night together!" He was a forlorn huddle in the cramping, carpet-back chair.

"I'm just as sorry as you are." And now there was no need of even pretending that her hand was in his. "It's been wonderful going through the desert—with you. I'm always going to love the desert—"

"So am I."

"And the hills with their high foreheads."

"You've taught me to love them, too."

There was something he wanted to tell her, something he had not been brave enough to tell her through the three short days together. He rehearsed his story very carefully, mustered up his courage and began:

"I haven't told this to a soul, and ever since I've met you, I've been wanting to tell you, and yet couldn't. I just can't—" and his voice dropped miserably.

She cuddled closer. Every moment of their three days together had told her eloquently enough of his affection for her, three days thick with thoughtfulness and laughing hours, and most precious of all, these starlit nights on the observation platform.

"I'm going to speak fast," he was saying. "I'm going to spill the dope, and then you can do what you please about it—and me!" He tapped his vest mysteriously, but not on his heart side.

IT'S all in here," then lowering his voice till it was just a threadbare murmur, "a hundred thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills. I stole it, yes, I stole it. I fixed the books so that they'll never know. I'd been planning to steal it for years, safe behind the bars of my teller window at the bank."

"I wanted enough money to buy me freedom—to come West, to do something different. I was sick of scribbling entries into pass books and drawing up trial balances. I wanted to live—" and then, with extravagant detail, he told her how he planned spending the hundred thousand dollars along the trail that would carry him around the world.

"You never thought I was that kind of bird, did you? I don't look as though I could loot a bank, do I?"

She was gazing at him, aghast. "No, you don't. You certainly fooled me!"

And then he did the strangest thing. His face beamed with satisfaction. Its expression puzzled her. They rode on for miles and miles without a word. The moon was going down behind a hill, but she did not take her hand from his. He seemed grateful for that much. And she tried to keep the tremor out of her voice. She tried to be very calm, very kind, as if his story had not stirred her. "I am going to ask you to do something that may seem very hard to do—"

"I'd do anything for you."

IWANT you to go back, make a clean breast of things, and return the money. Then I'll be very happy for I'll be sure for always that you're not a thief."

"I give you my word I'd do anything to make you happy. But remember, you've given me your word about going back to your husband."

She nodded.

"You'll let me write you, won't you?"

"Of course."

"And some day, when I've made my own way, you'll let me call—at your house?"

For answer, she suddenly put her arms about

him and kissed him. He returned her kiss when they parted at the station.

For days after she arrived in Hollywood, that kiss and the thought of him clung to her. He had been so kind. And what a handsome bank robber! She felt a glory in the thought that she had sent him back to take his punishment like a man. He was a man, even though he was not the gunman type she had seen on the screen.

She pictured his confession, the police, the trial, the sentence. It was a pity she would never learn the outcome of the case, for when they had parted at the station, she had given him a fictitious address. Since she had told him she was married, no other course was possible.

...

THE Central Casting Bureau had sent out a call for a thousand extras. There was a long, unending line of them, threading its way to the casting window.

Somehow, to the curly, blonde head of Mary Manners, the grillework on the window recalled the prison bars to which she had relegated her handsome bank robber.

Months had elapsed since that strange meeting, yet she had not forgotten him, nor ever would.

"Name, please?" came the business-like voice from behind the grille work.

"Mary Manners."

"What the—" the pen spat, the grille work was flung open, and a familiar face thrust itself forward. "It's you, of all people! And what are you doing here? Come into my office and let's talk. I must see you. I must talk to you!" He slammed the window shut.

The line of extras waited restlessly, but waited.

"What are you doing here?" she challenged. "I thought you were behind the bars of a prison."

He avoided her implication. "I wrote to the

address you gave me," he scolded, "but the letter came back. How is—how is your—your husband?"

AT this she burst into laughter. "There isn't any husband. That's why the address I gave you was fictitious. You see, I was on my way to Hollywood, and I decided—that was before I really took an interest in you—to try out my ability as an actress. I thought it would be good practice to try out on you."

"Well, you certainly are a great little actress. You certainly did convince me about that husband of yours."

"Are you angry at me for fooling you?" she teased, poutingly.

"I'm tickled to death."

"Why?"

"Well, it means that there isn't any husband."

"What good will that do you? I suppose by this time there are detectives all over Hollywood, looking for the bank robber. Aren't you afraid?"

This time it was his turn to burst into laughter. He laughed from the top of his brown head to the tip of his brown brogues. "I was headed for Hollywood and acting, too. I thought of trying a little act out myself, and you certainly were a good audience."

"And you're not a bank burglar?"

"Golly, no. And I'm not a good actor, either. I thought I had lost you by over-acting. That convinced me. That's why I'm here at the casting bureau. You see, my father's one of the executives at the studios here."

Fists began to bang at the window and door.

"SAY, the extras will tear down the house if I don't stop talking to you and start tending to shop. But you'll meet me for lunch, won't you? I want to find out where you'd like to spend your honeymoon."

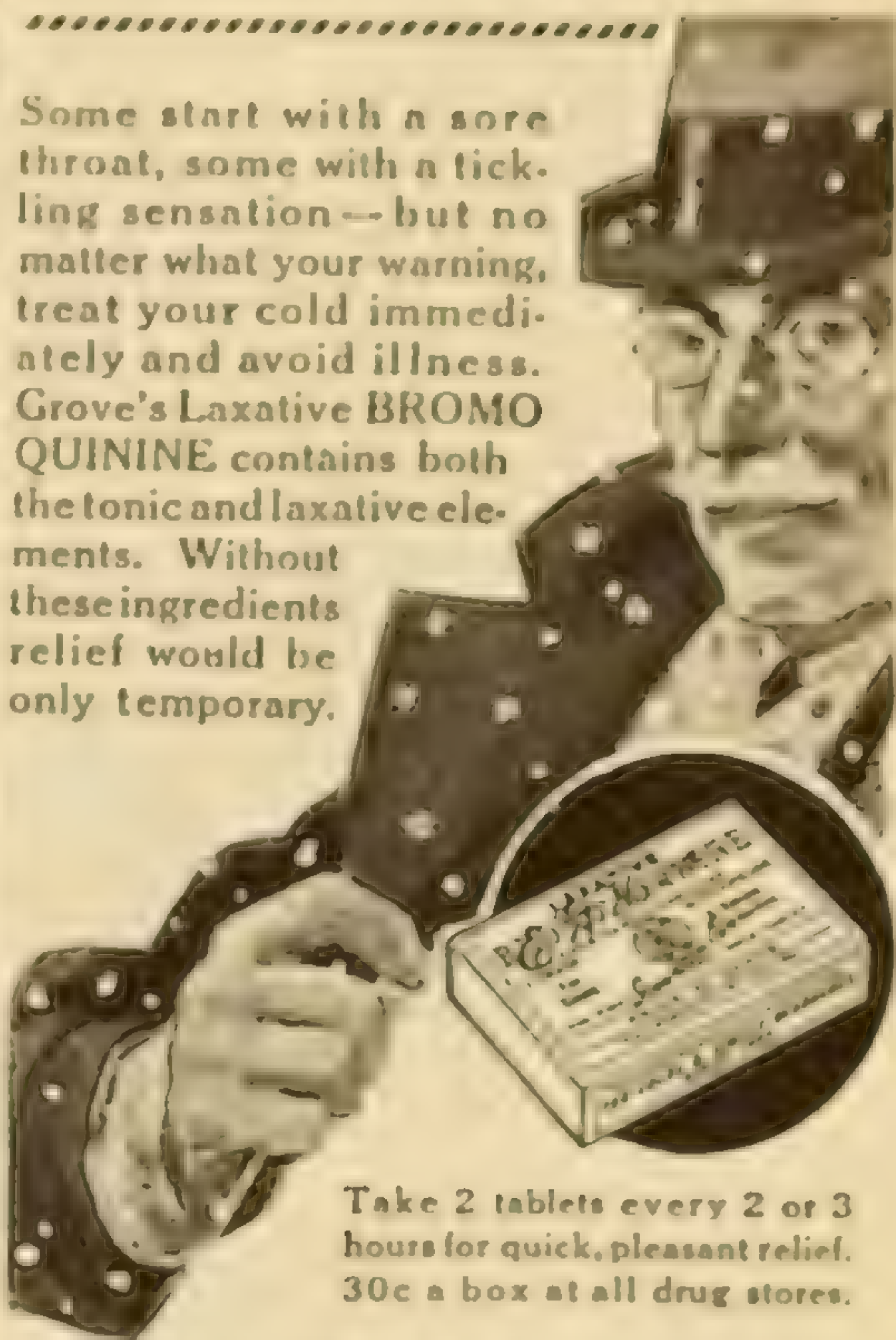
"It's very nice on a pullman observation car," saucily. "I'd prefer that."

"That's just what I thought!" he echoed.

COLDS

WILL ALWAYS WARN YOU

Some start with a sore throat, some with a tickling sensation—but no matter what your warning, treat your cold immediately and avoid illness. Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE contains both the tonic and laxative elements. Without these ingredients relief would be only temporary.



Take 2 tablets every 2 or 3 hours for quick, pleasant relief. 30c a box at all drug stores.

Grove's Laxative
• BROMO •
QUININE
Tablets

VOICE



Now
you can
have the
VOICE
you want

100%
Improvement
Guaranteed

Send today for free Voice Book telling about amazing New SILENT Method of Voice Training. Increase your range, perfect your quality, banish breathiness and hoarseness. Learn to sing with greater ease. 100% improvement guaranteed—no money back. Write today for free booklet—one of the greatest booklets on voice training ever written.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Dept. 12-51
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, and nervous disorders and backaches are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help you, only correct. Learn how to regain Voice, Calmness and Self-Confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book.

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N. 221 Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK

SHORT STORY WRITING

Participate in Dr. Esenwein's famous formula for success in writing and marketing of the short story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 95, Springfield, Mass.

OldMoneyWanted

Get a premium for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send for large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you.

NUMISMATIC CO., Dept. 75 Ft. Worth, Tex.



Little Jane Bannister finds out what Christmas is all about—even though her doll's stocking will hold one salted peanut! Harry Bannister and Ann Harding are telling Janie all about it. They built the fireplace at their new Santa Monica house especially large for the benefit of a portly Santa

Mary Pickford Denies All!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

in pictures now. He wants to travel. But Mary is different. Her life is lived in the studio. She has that old drive, that force that Griffith seemed to bequeath all his players. Pictures and picture producing are tremendously important to Mary.

As far as money is concerned, the spending of it to have the best, the throwing away of it when she is dissatisfied with her efforts, she is not a good business woman. But she has the drive, and the power of a smooth machine. From the time she arises—eight o'clock—until she retires, her date book is filled. Dancing lessons, fittings, conferences, rehearsals, an hour for luncheon—never any more.

FOR Mary, "Kiki" is a tremendous departure. It is risqué. It is riotous comedy. Mary will use a French accent which she has learned from Fifi Dorsay and Mrs. Maurice

Chevalier. She tried to imitate Mrs. Chevalier's laugh. She has spent hours perfecting it. It is one little detail of the picture. Nothing is too small for her to consider. She will play the rôle in her own blonde hair, and the clothes will not be patterned after those Norma Talmadge wore in the silent film.

MARY goes to fortune tellers religiously. She also has a flair for numerology and astrology. When she goes to a fortune teller she immediately writes down all the predictions made, to see if they'll come true. Lately three seers have told her that she was going to change her line of artistic endeavor completely and would become more famous in the new work than she has been before. That hardly seems practical, unless she takes up aviation and discovers a new pole.

The rumors of her stage career began as a

joke. "I'd like to return to the stage," she said, "but perhaps I wouldn't like it for long and I'd feel that while I've been learning motion pictures and then talking pictures, which are entirely different, women like Katherine Cornell and Helen Hayes have been learning the stage. Who am I to enter their territory, unprepared as I am?"

"I think my next picture will be an original. I'll never make another film that was done in silents once. Then after that I'm—"

FOR there is always in Mary's mind an after that and an after that. Doug may let his picture work go for a golf tournament. But Mary's heart beats to the turn of the cameras, and her soul expands when she feels the bustle of a studio stage.

She is ever more the artist than the business woman.

Be Careful of Your Colors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

Lois Wilson would never wear anything gray; Florence Vidor, now the wife of Jascha Heifetz, and Alice Joyce, those two lovely aristocrats of the screen, were partial to black and white and the softer grays and violets. Bebe Daniels loved red, and worked best in it. At one time, when she was to play a very gay and dashing widow, we made her mourning things entirely of red, which photographs black, for Bebe was depressed by black, and feared the reaction of conventional mourning on her work.

Helen Morgan likes green and vivid orange, Gertrude Lawrence blue, Gloria Swanson all colors (except old rose!), Jeanne Eagels, with a flaming genius which burned itself out too soon, was partial to coral and flame.

Most of you will remember the exotic and vivid personality of Nita Naldi. In her dressing room, and on the set, she wore a dressing gown of the most violent magenta pink, what is known below the Mason and Dixon line as "nigger pink." I asked her once why she wore it, and she, as frank in her speech as she was pronounced in her beauty, said: "I know I look like hell in it, but I get more kick out of this color than a quart of champagne."

NOW, I knew, of course, that there must be a reason back of all this, and I discovered, by investigation and experiment, that colors had all sorts of qualities, which I had never before suspected. Some were stimulating to a degree that resulted, in sensitive cases, in intense irritation. Some colors are depressing in effect. Psychiatrists say that if a neurasthenic person were confined in a room decorated entirely in shades of purple, the result would be complete, melancholic insanity. Colors differ as to their force as well, for some are forceful, active and advancing, while others are timid, passive and receding.

Colors differ as to their suggestion of warmth, for while some are warm, and even hot, others range from cool to cold. Many colors have properties of weight, some seeming heavy and ponderous while others are light and airy. Some colors have the aspect of mystery; some are melancholy, some are dramatic, some repellant, some tender, some exciting, some blasé. So you can see how color in the hands of one knowing its hidden qualities, its amazing powers, may be used to play upon human emotions and even upon human bodies as one

might play upon a musical instrument.

I am going to tell you just what you can do yourself with this amazing and lovely force, how you may perhaps change your very destiny through the right use of color.

BLACK

I SHALL begin with black, which is not properly a color at all, but rather the absence of all color, and here we come again into contact with the force of emotional association. If you will think back for a moment to your childhood days, you will remember that your most vivid emotional reaction was to light and darkness. When the light was turned out, and you were left alone in black night, those reactions were of fear, mystery, and the unknown.

Black, too, is the symbol of gravity, solemnity and a sombre outlook upon life. For widows, besides being a symbol of their mourning, it signifies constancy and fortitude, and the added attraction of a complete knowledge of life, which gives a widow that strange, indefinable attraction that is beyond analysis.

On unmarried women and girls, its symbolism takes on a more dangerous note for poor, defenseless man, for then it means intent, and we have the beginning of the vampire. That is why soft, black satin has always been the favorite of our vampires of the screen. It makes the figure seem additionally long, and its lustrous plasticity reveals the modelling of the body, and makes the most of its sinuous curves.

Yet, in spite of its sombre background and symbolism, black is one of the most striking and satisfactory of colors, when applied to dress. This is due to the fact that no other color so brings out the contrast of skin and eyes, and throws into such relief any color worn with it as does black. But, in spite of everything, black has a definite subduing effect on the beholder, as well as the wearer, and I do not believe that it is possible for anyone to be really and unaffectedly gay in an all-black costume.

WHITE

WHITE is the synthesis, the apotheosis of all colors and, by association again, its white, spotless and untouched qualities have made it the symbol of purity, chastity, innocence and

truth. In dress, it is traditional for christening robes, confirmation, the first communion, the sweet girl graduate, and the blushing bride and, for certain colorings, it is a most effective color in any form of dress.

It is one of the coldest of colors, and there is nothing so refreshing to the eye on a hot summer day as to encounter someone dressed from head to foot in spotless white.

RED

FROM fire and bloodshed comes red as the symbol of war, and all its passions, rage, hate, lust, desire and revenge. Since it is the favorite color of that most fascinating being, our friend, the devil, the most tempting sins which we may commit are known as "scarlet sins."

Now, lest you be disturbed because you are fond of that color, do not forget that it has a number of healthful and beautiful associations as well.

If we had no red, we would have no red roses, no scarlet fruits, no blazing sunsets and rosy dawns, no ruby lips, no blush of love.

It is a warm color of great stimulation, has a most exhilarating effect upon men, and life would be very dull indeed if it were not for red, and some of the things it stands for. So, if you like red, by all means wear it, for it cannot affect you but pleasantly, unless you begin thinking red thoughts.

When red is tempered with white, it becomes a very different thing and, in the various shades of pink and rose, it signifies health, affection, unselfishness and optimism.

ORANGE

WE come next to orange, a color in which none of us can indulge too much in one way or another, for it is said to be the color of the very force of life itself. It is the color of physical strength, and of the highest vitality and bodily vigor.

In wearing it, however, we must remember that it is one of the warmest and most advancing colors, and that not everyone can indulge in pure orange for an entire costume without risking the danger of having one's personality partially, if, indeed, not altogether submerged.

Except for the vivid and exotic personality

and the slender figure, orange is best in the form of a trimming, or only in an accessory.

GREEN

WE come now to green, one of the most conspicuous, and yet the most commonplace of colors by reason of the lavish use which nature makes of it. Green, for that reason, is the most restful of colors to the eye and, because of the promise of green in the early spring, it has become the symbol for faith, youth, hope, immortality and, in the material world, victory and success.

Green, according to the psychists, is the color of the objective mind, and of the great cosmic currents of thought, which give us those things that the objective mind desires—success in business, money, wealth and power.

So, if you want these things, you must think in terms of green, wear it, and surround yourself with it, and, if your desires are as strong as the color which stands for them, you are sure to get your heart's desire.

In dress, green is one of the cool, slenderizing colors, doubly agreeable to the eye in winter, when it is otherwise almost totally absent from the sight.

BLUE

ANOTHER of nature's great expanses of color, that of the heavens, stands for the highest intelligence and the deepest spiritual insight. It stands for sincerity, piety and serenity of spirit. Blue is said by the psychists and metaphysicians to be the color of the subjective, or higher mind, and of the cosmic current of divine intelligence, which flows in a glittering

current of electric blue all about us although we do not see it.

So, if you are working on a mental plane—if you are a student, a writer, a philosopher, or if you want brilliance of intellect for any purpose whatsoever, you must think in terms of blue, and cultivate this color.

PURPLE

PURPLE, or violet, you know, is a mixture of red and blue, and when our blue intelligence, or higher selves, comes into contact with our red thoughts, and the things they have led us to do, what can the result be but sadness and regret, which is what purple stands for.

Purple, too, stands for dignity, a characteristic that comes from the chastening and purifying effects of suffering.

Purple stands also for high thoughts and noble purposes, and it is also the color of royalty and state.

YELLOW

AND now, we come to yellow. Yellow is the highest color of all. Yellow is the color of the sun, the heart of the universe, of gaiety and joy, of glory and power, and of the greatest of all the forces in the world—that of love. So, if you want these priceless possessions, you must wear yellow; you must vibrate to the color of the sun.

Yellow is said to give courage to the silent lover, too, so if the favored one is coming to call upon you tonight, put on your loveliest yellow frock, and no matter how tongue-tied he may be, I venture to say that the charm will work.

They Hitch Their Wagons to Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

ness, with its tough long hours and hazardous-to-health surroundings. Studio sets are cold, drafty things and Mr. Arliss, besides being well along in years, is frail.

"But as long as he will do it," argues Jenner, "the least I can do is protect him." Consequently at exactly four-thirty of every afternoon, Jenner stalks into Mr. Arliss' set, regardless of circumstances. The director may be in the middle of a "take." The situation may be strained, dramatic, tense. Those

things mean nothing to Jenner. Mr. Arliss, he says, quits promptly at four-thirty. And what he says goes. Jenner is master. For Jenner, believes Mr. Arliss, knows just a little more about Mr. Arliss than anyone else (including Mr. Arliss). That has proved itself many times over. So Jenner continues by his side, unshakable; watch-dog plus. Their association is an idyl in harmony.

Hollywood's balance-wheels! Many an actor would run himself to death without one!

Welcome Home, Clara!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

when she realized she could not go on and on, playing four shows a day. Her life's energy was being sapped. She could not stand it, and in Washington, D. C., she cancelled her further bookings as finally as she had stepped out of pictures.

She had been singing in vaudeville and had put on many too many surplus pounds. Grueling treatments which cost her thousands of dollars followed, and she is now ready to begin over again.

She is beautiful now, even more beautiful than she was years ago.

Not long ago her 'phone rang and she was told that a member of the Warner Brothers film company was speaking and that she was wanted for a test for "Courage."

"I thought," she said later, "that somebody was playing a joke on me. I could not believe that anybody remembered me. I knew that I had been completely forgotten. So I simply laughed and paid no more attention to it."

But it wasn't a joke. She had not been forgotten. Other studios made her offers but she was not ready. She wanted, first, to have her figure at the weight it should be. She is ready now.

"I've always been too frank," she said, "too frank for my own good. But I can't help it and I'm not coming back until I have a part that I feel suits me. Oh, mind you, I know I cannot star again and I don't mind how small the part may be, but it must be the right part. Upon that I insist."

Her mind has not been idle during these eight years.

She has acquired a vital interest in chemistry and is seriously considering taking a course at the University. Also she has perfected the beauty of her voice.

She stands on the brink of a new career. She will make no more foolish mistakes. She is a business woman now—a beautiful business woman.

Photography Needs Trained Men!



Many well-paid, worthwhile positions open annually in motion picture and photographic field. Entire industry growing by leaps and bounds. One large moving picture company alone employs over 10,000 men for first months of this year.

"Still" Photographers in Demand

"Still" Photographers and photo-finishers wanted everywhere. We teach you at home or in our studio to take advertising and commercial photographs, art poses and portraits—show you how you can win success in this overcrowded industry.



Good Pay for Movie Cameramen



Thrills, adventures—an opportunity to see the world await you as motion picture cameraman! Or, be a well-paid motion picture projectionist. Free book tells how you can qualify for any branch of this fascinating profession. Send for it TODAY.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. W-1245 10 West 32nd Street, New York City

Mail Coupon for FREE BOOK

New York Institute of Photography
Dept. W-1245, 10 West 32nd Street, New York City
Without obligation send me your FREE book and details about:
() Motion Picture Photography () Projection
() "Still" Photography () Photo-finishes
Name.....
Address.....
City.....



Beauty depends upon the SHAPE of your NOSE

The nose, composed mostly of flesh and cartilage, can be molded to shapely lines by wearing the *Anita Nose Adjuster*, while asleep or during the day. It's the quick, safe, painless and inexpensive method. Results are *lasting!*

Your age doesn't matter. Over 78,000 users Doctors approve it. Small cost. Moneyback GUARANTEE. Send for trial offer and FREE BOOKLET, "The Nose and Its Shape."

ANITA INSTITUTE, A28 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Step into a BIG PAY HOTEL JOB!



Earn \$2,500 to \$10,000 a Year!

Hotels, Apartment Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Institutions, Camps, Schools, Colleges, Hospitals, etc., are calling for Managers, Assistant Managers, Stewards, Housekeepers, Publicity Directors, Sports Directors, Room Clerks, etc. Lewis Personal Coaching Plan qualifies you right at home in your spare time. Past experience unnecessary. National Employment Bureau FREE of extra charge. Big pay, quick advancement, fascinating work. Write for Free Book.

Clifford Lewis, Pres.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room DA-894 Washington, D. C.

TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

Save over 50% on all standard office typewriters. Price on all standard office typewriters. Buy on 10 days' trial. Send No Money. Big free catalog shows details of all makes in full. Catalogs, guaranteed best value ever offered. Send at once!

SEND NO MONEY
All late models completely reconditioned like brand new. Fully Guaranteed. Send on 10 days' trial. Send No Money. Big free catalog shows details of all makes in full. Catalogs, guaranteed best value ever offered. Send at once!



231 W. Monroe St.
International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 152, Chicago

John Boles Confesses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

"How do I know?"

"How," we insisted, "do you make love?"

"Say, fellow," he replied, "haven't YOU ever made love?"

"Who's interviewing who, here?" we countered. You see, Obie, by this time we realized that John was either very bashful, or wanted to keep his secrets to himself. But we were persistent, we were.

"All right," he surrendered, "ask me what your Mister Splumf wants to know."

"Well, what's the best technique?"

"It varies."

Q.—Varies how?

A.—Whether she's short or tall, heavy or thin, red-haired or not . . . say, what sort of girl is this Mr. Squaff in love with?

Q.—Well, suppose she's short.

A.—Then he should maneuver her onto a flight of stairs, so she stands on the step above him. If she's tall, he ought to reverse it, so that he's on the step above her.

(Here John scribbled a diagram on a napkin, showing a girl and a boy on a flight of stairs. How quaint! Seven tourists in the café asked seven waitresses to get the napkin for them, after Mr. Boles had gone.)

"WHY all this stairs business?" we asked him.

"Because," he grinned, "the shortest line between two pairs of lips is level."

Q.—Well, suppose Obie's girl is — ah — plump?

A.—There's a good rule for that, too. If she's thin, set her on your knee. If she's heavy, get on your knees yourself, before her. It'll save your constitution.

Q.—What do you mean, the technique varies with the color of her hair?

A.—Say, haven't you ever known any red-heads?

Q.—All right, but maybe Obadiah's girl isn't a red.

A.—No, she can't be. Or Obadiah wouldn't be asking questions.

Q.—How do you get that look in your eyes when you make love to a girl?

A.—Simplest thing is to make love in the dark, son. Then your eyes won't give you away. If there's moonlight, maneuver yourself into a position so the moonbeams glint from your eyes and she'll think it's lovelight instead of just moonshine. If it's broad daylight—well, in broad daylight, son, you've got to mean it!

Q.—And is it true in love, too, that "actions speak louder than words?"

A.—Any lover, no matter who, should at least kiss the Blarney stone once before he tries to kiss a girl. And whatever he says—well, he's not under oath, is he?

But after all, that's one point on which I wouldn't give any rules. If he's got any sense at all, he'll know when to stop talking and begin acting—or vice versa.

A.—Tell us a few secrets about yourself, Mr. Boles.

(He looked startled and worried. He took the top layer off his Swiss cheese sandwich to see if the cheese had any holes in it. It did. They spelled Laemmle.)

"Tell us," we continued, "how you yourself act in those passionate love scenes you play. Is it real emotion on your part, or are you just making mechanical gestures with the actress opposite you?"

"Well," he confessed, "up to a certain point, I am thinking of the camera, and all that. But at that certain point—well, after all, when one holds a lovely woman close, and gazes into her eyes, and whispers sweet things to her. Say! don't you go out much, or what?"

Q.—Now, John, when you're making love to a woman, aren't there certain things you must bear in mind *not* to do?

A.—How silly! Don't clutter up your mind thinking what not to do. Just concentrate on what *to* do.

A BOY came and told John they wanted him back on the set.

"Before you go," we insisted (you see how we work for you, Obie?), "isn't there some fundamental, basic rule about how to make love?"

"Well, it's something like the Einstein theory."

"But there are only twelve men in the world who fully understand that," we protested.

"Uh, huh," said John. And hurried off.

Gr-r-r-r-r!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

isn't half as much your acting as it is your pan." And as soon as Wolheim's desire to have the nose fixed is published, his public begins writing furious fan letters imploring him to leave the nose as is.

And so he goes on, through movie after movie, being as tough as his face looks—and that's as tough as a thirty-five-cent *table d'hôte* steak.

AS a matter of fact—and if this smashes an illusion, it's too bad!—Mr. Wolheim is fundamentally as hard as a new-born kitten. His heart is as big as his salary checks, and as soft as a two-minute egg. But his nose and that face have done strange psychological things to him. He imagines he has to live up to them. And as a result, he has cultivated a personality front that matches his nose perfectly, but that isn't the real Louis Wolheim at all.

For instance: he swears in a steady sulphurous blue haze over anything or nothing and at any time and under any circumstances for no other reason than that he imagines a guy with a pan like his talks that way. The fact is, however, that he has a mind that revels in the finest beauties of literature and exquisite writings.

ANOTHER thing: he professes not to give a blistering series of asterisks for what people think about him. "T'hell with you," is his attitude toward interviewers, and he retorts "Rats!" when they tell him he ought to pose for publicity pictures. But the honest truth of it is that he secretly reads everything that's printed about him, if his most intimate friends are to be believed, and likes it.

He's ferociously hard-bitten about his whole appearance. "I'm me, see? And if they don't

like the way I look, they can go blumpitty-blump-oops! It's my face and what the so-and-so do I care what those such-and-suches think about it?"

He even carries the attitude to the point of refusing to have a picture of himself anywhere in sight. Yet the actual fact is that he's as tickled as a baby with a lollypop if someone mistakes his age for five or ten years younger than he really is. And, for a quarter of an hour one day he sat in worshipfully rapt admiration of a striking bust of himself which a sculptor had marvelously made from photographs.

Wolheim thought it was swell.

Yes, yes. Louis Wolheim likes to be thought a tough bozo. And despite all his profanity and his blustering and his posing and that, his friends all call him "Wolly"—pronounced "Wally." And you know darned well that no truly hard guy is ever going to be called anything as silly as "Wolly."

HE'S an interesting person, despite (or maybe because of) all this hard-guy posturing. Born in New York, Wolly is a Russian Jew by nativity, who has gone churchless by preference. But he has a religion of his own that attains ultra-charitable viewpoints. He won't go hunting, because he believes it's not sport but simple cruelty, and he won't go fishing for the same reason. "The human race," he snarls, "is the only race that hurts and kills for the mere pleasure of hurting and killing."

Yet he has no compunction about walloping the jar off a fellow-human if he believes the fellow-human rates it. Those who, in his opinion, rate it most are cads. One night, at a party, he overheard a guest make a caddish remark about someone. After due warning

Wolly uncorked a punch that drove the other fellow right through a bathroom door and into a tub full of cold water.

He revels in food. He particularly likes hot things, like chili and tamales and spices. He goes into raptures over certain foods, mixing poesy and profanity in a torrent of admiration.

HE is probably one of the best educated men in movies. He has been given credit for having been a professor at Cornell University, but as a matter of fact, never was. He did study at Cornell, and graduated with several degrees, but the only teaching he ever did was as tutor at a prep school. He is a wizard at mathematics.

But this mania for mathematics leads him sadly astray when he tries to cash in on it with playing cards. He's a bridge hound of the most pronounced type. He'd rather play bridge than almost anything else, and does. He plays with the big shots of Hollywood—Joe Schenck and such millionaires, and for anything from a quarter of a cent a point to a dollar a point or more! Sometimes he wins, and he's a good winner. Oftener, he loses, and he's a good loser, too. He places too much trust in his knowledge of numbers while playing cards.

WHILE bridge is his favorite, he likes a whack at poker now and then. It cost him plenty in Butte, Montana, once. Butte is one of those still-old-time Western towns where gamblers are gamblers. On location recently with a Radio Pictures' troupe, Wolly barged into Butte's night life one week-end with the announcement that he'd like to take on the boys for a whirl at the pasteboards.

They accommodated him, and when the blue

haze of words was past, Wolly was \$3,500 poorer. He prefers bridge, now, more than before.

THE man is physically fearless, especially in defense of his principles. For instance, during the war, he was taking an officer's training course at Camp Zachary Taylor, in Louisville, Kentucky. When the war ended, Wolly was still in training. He asked for an immediate discharge, rather than complete the course.

"Hell, he's a quitter!" sneered the other war-enthused trainers. "Why don't he stay and finish the course like us, instead of quitting?"

"Who says I'm a quitter?" roared Wolly. "I've done my bit while the war was on. Now the war's over, and I'm through, and I'll lick any so-and-so whatchumaycallem who wants to make anything of it."

HE licked three of them, and took his immediate discharge.

He's generous with his money, and jealous of his spot on the screen. Anybody can hit him for a loan and get it, but if anybody tries to steal a scene from him, Wolly's liable to spank! He has an old pensioner whom he's been keeping for years. Ask him why, and Wolly answers: "Aw, you know—I've gotten so used to it that I can't help it." Fact is,

many years ago, the fellow once gave Wolly a job.

Wolly has paid him back a thousandfold.

He likes acting. He's one of the very few toplineers who has never played extras or bits.

LIONEL BARRYMORE gave Wolly his first part on the stage because his looks fit the rôle. He did so well that, immediately afterward, he was cast as *The Hairy Ape* in the Eugene O'Neill play, and has been famous ever since then.

He says he's never had stage or screen fright in his life.

His ambition is to make enough money so that some day he can shake the dust of this continent off his soles and go live in Europe for the rest of his life. He plans a comfortable, idle sunset of life with his wife, whom he's absolutely crazy about. She's a tiny woman, weighs less than a hundred, and is quite frail. He's devoted to her.

AND he doesn't give two hoots in a cyclone for any other woman. Not because he thinks he's handicapped by that face, but simply because he's not interested in them. Sometimes his friends kid him.

"Aw, hell, Wolly," they'll tell him. "That's all a stall. No woman would fall for a face like that!"

"Yeah?" grins Wolly. "Well, listen, lots of dames fall for guys like us!"

By Time and Tears

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

aggressiveness she had, whatever thought of her own, were simple reflections of her father's mind.

She did her task upon the screen, lent her pastel beauty to the camera and remained a child.

MARY was typed. The directors saw her only as the meek little heroine. The thought that she might, just by chance, be growing up did not occur to them.

And even her marriage did not change their viewpoint of her.

She was a beautiful little girl accompanied by her father.

But during this period Mary was beginning to listen to the deep harmony of life. Her ears had become attuned to torrents of emotion she had not known. What happens to people when they begin to perceive is difficult to explain. It is a gradual process, a slashing away of dead beliefs, a gathering of fresh new theories. Slowly the world opened up to Mary, yet the directors knew her as one thing and would not give her a chance to do anything else.

The styles in film heroines had changed. They were not so long-suffering. They were smart, modern young women. But nobody bothered to find out that Mary Astor was becoming a smart, modern young woman and, because nobody bothered to find out, she was put upon the shelf and did not do a piece of screen work for eighteen months!

So desperate was she, so lonesome for the sets and the studios, that she even humbled herself by writing discreet notes to casting directors explaining that she was at liberty. This did not avail.

THEN two things happened suddenly. She managed to get a job in a stage play. Kenneth Hawks was killed.

She did not flaunt her grief. Instead she went to a quiet apartment and there tried to think out a way to catch up the loose threads of her life.

Producers had seen her in the play. They had discovered that her voice had depth and charm.

She was given a contract and bravely she began a new career.

"LADIES Love Brutes," her first talkie, was made shortly after the accident. It was her first picture for a year and a half. She was a woman now, but she had not become one suddenly. The talkies showed her for what she was because one can't hide maturity in a voice.

She did not speak like a child. She no longer acted like one upon the screen. And when she went from picture to picture in quick succession, each time proving herself a better and a more capable actress than before, it was the obvious thing to say that her tragedy had brought about the change.

But it wasn't that. It was merely that over a period of two, perhaps three, years she had become adult.

She was no longer the child prodigy of a high school professor.

She was no longer the young wife of a rising director.

She was Mary Astor, an entity. Mary Astor, a person.

You saw her in "Holiday." You know what she has to give.

She is a fine actress. As a person she is magnificent.

There is no sentimental clutching at a grief. It is all a part of her life.

She was happy with Kenneth Hawks. She loved him.

That does not mean that she might not be happy with somebody else; that she might not love again.

She knows these things.

Her mind is as true as an arrow. Life is her bull's-eye, and she means to hit her mark. She takes life in her hands, as if it were a piece of clay, and moulds it for her happiness. She is free. She is a vital woman.

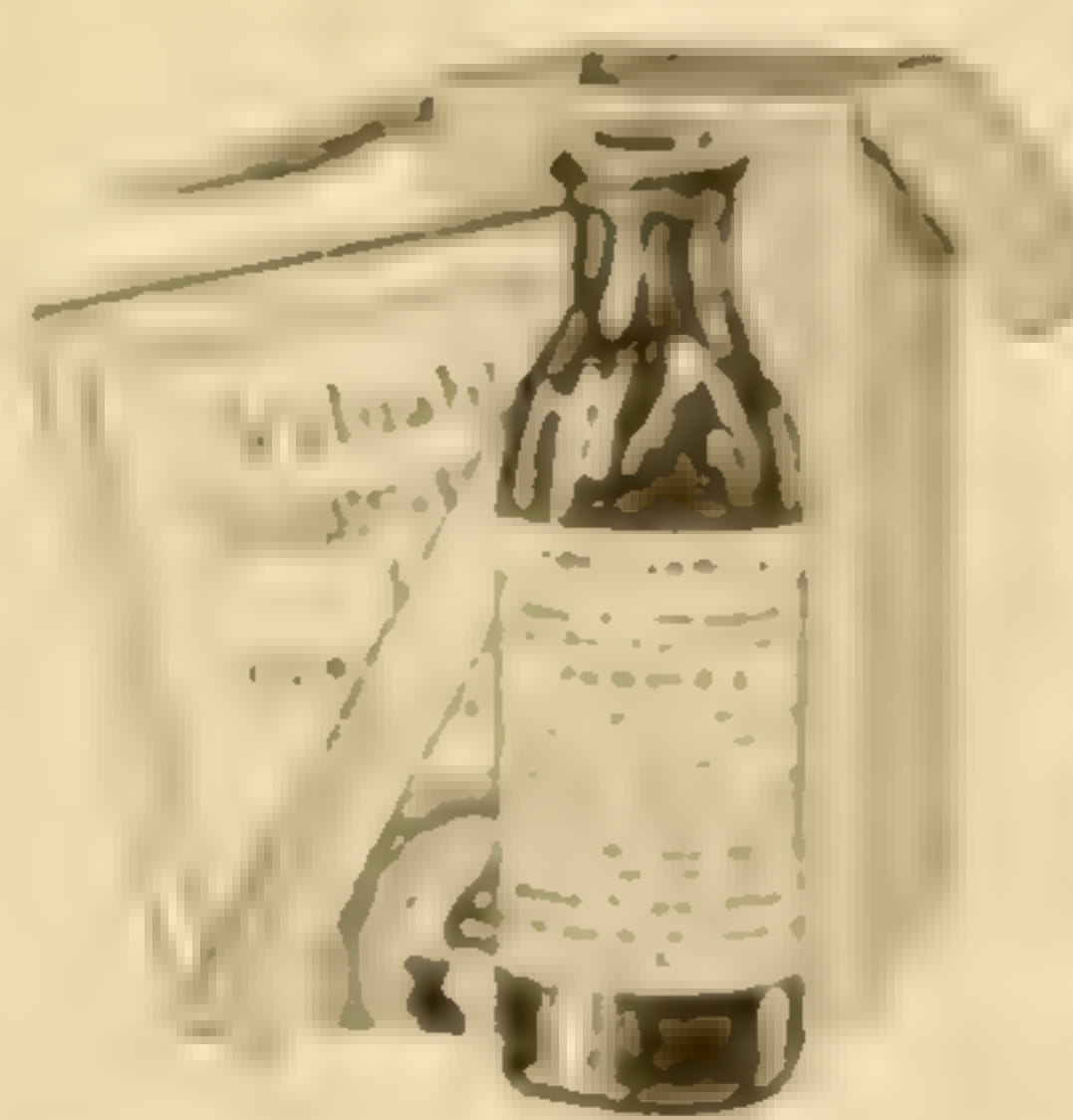
IN her contract with Radio Pictures, she glories.

Each new film is a thrilling adventure, just as each new demand of life is.

Head up, chin out, mind clear, Mary Astor, the woman, meets the world!

FREE

COMPLETE TEST PACKAGE
Prove to yourself what
3,000,000 women know



GRAY HAIR GONE

Why hesitate? Mary T. Goldman's way is entirely SAFE. Just comb clear, colorless liquid through the hair. Youthful color comes. Nothing to rub or wash off.

We don't ask you to buy. We only ask that you convince yourself. Snip off a lock of hair. Test results first this safe way. You have nothing to lose. You take no risk. We send FREE a complete test package. Mail the coupon.

Please Use Coupon for FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN

2412 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name

Street

City..... State.....

Color of your hair?.....

MERRY CHRISTMAS



1930

HEALTH TO ALL

PHOTOS
ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form groups, handicapped, not animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo or snapshots (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman \$1.00 plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage. **Special Free Offer** With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.



UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake St., Dept. A-131, Chicago, Ill.

BUNIONS

Now Dissolved

Pain stops almost instantly! Then lasting relief. Fairyfoot gradually dissolves pain.

FREE
TEST

fully on 500,000 feet. Write for trial treatment absolutely FREE! Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill. 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 29

Alviene 36th YEAR Drama-Dance

Musical Comedy, Stage and Screen Dancing, Training Pictures, Education, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training, appearances while learning. Pupils, Mary Pickford, Lee Tracy, Fred and Adele Astaire, etc. Catalog 16.

Irwin, Alviene University, 65 W. 85th St., New York

A Great Trouper Comes to Town

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

glows with the joy of living. There is nothing of the tired cynic about her.

Character readers tell us that our deeds and thoughts are traced out over our noses, mouths and chins like a map. You cannot find in Marjorie Rambeau's lineless, beautiful face any signs of careless living. Those clear, blue eyes, those firm cheeks, that piquant mobile mouth—if she has lived as unwisely as some have said, then I wish she would tell me her secret.

THE look on Marjorie Rambeau's face is not put there by a beauty expert. It comes from within. And if she took what life offered her—she took it charmingly.

She is without pose. She hates posing in others. Her judgment of human nature is as keen as a razor. I somehow have the feeling that you could not lie to Marjorie Rambeau.

And I also believe that you could tell her anything and she would understand.

HER life has begun again. She has known every branch of the theatrical profession, stock, long runs, guest stardom, vaudeville. Now she has just signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Like every stage trouser I know, she is naively thrilled at the chance to go to bed early and to get up in the morning, to have a real house with a strip of lawn in front of it.

She is fascinated by the mechanics of pictures and everything concerned with the life at the studio.

But the great film stars, who strut out their little hour before the cameras, aren't fooling Marjorie. She makes no unnecessary genuflections. She has seen too much of life not to be able to distinguish the real from the false.

She is playing a rôle now in Greta Garbo's picture, "Inspiration," and on the set the other actors cluster about her to bask in the warmth of her charm. Not long ago the company sat waiting for the arrival of Garbo. The older actors were discussing old times, the younger ones listening. One of the men mentioned a trouser that all knew. He said, "But he was a bad Indian. He was always drunk and getting himself into messes."

Marjorie Rambeau sat still for a second and then she said, very slowly, "Don't say that unless you're quite, quite sure it's true."

For she has suffered from gossip. She has seen herself head-lined. And from her suffering she has learned life's greatest lesson—tolerance.

NO more remarkable woman has ever graced a stage. Hollywood should be proud to know that her new life is beginning in its studios.

She Eats and Tells!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

beans and—surprise!—turnips. Bet you never thought a lowly turnip was admitted into a star's home. Then there was ice cream, cake and coffee.

There is always coffee at Betty's house. Rivers of it. It was served at dinner right at the table, just like ordinary folks, and then when we went into the living room the maid put a coffee table between us and it was served again.

The next morning we had coffee at breakfast and again immediately after breakfast. It was given to us before we went to bed. She says it helps her go to sleep.

Without a word from Betty the maid appears with coffee and coffee table and there you are.

I NOTICED that Betty seemed nervous and every time the 'phone rang she jumped as if a director had yelled "Cut!"

"I'm expecting a call from Harry," she explained.

"But you said he was in London."

"He is," said Betty.

I couldn't imagine just chatting in a friendly way between Hollywood and London. Could you bear saying, "How are you, dear? So glad to hear your voice?" No! Ten thousand times no! You've got to talk about disarmament and what's wrong with the motion pictures.

I was pretty excited when the call came through. Betty talked hours, it seemed to me, and how much is it a minute?

When she returned she said, "Harry lied to me. I know he did. He's got a cold and when I asked him if he had he said he didn't. But I could tell by his voice."

"Maybe it was static," I suggested. I'm so scientific.

"No, it wasn't."

And that's what they talk about between London and Hollywood.

It was one of those hot nights that sometimes come in October. It was sultry, with no wind stirring. We played Russian Bank but we were both nervous. Betty had brought the big black police dog inside.

Nig stalked about the house and made low, guttural sounds.

At last Betty arose. "There's a night watchman outside, but Nig is acting strangely. I'm going to see what it's all about."

Of course, I know she's played in a lot of gangster pictures but when I saw her with that revolver she got out of a drawer in the den I wasn't any too comfortable. I was much more afraid of Betty and the pistol than of any burglar in the world. But I went with her (that is, I followed her, a good ten paces behind). Even that was preferable to staying in and maybe being shot at through the window.

A tour of the grounds revealed nothing but the night watchman nodding in the garage.

When we got back Betty put the gun on the radio. After a couple of hours it didn't bother me.

The stillness and the heat put us in a strange mood and I've discovered that the time to catch people talking about the things closest their hearts is at night (too bad I can't make all my interviews after midnight).

Betty began, "I had the most marvelous dream the other night. I thought that there was a great earthquake that shook down all of Hollywood except this house and destroyed everybody but me and I remember that I stood in the midst of the ruin and instead of being upset about it I was glorified. Shivers of delight ran up and down my spine. My whole being was enthralled by the tremendous aloneness."

IF it weren't so obvious, a psycho-analyst would have a lot of fun with that. But you can figure that dream with half your brain. Betty is a lone wolf. Although she has great admiration for the spritely young person who can walk into a room with an apt and easy comment for all assembled, she has no genius for it herself.

Betty sees life as it is, neither sugar-coated nor wrapped in a cloak of cynicism. She has more genuine courage for living than any other person I know.

Bits of things we talked about. Fragments. Betty wandered from subject to subject.

"I wonder why I keep on making pictures. Perhaps I think some day I'll make a good one."

"Harry Edwards is the one ideal man for me. He has a great wealth of sympathy. We like doing the same things. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and want to walk, particularly if it is raining. He doesn't think me mad. He walks with me."

"Marriage is grand when you've someone who understands you. I've always been so alone and loved it. Even when I was married to Bernard Fineman I was alone. An executive's life takes him away."

"But with Harry it's different. We have so much fun together."

"I do not play the social game in Hollywood. You become too involved. I like whom I like no matter what they are or what they have done."

"Yet I like to live well. The friendly gesture of cocktails before dinner. A fire glowing on the hearth. A well set table bristling with silver, and nice talk."

"Harry and I hope to live in Europe one day."

Betty calls herself "Old Ma Brent" because so many people come to her with their troubles. And they receive from her not saccharine kindness, but a keen analysis of the situation.

It was very late when we went to bed at last and yet Betty left a call for ten in the morning, because we had decided to go to her beach house at Malibu and sit in the ocean.

Breakfast at the Brent house is an experience. It consists of an enormous glass of grape fruit juice, stacks and stacks of tiny griddle cakes, little pig sausage and pots of coffee.

When we set off in a long nosed touring car Betty, in a white dress, socks, flat-heeled shoes, beret and a pair of dark glasses, looked about as much like a picture star as Cal Coolidge.

At the beach place people were already there and Betty dragged out bathing suits. She's an expert swimmer and is utterly without fear in the water.

Afterwards we sat around in wet bathing suits on the best chairs. Betty believes: Do what you please. Have a good time. Don't be burdened with conventions and public opinions and all the meaningless gestures that clutter up life.

WE opened huge cans of spaghetti and beans, and made coffee and, in the cool of the evening, drove back.

"How about staying tonight?" asked Betty.

But already I was reminding myself of the guest who came for dinner and stayed a year.

"I've had a swell time," said Betty. "Call me up sometime and ask me to go to another fashion show."

Short Subjects of the Month

IF there aren't any new notions among this month's shorts, there is a lot of entertainment.

Metro's smart dog comedies and Mack Sennett's comedians—especially Andy Clyde—continue to be real laugh-makers. The short comedy field continues to show growth in resourcefulness and showmanship.

A HOLLYWOOD THEME SONG *Sennett-Educational*

An uproarious burlesque on themesongitis as it afflicts the movies. Music-plagued picture fans should get down on their hunkers and render thanks unto Sennett for this comedy. Harry Gribbon, Patsy O'Leary, Yola D'Avril and a bunch of song writers do wonders under Bill Beaudine's direction.

THE DOGWAY MELODY *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

Metro's marvelous canine comics surpass their previous efforts in this burlesque of "The Broadway Melody," this company's great hit of the 1928 season. The smash of the picture is the dogs' version of "Singin' in the Rain," using the original sound track made by the Brox Sisters and Cliff Edwards.

GO TO BLAZES *Universal*

The veteran comedy team of Charlie Murray and George Sidney work perfectly in these Universal shorts, and this one is full of chuckles. This one has to do with fun in a firehouse, with Charlie and George taking a young fireman's place while he goes holidaying. A good noisy comedy.

PA GETS A VACATION *Warners-Vitaphone Variety*

This Potters series, featuring Lucien Littlefield as "Pa Potter," holds up well. They are probably the best satires on domestic griefs and woes that sound pictures have yet delivered. This one, though one of the milder of the lot, is still a good companion piece for a feature.

A FALL TO ARMS *Darmour-Radio Pictures*

Ludicrous Louise Fazenda still takes her slapstick big. In this she mixes macksennett technique with a lot of new airplane gags and is guaranteed to put you in stitches. The picture speeds along at a fast clip, and the laughs are good for youngsters, adults and *vice versa*.

FLOWER GARDEN *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

An opulent and expensive short remindful of the talkies' early days. A lavish flash act in color, with Cliff Edwards, Lottice Howell, some dancers and a chorus of thirty. Cliff sells a couple of songs for a hit, and the short can be rated as pleasant. But not worth the outlay.

THE BLUFFER *Sennett-Educational*

Here's a short in the new Sennett-Color which is fascinatingly beautiful in the matter of its under-water photography. It's a one-reel comedy, and darned well done, all about two boys, a girl and an irascible pop—played by the great Andy Clyde. Patsy O'Leary—what an eye-ful!

BELOW ZERO *Hal Roach-M-G-M*

Laurel and Hardy score again in this comedy—this time playing a couple of wandering musicians in a snowstorm. Laurel plays a toy organ and Oliver Hardy smacks the strings of a bull fiddle. The only tune the boys can play is "In the Good Old Summer Time!" Plenty laughs.

THE SPELL OF THE CIRCUS *Universal*

Universal has another good go at getting the kids back into the theaters with this bang-up chapter play full of circus stuff and atmosphere. The featured players are Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and Alberta Vaughn. The story is about the lad who runs away and becomes a great rider.

THE RACKET CHEERS *Sennett-Educational*

It seems to be Andy Clyde's month. At any rate, he's in again, in another fast-moving Sennett short. Andy here plays a goof who owns a yacht and gets into a battle with the United States Navy by mistake. And he's fine, as always. Old Chief Sennett seems to grow better and better.

LONELY GIGOLO *Warners-Vitaphone Variety*

Nine minutes of Technicolor in which Lotti Loder, the little Viennese of whom Warners expected much, sings two numbers. She also does a couple of not too startling dance routines. The tiny girl is surrounded by a group of tall chorines. This is not an especially thrilling short.

RAZORED IN OLD KENTUCKY *Radio Pictures*

Nick Basil and Tony Armetta, two wandering Wops, find themselves in the middle of a good old Kentucky feud, after setting up a barber shop in what turns out to be no-man's-land in this family warfare. Razors prove to be mightier than bullets, and all ends quite hilariously.

MR. INTRUDER *Warners-Vitaphone Variety*

A very clever one-reeler with a real idea in it. Otto Kruger, a legitimate stage star, plays an editor in search of a story. Coming home, he finds his wife (Verree Teasdale) and a "friend" (Alan Brooks) having an affair. It's not only his story, but grounds for a divorce. Smartly done.

WHILE THE CAPTAIN WAITS *Paramount*

A little one-reel musical piece which features Armida, the little Mexican girl. The scene is aboard an ocean liner. While the hoity-toity ship's concert is on, Armida entertains the steerage with her songs and dances. Armida here dances better than she sings. Mild entertainment.

The Ambassador

The Ambassador Hotel is representative of everything that the finest hostelry can be in location, charm, excellence of menus and service.

There are always celebrities of the screen world at The Ambassador. It is in the social center on one of the world's most famous thoroughfares.

NEW YORK
PARK AVENUE
AT 51ST STREET

ATLANTIC CITY • PALM BEACH • LOS ANGELES

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-143, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © AS 1923 CHICAGO

CUTICURA

Soap for daily use.
Ointment to heal skin irritations.
Talcum ideal after bathing.

Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 12,
Malden, Mass.

DENISON'S PLAYS

55
YEARS
OF HITS

Musical Comedies, Operettas, Vaudeville Acts, Minstrels, Comedy Songs, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free

T. S. Denison & Co. 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 76, Chicago

Amos 'n' Andy Go Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

Andy leaves the typewriter to join Amos in the pacing. They argue. "Andy wouldn't say a thing like that," Correll growls. "And Andy wouldn't say that," Gosden retorts.

They glare at each other like two Bengal tigers.

They resume their pacing. They remark to the world in general that of all the fatheads they ever knew, some one right in that room is the worst. They glare again.

SUDDENLY inspiration comes. They wring each other's hands and each declares the other the best fellow alive. Andy runs to the typewriter. It's coming. At last it's finished and another episode is ready for the air.

They emerge arm in arm, grinning and well pleased, only to go through the same performance the next day.

Only a friendship as deep as these two possess could survive such a nerve-racking but comical performance.

Very often their own experiences will furnish material for several episodes. "For instance," Andy said, "that business of the suit of clothes being 'way too big; that actually happened to me. Amos [they constantly refer to each other by their radio names] had gone with me to select the suit just as we did on the radio, and he went along when I returned it, too."

Often well-meaning friends offer suggestions. "Why don't you take the boys up in an airplane or down in a submarine?" they'll ask. "That would be a scream."

"It probably would be funny, but that wouldn't be Amos 'n' Andy. What would two

poor old colored boys be doing up in an airplane, for instance—or in a submarine? It's the last place they would go. We have to sacrifice a lot of good fun in order to keep the boys strictly in character."

They stoutly refuse to step out of character in the picture, too. Pleas and petitions were all in vain.

"But Amos 'n' Andy wouldn't do anything like that," they would argue. "We don't exaggerate them in our skits; why try to slapstick them in the picture?"

At last they were persuaded to try one sequence the way the script was written. The scene was a haunted house. All the moss-covered gags were brought into play. Amos' hair was made to stand wildly on end. Andy was prostrated with two inward convulsions and three outward. After the rushes that evening they stood on the steps and said very quietly, "That never was Amos and it wasn't Andy. We know the boys and that just wasn't them."

FINALLY they succeeded in doing the scene over. Strictly in character, Amos was frankly and honestly afraid but going ahead, Andy petrified but blustering through. There were no tricks or gags.

The studio admitted they were right. It was Amos 'n' Andy for sure.

They are as shrewd as any successful men of business.

They know instantly what makes good publicity and what doesn't.

Their publicity manager would occasionally

be seized with what he thought a particularly brilliant piece of publicity.

"That's out," one of them would say instantly.

And they could immediately put their fingers on the flaw and show just why that certain piece of publicity might not be so good in the future.

They look ahead constantly.

THEY are ardent radio fans and have a radio on their set which goes constantly between scenes.

They receive thousands and thousands of letters from old, young, rich and poor.

"You remember?" Amos asked, "when it looked as if my seventy-fi' dollars was gone forever? Well, I received money from all over the country. Even little children had emptied their banks and sent it to me. Of course I had to send it all back, but it surely did touch me to see how good every one was to old Amos."

And the funny thing is the boys went completely Hollywood. Went with an abandon that was eye-popping to behold. They swam in all the marble-tiled swimming pools, roamed through all the palatial but slightly mortgaged mansions, rode in all the hysterically upholstered Rolls-Royces.

They Brown Derbyed at luncheon and Henry'd at dinner. They even ventured out in the suburbs to trout fish with Noah Beery and pony-back ride with Bill Hart.

They had a grand time, and now that they're gone, is Hollywood blue, I ask you?

Check that, and Double Check it!

"Willy" to His Mother

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

saw the light of day when Bill was twelve years old. These letters are the most amazing things to Mr. and Mrs. Powell. They are of a dignified generation and they can't understand how strangers can write such things.

Every year, Bill, through his father, makes out a sizeable check to the Los Angeles Community Chest. He prefers doing that all in a lump, rather than distributing his charities piecemeal throughout the year.

Horatio Warren Powell is a big fellow. Bill inherits his appearance as well as his first name. It is William Horatio Powell, just in case you've wondered what the initial H. stood for. Or maybe you haven't wondered at all.

MRS. POWELL is a pretty, gracious little lady, weighing just 115 pounds. She weighed considerably less than that when she lived in Kansas City.

California agrees with her. On the other hand Mr. Powell weighed considerably more when he lived in the Midwest.

It is Mrs. Powell that answers the telephone in the Powell apartment. She takes the messages for Bill and relays them to him. Although she has never met many of his friends she has quite a telephone acquaintance with them. She almost feels that she knows Richard Barthelmess even if she has never seen him.

She takes the studio calls, arranges interview appointments, and accepts or rejects invitations—all after a conference with the president of the business.

When Bill has an early call at the studio she awakens him. For years she has been accustomed to waking at seven o'clock, so an

early call is no inconvenience to her. She brings him his orange juice and coffee.

"She spoils him," snorted Mr. Powell, not meaning a word of it.

Sometimes it is difficult for her to get rid of annoying strangers who get hold of his unlisted telephone number. She is always polite but firm. No secretary of a ten-million-dollar-a-year corporation could turn people away more politely and more emphatically. But she wouldn't hurt anyone's feelings intentionally, not for worlds.

"If Bill is going out to dinner he calls and tells me what he wants to wear," she says. "I have his clothes all laid out for him when he returns from the studio."

Recently she had been planning to go back to Kansas City to visit her two sisters and a brother.

She postponed the trip until after Bill had completed his current picture.

"I thought I could make it easier for him by staying here," she confessed. "You see he always calls me from the studio at noon to get the calls that seem important."

WHEN Bill passed through Kansas City on his way back from Europe, he called his mother on long distance, and he had her brother and sisters talk also.

"It cost sixty-five dollars," put in Mr. Powell, the practical business man.

"But it was almost as good as going back and seeing them," replied Mrs. Powell.

The office of the Powells, Incorporated, is just a room in their apartment. It has a desk and separate telephone for Mr. Powell. The apartment itself is comfortable and tasteful,

but not pretentious. You would never think Philo Vance lived there. There isn't a roof terrace where he can have breakfast, and you couldn't find a Regie cigarette, or a book on Sanskrit in the place. Bill doesn't entertain at his home. When he gives a party he assembles his guests for dinner at the Ambassador. He isn't home very often, Mrs. Powell explains. In the daytime, when he isn't working, she can usually relay his messages up to Ronald Colman's. Ronald and Bill play tennis together regularly.

Another of Mrs. Powell's unofficial duties is to keep the ice-box stocked for Bill. It seems he likes to go on midnight raids after returning from an evening out. She usually leaves chutney and sandwiches, a cold fowl or a leg of lamb.

The two senior members of the firm like to explore for new places to eat. They even like picnic lunches in the Los Angeles parks, and they are not above riding on street cars. Of course they couldn't be so carefree if people knew they were the parents of the famous William Powell. The greatest thrill, however, is to go to a theater where one of his pictures is showing, and to listen to the comments.

THIS Powells, Incorporated, business has been going on for three years, ever since Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Sr., joined Bill in California. And, maybe, Bill wouldn't like this to be told, but his mother still calls him by his childhood name, Willy.

"Children never grow up to their mothers, you know," she explained. She honestly tries to call him William or Bill, however. But she just forgets once in a while!

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

BY way of a happy new year to the movie business, Mr. Quirk asks the industry, this month, "What did you do in 1920?"

The editor reviews the motion pictures of that year, the silent motion picture then rapidly approaching its highest development as an art.

Mr. Quirk picks four pictures as the best of 1920

His list contains—

"Humoresque," the sentimental masterpiece, and first winner of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal—with Vera Gordon, Alma Rubens and Gaston Glass in the leading rôles.

"Way Down East," Griffith's masterful production of the old mellerdrama, with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman winning new laurels.



Exactly ten years ago Pola Negri burst upon American screens in "Passion." Here's the way the fiery Pole looked then

"Why Change Your Wife?" the De Mille glitterer, with Tommy Meighan and Bebe Daniels therein.

"The Devil's Pass-Key," a directorial triumph.

MR. QUIRK welcomes Thomas Meighan to full stardom, as befits his talents. He calls Harold Lloyd the leading comic, remarking that "Chaplin seems to have retired from business."

Remember, this is ten long years ago. Some retirement!

Theodore Roberts and George Fawcett divide honors as character men. Dick Barthelmess is the leading juvenile.

As for the woman question, the editor says that Mary Pickford is still the queen of the movies, and then has nice words to say about Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish and Alice Joyce.

THE new year, a decade ago, brought our first view of Pola Negri—an event by which citizens began to set their clocks and watches.

"Passion," that Lubitsch-directed costume picture rather wildly overtitled, came along. Our Mr. Burns Mantle says, in his review, that "Mme. Negri is physically attractive, highly emotional, technically facile and dramatically effective."

What a chilly way of disposing of the Perilous Pole—the Warm Witch of Warsaw!

Within five years American critics and public were saying plenty of other things about Negri!

OTHER pictures of that long-gone January . . . Nazimova in "The White Peacock" . . . Thomas Meighan in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" . . . "The Sins of Rosanne," with Ethel Clayton and Jack Holt . . . William Farnum shooting his way out in "Drag Harlan," and Mr. Otis Skinner in an opulent production of "Kismet," supported by Rosemary Theby (in the rôle done in 1930 by Mary Duncan) and Elinor Fair as his daughter (played in the new talkie version by Loretta Young) . . . Bebe Daniels bursts to stardom, in 1921, the picture being "You Never Can Tell." Jack Mulhall is her leading man.

WELL, motion pictures certainly run in cycles—and their actors on bicycles!

Ten years ago we ran a page of pictures titled "Back to Broadway." It showed actors of the screen in scenes from stage plays they were then doing. James Rennie, for instance, in a bit from "Spanish Love" on Broadway. In 1931 he's back in Hollywood making First National talkies. Ina Claire, back on Broadway after silent films in 1921, is again before the camera. Nita Naldi had left the screen for a play called "Opportunity." Now she's in retirement in France.

Yep—it's cycles! As this is written, ten years after the events chronicled, hordes of stage players have been to Hollywood and are back on Broadway again. Which probably shows that PHOTOPLAY's stories are good every ten years—or even oftener!

THE news that Bill Hart will probably be back on the screen soon gives life to a swell story we ran about him ten years ago.

It's called "Bill Hart's True Love Story," or "Why I'm Still a Bachelor." The lady of Bill's inmost heart, says the piece, was the dark-eyed Corona Riccardo, one of the many beauties who played *Iras* in "Ben-Hur" to Bill's *Messala* on the stage.

P.S.—And now Bill's been married, had a fine son, been divorced, and again lives alone—this time on a hill that looks away to California's high Sierras.

SOME of the things that were going on as little 1921 came kicking and screaming into the screen world . . . Vivian Martin, Colleen Moore, Priscilla Dean and Louise Glaum lead off the month's picture gallery . . . And then come two girls still much in the public eye—Marion Davies and Betty Compson . . . Wally Reid writes a piece on "How to Hold a Wife." Not many new thoughts—but it's Wally who utters them, so it's all right. PHOTOPLAY is running a \$14,000 prize fiction contest, and two of the entries appear in this issue . . . And a story about Julia Faye's legs. It was at this time she became known to the folks as "The Legs of the Lasky Lot".

A page of pictures of famous red-headed movie girls. They include Kittie Gordon, Billie Burke, Pearl White, Mary Thurman, Gloria Swanson, Olga Petrova and Mae Marsh . . .

"PERSONALITY stories," this month, on two of the newer leading lights of pictures.

Bebe Daniels. The story says, "She has the eyes of a Mona Lisa and the swaying walk of a Carmen." Bebe says, "I liked my comedies with Harold Lloyd, but I love my serious work best. And I love being a star."

Estelle Taylor. A young siren from Wilmington, Del. Fox has just signed her for leading vampires of the younger school.

GOSSIP of the month—

Eric Von Stroheim was married in October to Valerie de Germonprez. They worked together in pictures. Gloria Swanson has the cutest baby girl you ever saw, born October 10th. Papa is Herb Somborn.



Christmas Seals

on every package!

HALF the fun of Christmas is "doing up" the packages. The other half is opening them. The 1930 Christmas Seals, showing old Santa with his Christmas tree, will add beauty to any Christmas mail. Better still, the funds from the sale of Christmas Seals will help protect the health of your community. Use Christmas Seals freely and so extend the Christmas spirit of good-will to men throughout the entire year. Get your supply of Christmas Seals today.

THE NATIONAL, STATE
AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS
ASSOCIATIONS OF
THE UNITED STATES

HELP FIGHT
TUBERCULOSIS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

SINNERS' HOLIDAY—Warners.—(Reviewed under title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (Oct.)

SISTERS—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (Sept.)

SIT TIGHT—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (Dec.)

SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (Sept.)

SOCIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (July)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (Aug.)

SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (Oct.)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (July)

SON OF THE SADDLE—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (Oct.)

SO THIS IS LONDON—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (Aug.)

SOUP TO NUTS—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak statues, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (Oct.)

★ **SPOILERS, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (Nov.)

SPURS—Universal.—Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (Nov.)

SQUEALER, THE—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (Nov.)

STEEL HIGHWAY, THE—Warners.—Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (Dec.)

STORM, THE—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (Nov.)

STORM OVER ASIA—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent.* (Nov.)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackaill is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (July)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (Dec.)

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (Sept.)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty*; Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (Nov.)

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (Nov.)

SWEET MAMA—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (Sept.)

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (July)

SWING HIGH—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (July)

TEMPTATION—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (Sept.)

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM—Willis Kent Production.—Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (Nov.)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (July)

THOROUGHbred, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (Nov.)

THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny hodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (Nov.)



Well, it can't be long now till we see this punch-befuddled little man hanging dizzily to the ring post! Chaplin in a scene from the long-awaited "City Lights," which after over two years has become practically a rumor. But it's done now!

THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (Sept.)

THREE FACES EAST—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (Aug.)

TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (Aug.)

TODAY—Majestic.—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (Dec.)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (Dec.)

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY—First National.—(Reviewed under title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (Sept.)

TOP SPEED—First National.—Musical comedy with the irrepressible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (Aug.)

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life rôle of girl-friend. (Aug.)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can y' imagine the fun! (July)

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (Oct.)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (July)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (Aug.)

UP THE RIVER—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (Dec.)

VIENNESE NIGHTS—Warners.—The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (Nov.)

VIRTUOUS SIN, THE—Paramount.—Torrid love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (Dec.)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (Dec.)

WAY OF ALL MEN, THE—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (Sept.)

WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (Aug.)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (July)

WHAT A WIDOW!—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (Oct.)

WHAT MEN WANT—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (Sept.)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (July)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (Oct.)

WILD COMPANY—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (Aug.)

WINGS OF ADVENTURE—Tiffany Productions.—Armida saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (Oct.)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (Aug.)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that ooh-la-la Ma'mselle, Fifi Dorsay. (July)

YANKEE DON, THE—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (Dec.)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (July)

YOUNG WOODLEY—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (Dec.)

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen	Phillips Holmes
Jean Arthur	Carole Lombard
George Bancroft	Jack Loden
Clara Bow	Paul Lukas
William Boyd	Marcia Manners
Mary Brian	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Nino Martini
Jack Buchanan	Cyril Maude
Nancy Carroll	Four Marx Brothers
Ruth Chatterton	Moran and Mack
Maurice Chevalier	Rosita Moreno
Ina Claire	Frank Morgan
Claudette Colbert	Barry Norton
June Collyer	Jack Oakie
Chester Conklin	Guy Oliver
Gary Cooper	Eugene Pallette
Frances Dee	Ramon Pereda
Marlene Dietrich	William Powell
Leon Errol	Roberto Rey
Stuart Erwin	Charles Rogers
Stanley Fields	Lillian Roth
Norman Foster	Charles Ruggles
Kay Francis	Stanley Smith
Richard "Skeets"	Regis Toomey
Gallagher	Fay Wray
Mitzi Green	

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson	Myrna Loy
Robert Ames	Edmund Lowe
Michael Bartlett	Claire Luce
Warner Baxter	Sharon Lynn
Humphrey Bogart	Mona Maris
El Brendel	Frances McCoy
Ilka Chase	Kenneth MacKenna
Marguerite Churchill	Victor McLaglen
William Collier, Sr.	Don Jose Mojica
Joyce Compton	Lois Moran
Fifi Dorsay	J. Harold Murray
Louise Dresser	George O'Brien
Charles Farrell	Maureen O'Sullivan
Noel Francis	Frank Richardson
John Garrick	Will Rogers
Janet Gaynor	David Rollins
Louise Huntington	Jillian Sand
Keating Sisters	Marie Saxon
Richard Keene	Spencer Tracy
Jane Keith	John Wayne
J. M. Kerrigan	Marjorie White
Joan Lawes	Charles Winniger
Dixie Lee	

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Amos and Andy	Ivan Lebedeff
Henry Armetta	Dorothy Lee
Mary Astor	Renee Macready
Roscoe Ates	Raymond Maurel
Evelyn Brent	Joel McCrea
Sue Carol	Jack Mulhall
Joseph Cawthorn	Ken Murray
June Clyde	Edna May Oliver
Betty Compson	Roberta Robinson
Ricardo Cortez	Lowell Sherman
Bebe Daniels	Katya Sorina
Richard Dix	Ned Sparks
Irene Dunne	Leni Stengel
Eddie Foy, Jr.	Hugh Trevor
Roberta Gale	Bert Wheeler
Ralf Harolde	Robert Woolsey
Rita LaRoy	

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss	Laura Lee
John Barrymore	Winnie Lightner
Noah Beery	Lotti Loder
Joe E. Brown	Ben Lyon
Helen Chandler	Marian Marsh
Claudia Dell	Marian Nixon
Irene Delroy	Walter Pidgeon
Robert Elliott	Vivienne Segal
Frank Fay	H. B. Warner
Paul Gregory	Barbara Weeks
James Hall	Jack Whiting
Leon Janney	Grant Withers
Evelyn Knapp	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Joan Bennett	Chester Morris
Charles Chaplin	Mary Pickford
Dolores Del Rio	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	Norma Talmadge
Al Jolson	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Ralph Graves	Joan Peers
Sam Hardy	Aileen Pringle
Jack Holt	Dorothy Revier
Ralph Ince	Barbara Stanwyck
Buck Jones	Johnnie Walker
Margaret Livingston	

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd.

Eddie Cantor	Lily Damita
Ronald Colman	Evelyn Laye

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios

Roland Drew	LeRoy Mason
Rita Carewe	

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell	John Miljan
Lionel Barrymore	Conchita Montenegro
Wallace Beery	Robert Montgomery
Charles Bickford	Grace Moore
Edwina Booth	Polly Moran
John Mack Brown	Catherine Moylan
Lenore Bushman	Conrad Nagel
Harry Carey	Ramon Novarro
Joan Crawford	Edward Nugent
Marion Davies	Elliott Nugent
Mary Doran	J. C. Nugent
Marie Dressler	Catherine Dale Owen
Cliff Edwards	Anita Page
Julia Faye	Lucille Powers
Greta Garbo	Marie Prevost
John Gilbert	Marjorie Rambeau
William Haines	Duncan Renaldo
Hedda Hopper	Gilbert Roland
Lottice Howell	Norma Shearer
George Huston	Gus Shy
Leila Hyams	Lewis Stone
Kay Johnson	Lawrence Tibbett
Dorothy Jordan	Ernest Torrence
Buster Keaton	Raquel Torres
Arnold Korff	June Walker
Andre Luguet	Roland Young
Ellen McCarthy	

Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong	Ann Harding
Constance Bennett	Eddie Quillan
Bill Boyd	Helen Twelvetrees
James and Russell Gleason	

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Stan Laurel
Mickey Daniels	Gertie Messinger
Dorothy Granger	Our Gang
Oliver Hardy	David Sharpe
Mary Kornman	Grady Sutton
Harry Langdon	

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams	Charles Murray
Lew Ayres	Mary Nolan
John Boles	George Sidney
Hoot Gibson	Slim Summerville
Jean Hersholt	Genevieve Tobin
Barbara Kent	Lupe Velez
Bela Lugosi	John Wray
Joan Marsh	

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Harry Bannister	Lucien Littlefield
Richard Barthelmess	J. Farrell MacDonald
Sidney Blackmer	Dorothy Mackaill
Bernice Claire	David Manners
Robert Edeson	Frank McHugh
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Marilyn Miller
Louise Fazenda	Dorothy Peterson
Alexander Gray	James Rennie
Lawrence Gray	Virginia Sale
O. P. Heggie	Otis Skinner
Edward E. Horton	Arthur Stone
Lila Lee	Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"I KNOW YOUR SECRET!"



"THE reason you have so much pep—such good color—that sparkle in your eyes—animation and attractiveness—is all because you took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—a vegetable tonic and builder that makes for redder blood."

A woman to be attractive must have coursing thru her arteries rich, red blood. Many women and men, too, have thin, pale blood; they're weak, tire easily, discourage quickly. Such folks need

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y. Answer question blank wrapped around medicine and receive free medical advice.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



HEALTH TO ALL

Wear a Smaller Size TOE

SHOE

with Absolute Comfort!



Enjoy 1 to 1½ sizes smaller! Here is how: Your foot is one size while standing, a smaller while on toes. The Expando Heel, tiny bands of elastic, permits dancing fit, yet gives to assure comfort at all times. Result, neater, daintier appearance. Price, Advance Toe Shoes, including Everlast Stitched Toe, satin, pink, white or black, \$6.25. Write for free new catalog of costumes and dance shoes. Just out.

Advance Theatrical Shoe Co.
Dept. 51, 159 North State St., Chicago, Ill.

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair

Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands—extra live flesh covered. Para rubber, support and shape ankle and calf while wearing them. Perfect fitting. Can be worn under hose—or worn at night—red and shape while you sleep. Tones and firm up ankles and calves.

or pay postman. Write for booklet.
Dr. JEANNE P. H. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York City



LEARN PRACTICAL NURSING AT HOME IN 12 WEEKS

Marvelous course. Many earn \$20 to \$30 a week caring for invalids in their vicinity WHILE LEARNING. We help secure positions. Write
MISS C. TULL, 6204 Winthrop, Chicago, Illinois

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BAT WHISPERS, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. Directed by Roland West. The cast: *Police Lieutenant*, Chance Ward; *Mr. Bell*, Richard Tucker; *The Butler*, Wilson Bengie; *Police Captain*, DeWitt Jennings; *Police Sergeant*, Sidney D'Albrook; *Man in Black Mask*, S. E. Jennings; *Mrs. Cornelia Van Gorder*, Grayce Hampton; *Lizzie Allen*, Maude Eburne; *The Caretaker*, Spencer Charters; *Dale Van Gorder*, Una Merkel; *Brook*, William Bakewell; *Dr. Venrees*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Anderson—the Detective*, Chester Morris; *Richard Fleming*, Hugh Huntley; *Detective Jones*, Charles Dow Clark; *The Unknown*, Ben Bard.

"BIG MONEY"—PATHE.—From the story by Walter De Leon. Screen play by Walter De Leon and Russell Mack. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Eddie*, Eddie Quillan; *Ace*, Robert Armstrong; *Tom*, James Gleason; *Joan McCall*, Miriam Seegar; *Mae*, Margaret Livingston; *Mr. McCall*, Robert Edeson; *Leila*, Dorothy Christy; *Smiley*, G. Pat Collins; *Durkin*, Morgan Wallace; *Flora*, Myrtis Crinley; *Monk*, Robert Gleckler; *Bradley*, Charles Sellon; *Lefty*, Kit Guard; *Weegee*, Johnny Morris; *Waiter*, Frank Sabini; *Waiter*, Harry Semeles; *Society Woman*, Clara Palmer; *Detective*, Ed Deering; *Elevator Boy*, Spec O'Donnell; *Maid*, Mona Rico; *Izzy*, Murray Smith; *Wendell*, Harry Tyler; *Butler*, Jack MacDonald; *Michael*, Zita Moulton; *Office Boy*, Jack Hanlon; *Detroit Dan*, Richard Cramer; *Lewis Wilder*, Maurice Black.

"BROTHERS"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Herbert Ashton, Jr. Adapted by John Thomas Neville and Charles R. Condon. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Bob Naughton*, Bert Lytell; *Eddie Connolly*, Bert Lytell; *Norma*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Dr. Moore*, William Morris; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Richard Tucker; *Lorenzo*, Maurice Black; *Oily Joe*, Frank McCormack; *Mrs. Naughton*, Claire McDowell; *Mr. Naughton*, Howard Hickman; *Tony*, Francis MacDonald; *Mag*, Rita Carlyle; *Maud*, Jessie Arnold.

"CHARLEY'S AUNT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Brandon Thomas. Screen play by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by Al Christie. The cast: *Lord Fancourt Babberley*, Charlie Ruggles; *Amy Speltigue*, June Collyer; *Charlie Wykeham*, Hugh Williams; *Donna Lucia D'Alvordorez*, Doris Lloyd; *Stephen Speltigue*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Ela Delahay*, Flora LeBreton; *Jack Chesney*, Rodney McLennan; *Kitty Verdun*, Flora Sheffield; *Sir Francis Chesney*, Phillips Smalley; *Brassett*, Wilson Bengie.

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Vin Moore and Edward Luddy. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Mr. Cohen*, George Sidney; *Mr. Kelly*, Charles Murray; *Mrs. Cohen*, Vera Gordon; *Mrs. Kelly*, Kate Price; *Windjammer Thorn*, Frank Davis; *Sheik*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Guide*, Nick Cogley; *Chief*, Ed Kane; *Dancing Girls*, Rene Marville; *Georgette Rhodes*.

"CONCENTRATIN' KID, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harold Tarshis and Charles Saxton. Adapted by Harold Tarshis. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *Concentratin' Kid*, Hoot Gibson; *Betty Lou Vaughn*, Kathryn Crawford; *Foreman Moss Blaine*, Duke R. Lee; *Campbell*, James Mason; *C. C. Stille*, Robert E. Homans.

"COSTELLO CASE"—SONO ART—JAMES CRUZE.—From the story by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Mahoney*, Tom Moore; *Mollie*, Lola Lane; *Blair*, Roscoe Karns; *Mile Away Harry*, Wheeler Oakman; *Jimmie*, Russell Hardie; *Saunders*, William Davidson; *Landlady*, Dorothy Vernon; *Donnelly*, Jack Richardson; *Bebe*, M. K. Wilson.

"DICH HAB' ICH GELIEBT" (Because I Loved You)—AFA-TOBIS.—Directed by Hans Conradi. The cast: *Inge Lund*, Mady Christians; *Otto Radney*, Walter Jankuhn; *Dr. Hubert Baumgart*, Hans Stuwe; *Mariechen*, Kl. Marion Conradi; *Oberregisseur Lechner*, Carl Platen; *Frau Werner*, Sophie Pagay; *Edith Karin*, Trude Berliner; *Justizrat Korner*, Fritz Alberti; *Direktor Sommer*, Hans Mierendorff; *Sanitätsrat Brink*, Jaro Furth; *Der Theaterdirektor*, Hans Sternberg; *Der Inspizient*, Hermann Picha; *Der Conferencier*, Andre Pilot.

"ESCAPE"—ASSOCIATED RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by John Galsworthy. Directed by Basil Dean. The cast: *Matt Denant*, Sir Gerald du Maurier; *Girl of the Town*, Mabel Poulton; *Plain Clothes Man*, Ian Hunter; *Policeman*, Edward Addison; *Fellow Convict*, Gordon Harker; *Warder*, S. J. Warrington; *Shingled Lady*, Edna Best; *Judge*, Horace Hodges; *Browning*, Lewis Casson; *Betty Browning*, Ann Casson; *Grace*, Marie Ney; *Dora*, Madeleine Carroll; *Parson*, Austin Trevor; *Constable*, David Hawthorne; *Bellringer*, Lawrence Baskcomb.

"EX-FLAME"—LIBERTY PRODUCTIONS.—Adapted from the novel "East Lynne" by Victor Halperin. Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: *Sir Carlyle Austin*, Neil Hamilton; *Lady Kitty Austin*, Marian Nixon; *Barbara Lacy*, Judith Barrie; *Beau Winthrop*,

Norman Kerry; *Umberto*, Roland Drew; *The Argentinian*, Jose Bohr; *Mr. Keith*, Cornelius Keefe; *Lady Harriet Austin*, May Beatty; *Boggins*, Snub Pollard; *Kilmer*, Joan Standing; *Master Stuart Austin*, Billy Haggerty.

"FAIR WARNING"—FOX.—From the story by Max Brand. Screen play by Ernest L. Pascal. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: *Whistlin' Dan*, George O'Brien; *Kate Cumberland*, Louise Huntington; *Jim Silent*, Mitchell Harris; *Lee Haines*, George Brent; *Purvis*, Nat Pendleton; *Kilduff*, John Sheehan; *Morgan*, Erwin Connelly; *Tex Calder*, Willard Robertson; *Mr. Cumberland*, Alphonz Ethier; *Jordan*, Ernest Adams.

"FLAME OF LOVE, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—Scenario by Monckton Hoffer. Directed by Richard Eichberg. The cast: *Haitang*, Anna May Wong; *The Grand Duke*, George Schnell; *Lieutenant Boris Borrisoff*, John Longden; *Yvette*, Mona Goya; *Birnbaum*, Fred Schwarz; *Wang-Hu*, J. Leyon.

"HEADIN' NORTH"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by J. P. McCarthy. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: *Jim Curtis*, Bob Steele;



Jack Holt in the uniform he wore during the making of "Dirigible." He liked it so much he wore it a lot, until one day, when he was lunching at the Brown Derby, a lady at a nearby table said it was odd elevator men were permitted to eat there, too. Jack went back to mufti

Mary Jackson, Barbara Luddy; *Snicker*, Perry Murdock; *Arnold*, Walter Shumway; *Announcer*, Eddie Dunn; *United States Marshal*, Fred Burns; *Foreman*, Gordon DeMain; *Smith and Smith*, Harry Allen and Gunnis Davis; *Owner of the "Palace"*, S. S. Simon; *Old Actor*, Jim Welsh; *Drunk*, Jack Henderson.

"ILLCIT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Anne*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Dick Ives*, James Rennie; *Price Baines*, Ricardo Cortez; *Georgie*, Charles Butterworth; *Margie*, Natalie Moorhead; *Dukie*, Joan Blondell; *Mr. Ives, Sr.*, Claude Gillingwater.

"LAND OF MISSING MEN, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by J. P. McCarthy. Adapted by J. P. McCarthy and Bob Quigley. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: *Steve O'Neil*, Bob Steele; *Buckshot*, Al. St. John; *Sheriff Bower*, Edward Dunn; *Nita Madero*, Caryl Lincoln; *John Evans*, Ex-Sheriff, Al Jennings; *Martha Evans*, Fern Emmett; *Lopez*, Emilio Fernandez; *Texas*, Noah Hendricks; *Senor Madero*, C. R. Dufau; *Express Agent*, S. S. Simons.

"LAST OF THE LONE WOLF"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Louis Joseph Vance. Adapted by John T. Neville. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Michael Lanyard (the Lone Wolf)*, Bert Lytell; *Stefanie*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Varril*, Lucien Prival; *Prime Minister*, Otto Matiesen; *King*, Alfred Hickman; *Queen*, Maryland Morne; *Camilla*, Haley Sullivan; *Hoffman*, James Liddy; *Master of Cere-*

monies, Pietro Sosso; *Count von Rimpau*, Henry Daniel.

"LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Melville Crossman. Adapted by Arthur Caesar. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Flo*, Winnie Lightner; *Dot*, Irene Delroy; *A. J. Smith*, Jack Whiting; *Col. Joy*, Charles Butterworth; *M. Le Maire*, Charles Judels; *Mr. Smith*, John Davidson; *Secretary*, Arthur Hoyt.

"LIGHTNIN'"—FOX.—From the play by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Adapted by S. N. Behrman and Sonya Levien. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *"Lightnin'"*, Bill Jones; Will Rogers; *Mrs. Jones*, Louise Dresser; *John Marvin*, Joel McCrea; *Millie Jones*, Helen Cohan; *Thomas*, Jason Robards; *Sheriff*, Frank Campeau; *Lem Townsend*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Zeb*, Luke Cosgrave; *Margaret Davis*, Ruth Warren; *Mrs. Lower*, the chiseler, Sharon Lynn; *Everell Hammond*, Walter Percival; *Diana*, a divorcee, Joyce Compton; *Mrs. Brooks*, Goodee Montgomery; *Ronald*, *Diana's Husband*, Rex Bell; *flapper*, divorcee, Roxanne Curtis; *Monty Winslow*, Phil Tead; *Mrs. Thatcher*, Charlotte Walker; *Mrs. Leonard*, Blanche LeClaire; *Mr. Leonard*, Bruce Warren; *Mrs. Blue*, Moon Carroll; *Mrs. Weeks*, Bess Flowers; *Mrs. Starr*, Gwendolyn Faye; *Mrs. George*, Eva Dennison; *Mrs. Graham*, Betty Alden; *Mrs. Young*, Lucille Young; *Mrs. Lord*, a divorcee, Natica Nast; *Mrs. Bigg*, Betty Sinclair; *Walter Lannon*, *Clerk of the Court*, Thomas Jefferson.

"LION AND THE LAMB, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Adapted by Matt Taylor. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Dave*, Walter Byron; *Inez*, Carmel Myers; *Muggsy*, Raymond Hatton; *Tottie*, Montagu Love; *Madge*, Miriam Seegar; *Bert*, Charles Gerrard; *Ruebin*, Will Stanton; *1st Lascar*, Charles Wildish; *2nd Lascar*, Harry Semels; *Lem*, Robert Milasch; *Wister*, Yorke Sherwood; *Stanton*, Sidney Bracy.

"LOOSE ENDS"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the play by Dion Titheradge. Directed by Norman Walker. The cast: *Malcolm Ferres*, Owen Nares; *Mina Grant*, Edna Best; *Raymond Carteret*, Miles Mander; *Brenda Fallon*, Adrienne Allen; *Winton Penner*, Donald Calthrop.

"MURDER"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story "Enter Sir John" by Clemence Dane. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: *Sir John*, Herbert Marshall; *Diana Baring*, Norah Baring; *Doucie Markham*, Phyllis Konstam; *Ted Markham*, Edward Chapman; *Gordon Druce*, Miles Mander; *Handel Fane*, Esme Percy; *Ion Stewart*, Donald Calthrop.

"NEW MOON"—M-G-M.—Book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab. Adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Lieutenant Michael Petroff*, Lawrence Tibbett; *Princess Tanya Strogoff*, Grace Moore; *Governor Boris Brusiloff*, Adolphe Menjou; *Count Strogoff*, Roland Young; *Potkin*, Gus Shy; *Countess Anastasia Strogoff*, Emily Fitzroy.

"OH, FOR A MANI"—FOX.—From the story by Mary F. Watkins. Screen play by Philip Klein and Lynn Starling. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Carlotta Manson*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Barney McGann*, Reginald Denny; *Taisy Franklin*, Marjorie White; *Pug Morini*, Warren Hymer; *Laura*, Alison Skipworth; *Peck*, *Carlotta's Manager*, Albert Conti; *Frescatti*, Bela Lugosi; *Costello*, Andre Cheron; *Kerry Stokes*, William Davidson.

"PART TIME WIFE"—FOX.—From the story by Stewart Edward White. Screen play by Raymond L. Schrock and Leo McCarey. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Jim Murdock*, Edmund Lowe; *Mrs. Murdock (Betty Rogers)*, Leila Hyams; *Tommy Milligan*, Tommy Clifford; *Johnny Spence*, Walter McGrail; *Butler*, Louis Payne; *Caddy Master*, Sam Lufkin.

"PASSION FLOWER"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Kathleen Norris. Adapted by Martin Flavin. Directed by William DeMille. The cast: *Dulcie Morado*, Kay Francis; *Katherine Pringle Wallace (Cassy)*, Kay Johnson; *Dan Wallace*, Charles Bickford; *Leroy Pringle*, Winter Hall; *Antonio Morado*, Lewis Stone; *Mrs. Harney*, ZaSu Pitts; *Tommy*, Dickie Moore.

"PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEAS CRUISE"—TRAVEL-EPICS.—No cast.

"RENEGADES"—FOX.—From the novel "Les Renegats" by Andre Armandy. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Deucalion*, Warner Baxter; *Eleanore*, Myrna Loy; *Machwirth*, Noah Beery; *Vologuine*, Gregory Gaye; *Biloxi*, George Cooper; *Captain Mordiconi*, C. Henry Gordon; *Sergeant-Major Olson*, Colin Chase; *The Marabout*, Bela Lugosi.

"SEA LEGS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: *Searchlight Doyle*, Jack Oakie; *Hyacinth*

Nitouche, Eugene Pallette; *Gabriel Grabowski*, Harry Green; *Adrienne*, Lillian Roth; *Crosetti*, Jean Del Val; *Captain*, Albert Conti; *High Commissioner*, Andre Cheron; *Admiral O'Brien*, Charles Sellon; *Commander*, Tom Rickett.

"SCOTLAND YARD"—Fox.—From the play by Dennison Clift. Screen play by Garrett Fort. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Sir John Lasher*, Edmund Lowe; *Dakin Barrolles*, Edmund Lowe; *Xandra—Lady Lasher*, Joan Bennett; *Charles Fox*, Donald Crisp; *Doctor Deon*, Georges Renevant; *Sir Clive Heathcote*, Lumsden Hare; *Captain Graves*, David Torrence; *Nurse Cecelia*, Barbara Leonard; *Lord St. Arran*, Halliwell Hobbes.

"SEE AMERICA THIRST"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Vin Moore and Edward Luddy. Adapted by C. Jerome Horwin. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Wally*, Harry Langdon; *Slim*, Slim Summerville; *Ellen*, Bessie Love; *Screwie O'Toole*, Mitchell Lewis; *Insect McGann*, Mathew Betz; *Spumoni*, Stanley Fields; *O'Toole's Henchman*, Lloyd Whitlock; *McGann's Henchman*, Dick Alexander; *"Shivering" Smith*, Tom Kennedy; *Inventor*, Lew Hearn; *The Attorney*, Leroy Mason.

"SIN SHIP, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Keene Thompson and Agnes Leahy. Adapted by Hugh Herbert. Directed by Louis Wolheim. The cast: *Captain McVeigh*, Louis Wolheim; *Kitty*, Mary Astor; *Marsden*, Ian Keith; *Charlie*, Hugh Herbert; *Tourist (Detective)*, Russell Powell; *Dave*, Alan Roscoe; *Cook*, Bert Stanley.

"SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY"—PATHE.—From the story by Robert Milton and Dorothy Cairns. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: *Sylvia*, Constance Bennett; *Gaylord Stanton*, Kenneth MacKenna; *Durant*, Basil Rathbone; *Grace*, Rita LaRoy; *Richards*, Louis Bartels; *Sheridan*, John Roche; *Anna*, ZaSu Pitts; *Miss Munson*, Kendall Lee; *Ruth*, Murrel Finley; *Miss Graham*, Helen Johnson; *Butler*, Fred Walton.

"SUSPENSE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by Patrick MacGill. Directed by Walter Summers. The cast: *Captain Wilson*, Jack Raine; *Sergeant McGlusky*, Cyril McLaglen; *Corporal Brown*, Syd Crossley; *Private Pettigrew*, Mickey Brantford; *Private Brett (Alleluia)*, Percy Parsons; *"Scruffy"*, D. Hay Petrie; *Private Lomax*, Fred Groves.

"THIRD ALARM, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Emilie Johnson. Continuity by Frances Hyland and Jack Natteford. Directed by Emory Johnson. The cast: *Milly Morton*, Anita Louise; *Dan*, James Hall; *Beauty*, Paul Hurst; *Dad Morton*, Jean Hersholt; *Captain*, Hobart Bosworth; *Neeta*, Mary Doran; *Woman Barber*, Dot Farley; *Mamie*, Nita Martan; *Jimmy*, Georgie Billings; *Uncle*, Walter Perry; *Matron*, Aileen Manning.

"TOL'ABLE DAVID"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Continuity by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *David Kinemon*, Richard Cromwell; *Luke*, Noah Beery; *Mrs. Kinemon*, Helen Ware; *Esther Halburn*, Joan Peers; *Alan Kinemon*, George Duryea; *Amos Halburn*, Henry B. Walthall; *Hunter Kinemon*, Edmund Breese; *Rose Kinemon*, Barbara Bedford; *Iska*, Harlon E. Knight; *Buzzard*, Peter Richmond; *Gall*, James Bradbury, Sr.; *Doctor*, Richard Carlyle.

"UNDER SUSPICION"—Fox.—From the story by Tom Barry. Directed by A. F. Erickson. The cast: *John Smith*, J. Harold Murray; *Alice Freil*, Lois Moran; *Doyle*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Darby*, Erwin Connelly; *Freil*, Lumsden Hare; *Inspector Turner*, George Brent; *Suzanne*, Marie Saxon; *Marie*, Rhoda Cross; *Major Manners*, Herbert Bunston; *Ellen*, Vera Gerald.

"WAR NURSE"—M-G-M.—Based on the anonymous novel of the same name. Continuity by Becky Gardiner. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Wally*, Robert Montgomery; *Robin*, Robert Ames; *Babs*, June Walker; *Joy*, Anita Page; *Cushie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Rosalie*, Marie Prevost; *Kansas*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Matron*, Hedda Hopper; *Frank*, Edward Nugent; *Helen*, Martha Sleeper; *Doctor*, Michael Vavitch.

"WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Dominic*, Edward G. Robinson; *Polly*, Alice White; *"Swiftly" Dorgan*, Neil Hamilton; *Slug*, Frank McHugh; *Johnson*, Lee Shumway; *Mullins*, Brooks Benedict; *Davis*, E. H. Calvert; *Helen*, Betty Francisco; *Jimmy*, Harold Goodwin.

"WITHIN THE LAW"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bayard Veiller. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Mary Turner*, Joan Crawford; *Joe Garson*, Robert Armstrong; *Agnes Lynch*, Marie Prevost; *Bob Gilder*, Kent Douglass; *Inspector Burke*, John Miljan; *District Attorney Demarest*, Hale Hamilton; *Edward Gilder*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Polly*, Polly Moran; *Cassidy*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Eddie Griggs*, Tyrell Davis; *Carney*, William Bakewell; *Red*, George Cooper; *Bertha*, Gwen Lee; *Helen Morris*, Isabel Withers.

"ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT" (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—ASSOCIATED CINEMAS.—Scenario by Walter Reich and Fritz Schulz. Directed by Geza Von Bolvary. The cast: *Tom Hofer*, Walter Janssen; *Nicky Mahler*, Oscar Karlweiss; *Vicky Mahler*, Willy Forst; *Hedi*, Gret Theimer; *Anni Lohmeier*, Irene Eisinger; *Theater Director*, Szoeko Szakall; *Cashier Schlesinger*, Karl Etlinger; *The Notary*, Paul Morgan; *a cab driver*, Paul Hoerbiger; *Hofer's Butler*, August Vockau.

What Do You Want To Know About The Pictures?

Is it a good picture?

Is it an All-Talkie, Part-Talkie—Silent or Sound?

Is it the kind of picture I would like?

Which one shall we see tonight?

Shall we take the children?

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

is truly the outstanding publication in the great field of motion pictures. Its stories, its special articles, its exclusive features and departments are absolutely different from anything to be found anywhere else.

Photoplay's "Shadow Stage"

is nationally famous. Here are reviews of all the new pictures, with the casts of all the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of

PHOTOPLAY

SUPERB FICTION

by the Foremost Writers

Photoplay gives you:

A wealth of intimate details of the daily lives of the screen stars on the lots and in their homes.

Striking editorials that cut, without fear or favor, into the very heart of the motion picture industry.

Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.

Articles about every phase of the screen by outstanding authorities who have made pictures their life business.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 No. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$2.50 (Canada \$3.00, Foreign \$3.50) for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for one year, effective with the next issue.

Send to

Street Address

City.....State.....

1-PH-31



Papa sock mama! This tender scene was snapped at the Warner Eastern Vitaphone Studio, where the Norworths are at work on "The Naggers"

Studio Rambles

By Frances Kish

BANG! And splash! The studio stillness is broken by the sound of a hot dog, heavily laden with mustard, being expertly placed in a lady's left eye. The lady is Mrs. Jack Norworth. Her assailant is Mr. Jack Norworth. In the picture, and in real life, they are husband and wife. And he gets paid for socking her in the eye with a frankfurter and a pint of mustard! Aren't movies wonderful!

We're visiting some Eastern studios this month. It's about time, with picture actors as thickly strewn on the streets of New York as skyscrapers. Right now we're at the Warner Vitaphone short subject studios in Brooklyn.

You can taxi out or tunnel out, according to your purse. You guessed it the first time.

I tunneled, in the subway, down under Wall Street, deep under the East River, and miles and miles into Brooklyn. All for five cents!

The present Vitaphone Studio is on the site of the old Vitagraph Studios, and some of the original buildings are still used. There's a lot of film history hovering about the place. There are a few people there now who remember the Talmadge girls as little, dirty-faced kids who made mud pies out in the yard between scenes. Valentino, a comparatively unknown dancer then, began his picture career within its walls. But all that's another story.

WE'RE watching a scene for "The Naggers Go Rooting," one of a series of short domestic comedies in which the Norworths are starring. This one, of course, is about football.

There must have been a call for extras who own raccoon coats. The stand is full of them, excitedly watching an imaginary game.

Down in the middle of the second row sit the Norworths. It seems that wifey doesn't know what it's all about, but she doesn't intend to let that bother her. She makes the game more thrilling by yelling "touchdown" and "bravo" in all the wrong places. And then she insists on being fed at a crucial moment in the game.

That's too much for the other fans, including hubby. So he heaves the hot dog. The fans applaud and howl with glee—real howls, not actors' howls.

If it's as funny on the screen as it was in actuality, you're due for a real laugh.

"Cut! Okay!" snickers Director Alf Goulding. Mrs. Norworth gives Mr. a long look which promises revenge, and hustles off the set to have her make-up repaired for the next scene.

Mr. Norworth, wearing the pleased expression of the cat who

has just swallowed the canary, sniffs the air and makes a face. It seems it hasn't been a totally unmarred pleasure for him.

He detests the smell of mustard, and this is the real stuff, with a rare and penetrating aroma.

NOW, let's go over to the Paramount Eastern Studios, on Long Island, and see what's going on there. They ought to be getting toward the end of "The Royal Family" (which will be called something else by the time it reaches the screen).

We're hungry by the time we reach there, so our first stop is the lunch room. Ginger Rogers is there, with her mother. Ginger's latest picture is finished, so she's just a visitor, too. She has to hurry back to Broadway for the matinee of "Girl Crazy," a musical comedy in which she is starring.

We seem to have picked a slow day for our visit. On the set, Ina Claire is calling for aspirin and it looks as though not much more work will be done today.

But Ina looks radiant—as fresh as a Billy Haines retort, as she rehearses a scene in which she receives a big box of roses from an old admirer, and her face reflects all the tender memories this romantic gesture has brought back.

She's evidently a good trouper, for she rehearses and rehearses and is still rehearsing as we leave, and I don't think the aspirin ever arrived.

Treading a careful way over coils of wires and around freshly painted flats for backgrounds, we almost lose our balance as three blood-curdling shrieks ring out. Makes us feel like characters in a mystery thriller! Fearfully, we clutch the nearest protecting male.

The callous man just laughs at us. "Here she comes," he says. And around the corner of the set appears Henrietta Crosman, famous actress of the legitimate theater, looking just as satisfied with herself as she can be. She's been recording screams, and we're here to testify they were good ones.

We saw "The Royal Family" on the stage a few seasons ago and we forget just what part these screams played, but Miss Crosman made them sound mighty important.

TOO bad we missed Freddy March and Mary Brian. They're both playing leading parts in this opus, but today's scenes don't require their presence.

The last time we saw Mr. March was when "Laughter" was being filmed. It was a hot, late-summer day, and Nancy Carroll and he were having a grand time getting soaked to the skin in the rain scenes.

The studio "rain" didn't wet them quickly enough, so they had to stand under a shower first.

I hurried home from a week-end party



Camay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists — no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the only reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved

the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

John Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

**to consult this great
dermatologist about
your complexion
problems**

It was a nice party, too! Thanksgiving week-end at a lovely old house out on Long Island. Our hostess urged us all to stay over Sunday night and everybody accepted but me.

However, I had an appointment at 10 o'clock Monday morning—with one of New York's famous dermatologists. So I came on home!

But, really, it was quite worth the sacrifice. For this great physician was such a very simple, human sort of person—and *very* easy to talk to. He told me he has many patients who come to him with just the complexion problems so many of you write me about—blackheads, acne or whiteheads.

"Will these conditions clear up of themselves?" I asked.

"Not usually," he told me. "They need a doctor's care—especially acne. But after such conditions have yielded to treatment, the only care I prescribe is regular cleansing with a mild soap."

"You, of course, believe Camay is such a soap, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have tested this soap carefully and

am very much pleased with it. I very often prescribe it for my patients. And my own daughter likes it very much."

"In your opinion, is there any complexion too dry or too delicate to use such a mild soap as Camay?" I asked.

"No," came the answer.

"And oily skins, of course, need frequent cleansing with soap and water?" I went on.

"Yes," said the dermatologist, "two or three times a day. An oily skin needs an astringent, too," he added.

"What kind would you recommend?" I asked.

"Well, in all my experience, I've found nothing so good as ice-water. Just plunge your face into a bowl of ice-water. This tightens up the pores and tends to keep them from being over-active in producing oil."

If you will write for my free booklet, "Face Your World with Loveliness," you'll find even more complexion help than there's room for here. Write me at Dept. YV-11, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Helen Chase



CAMAY [CALLED CALAY IN CANADA] IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP—10¢ A CAKE



Shivering is out of fashion ! Woolens have taken the shops by storm

And salespeople tell me,
"For washing, use Ivory ..
it's safer for wool !"

How sensible we women are becoming—let the men jest at our fashions as much as they wish. *We* wear short sleeves and filmy things when it's hot—and now we're going in for cosy winter woolens. Even some of the debutantes I know are wearing real underwear—to be sure it's rabbit's wool, thin as silk and more expensive. But it's *wool*!

Then there are swanky flannel pajamas, angora sweaters like pussy willows, jaunty housedresses of wool crepe (very practical, because they can be washed and kept as fastidiously clean as ging-

ham). Woolens of all kinds—and what lovely ones I saw when I visited the Botany Worsted Mills the other day.

When I talked to salespeople in the leading stores all over the country, as I'm constantly doing, I found that they are being very careful about the advice they give this season: "When you wash woolens," they are saying (as you'll find when you shop yourself), "use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. *Woolens especially need a pure soap.*"

Well, most of us know that! But we can't be *too* careful with wool. Hot water is dangerous—it shrinks and mats woolens . . . A soap even a little less pure than Ivory harshens and shrinks wool.

That's why you'll get advice like this which I heard in one of Philadel-

phia's leading stores: "Be sure to use tepid water and Ivory Soap for woolens. It will cleanse them well and keep them soft. Other soaps are likely to be too harsh."

Or: "Absolutely nothing but pure Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes should be used on baby woolens—not only to prevent shrinking, but also chafing of the baby's skin." (From a smart Detroit shop.)

Salespeople feel *safer* when they advise Ivory. They know that garments which can stand water alone are safe in lukewarm Ivory suds. And *you* can feel confident when you use Ivory—you know that a soap pure enough for a baby's skin is safe for woolens, silks, rayons—all your nicest things.

HOPE ANDREWS

— kind to everything
it touches —



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

New..Ivory Snow

QUICK — Ivory Snow is real Ivory Soap blown into snowy pearls. It dissolves instantly and completely at the touch of lukewarm water. Very kind to silks and woolens because it is 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure.

